

Over 830,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

The Australian

September 7, 1966
Registered in Australia for trans-
mission by post as a newspaper.
Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

AUST.
10¢
PRICE

IN COLOR



BARDOT'S HONEYMOON

PAGES 7, 9

Good days at Brunette Downs

PAGES 2-5

MADCAP MODELS

PAGES 13, 15

Complete novel by Artie Shaw

PAGE 19

16-page lift-out SPRING FASHIONS from the shops

INDEX — PAGE 22

Easy to grow...
GERANIUMS
PAGES 10, 11

GOOD DAYS ON BRUNETTE DOWNS

● Flat and empty is the landscape, all 4750 square miles, but in some lights movingly beautiful. Brunette Downs, Australia's third largest station, has been going ahead since it was bought seven years ago by the King Ranch Pastoral Company, an Australian-Texan venture: well over 50,000 head of cattle roam the plain, and beef production is possibly a Northern Territory record in spite of the years-long drought (eased by last January's rain). New methods have been introduced, but men on horses are still doing most of the work.



STOCKMEN cross the billabong near Brunette Downs homestead. The station keeps 1400 work horses.



MANAGER Charles Weiss with his dog Coppy. The plane is used in checking fences and bores on the vast property.

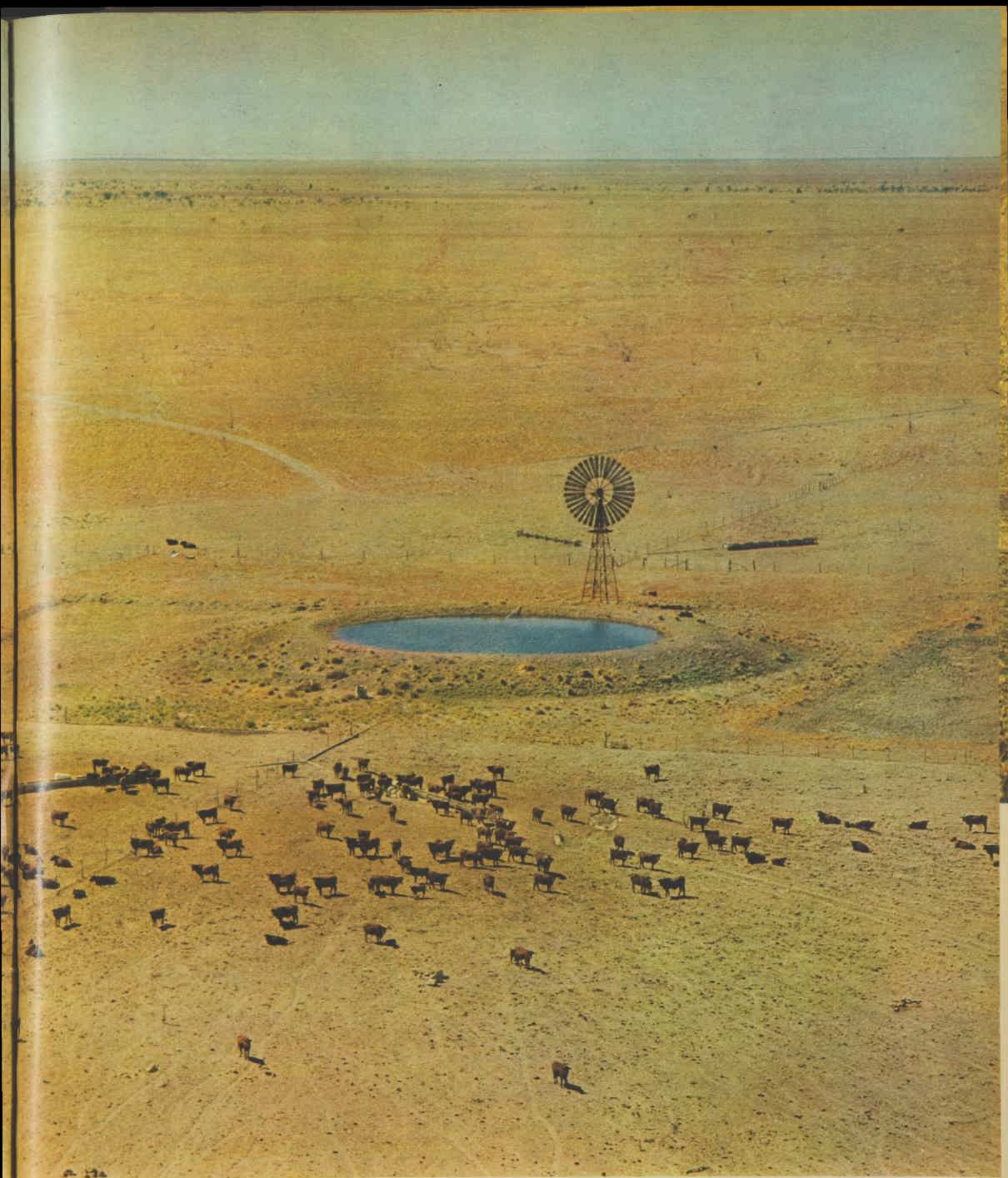


FACES of stockmen at the station's picnic races (see pictures overleaf) had a don't-photograph-us expression.



EVENING in homestead: Mr. and Mrs. Martin Lemann, of Bowral, N.S.W., Mr. Weiss and Mrs. Pat Bridges, of Bowral.





SANTA GERTRUDIS CATTLE, which have been found well suited to north Australian conditions, gather round a turkey's-nest dam on Brunette Downs. The owners have sunk 75 artesian bores to combat future drought, and brought in more than 1200 Santa Gertrudis crossbred stud bulls to improve the stock. The only larger properties are Alexandria and Wave Hill, both also in the Northern Territory.

PICTURES BY
DOUGLASS BAGLIN

CONTINUED
OVERLEAF

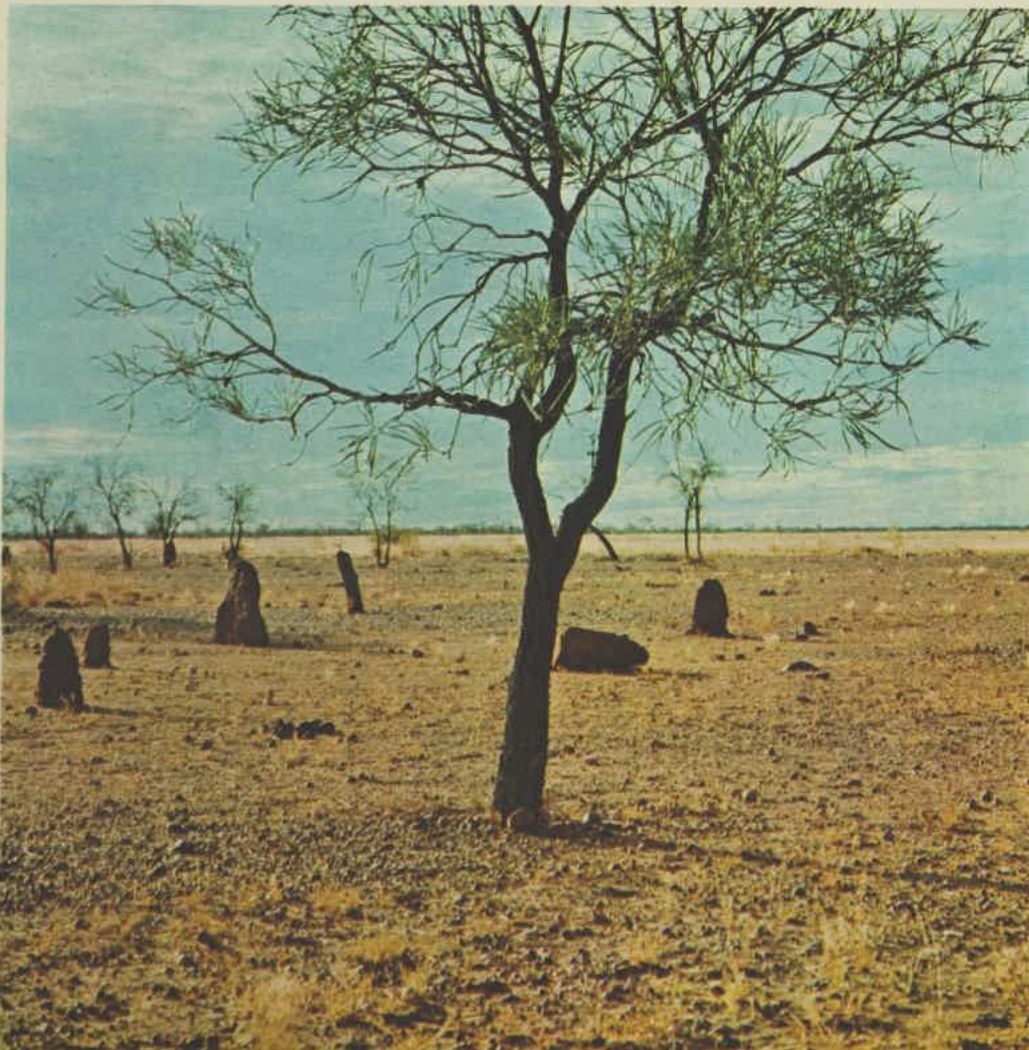


GOOD DAYS ON BRUNETTE DOWNS

Continued from previous page

STOCK HORSE looks like an aristocrat, but it's inured to all the noise, dust, heat, danger even.

The round-up



ANTHILLS and beef-wood trees are the only features across vast areas of the Downs. Temperatures in summer go far above the century mark for weeks at a time. Drought used to take an enormous toll of stock, but things are different now, with the scores of bores and dams and 3000 miles of new graded track across the property. Thirteen thousand head of cattle were "turned off" for the beef market last season.



The races

ROAD TRAIN BRINGS HORSES to the Brunette Downs picnic races — for the rest of the year it's used for moving cattle. The flinders grass was glowing yellow in the afternoon sun when this picture was taken, and people of the cattle country for hundreds of miles around were bound for the races. Nearest town, Tennant Creek, is 225 miles away.



VARIED CROWD get ready to lay their bets.



RACEHORSES string out down the straight.



WATCHING from stockyards by racetrack.

Sunday Sept. 4 is Old Spice Day!



PRESENT HIM WITH OLD SPICE! (Left to right) Gift Set of Shower Soap and After Shave Lotion, \$2.45. Gift Set of After Shave Lotion and Lather Shave Cream, \$1.60 and \$2.40. Gift Set of After Shave Lotion, Body Talc, Cologne, Super Smooth Shave, Stick Deodorant, Hair Cream and After Shave Talc, \$10.20. Hair Cream, \$1.00, tube, 75 cents. Shave Mug, \$1.90. After Shave Lotion, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.75. After Shave Travel Pack, \$1.75.

by SHULTON

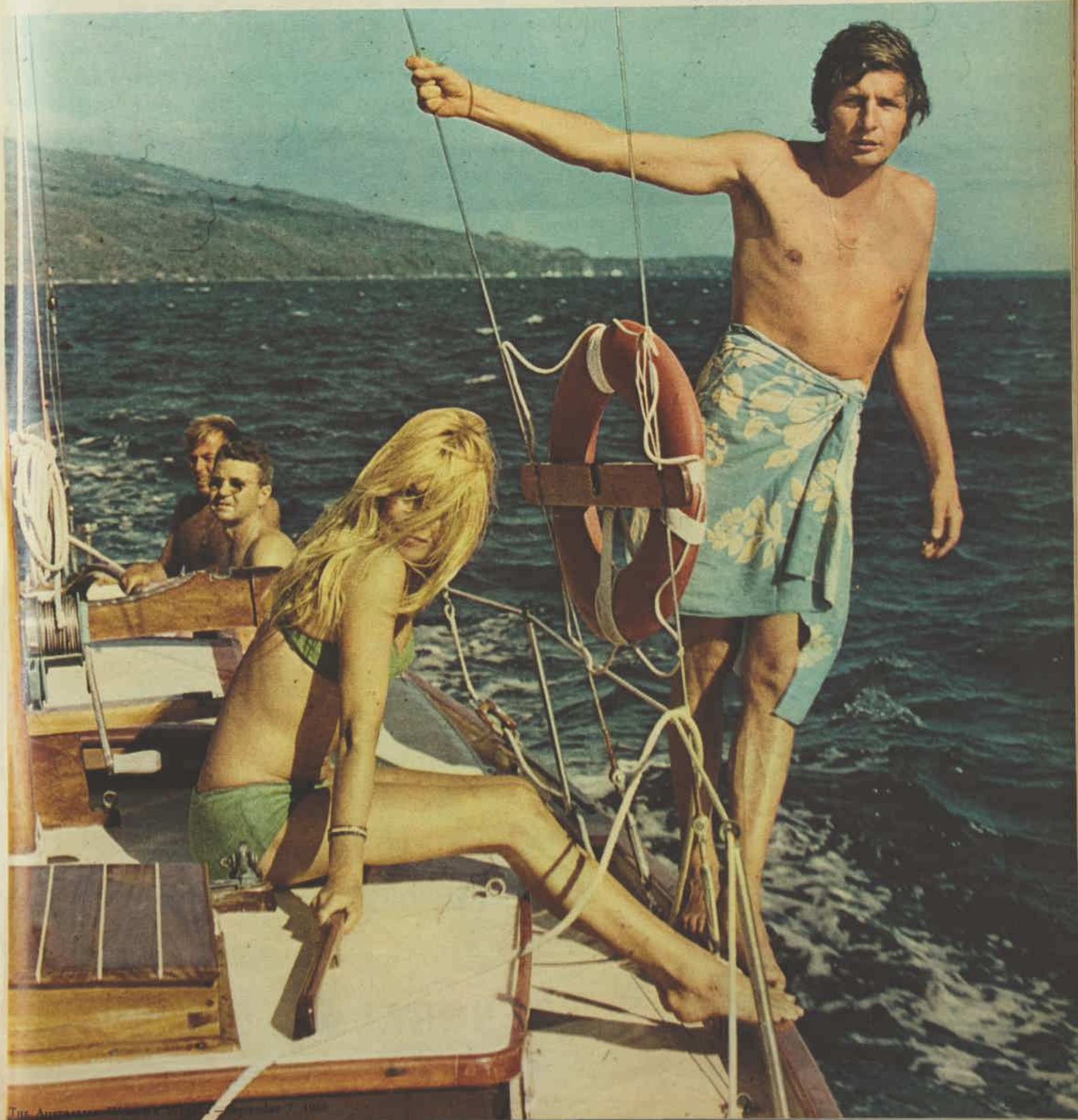
BRIGITTE AND HER MILLIONAIRE

● It was a sun-drenched honeymoon in Tahiti for Brigitte Bardot and her third husband, German playboy-industrialist Gunther Sachs von Opel. People are asking—will this marriage last?

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



BRIGITTE AND GUNTHER were taken from Papeete by private plane to the small island of Tupai, where they lived in a house owned by a friend, went sailing, swimming, fishing.



NOW! FASTEST DRYING EVER

New 'instant heat' hair dryer



Look! G-E puts the heating unit at the top of the dryer hose next to the bonnet! Now you get 'instant heat' to dry hair faster than ever before. Keeps the hose cool, too, where it may touch your back or shoulders. You get four heats . . . soft-dry, low, medium and speed-dry. **'STAND-AWAY' BONNET:** Bouffant bonnet fits over your largest rollers, has 'stand-away' ring so warmth flows evenly through hair for faster, more comfortable drying, special 'reach-in' top lets you check your set. **'WALKABOUT' FEATURE:** Extra long flex and adjustable waist or shoulder strap lets you move around as your hair dries. **LUXURY CARRY CASE:** Operates in or out of its richly embossed oyster white carry and storage case . . . so fashionable you'll want to use it also for travel or overnight case. **DRIES NAILS, TOO!** — This is the dryer you've been waiting for — the dryer with everything — naturally from the world's largest electrical enterprise. See it at your store today!



finest appliances in a woman's world

GENERAL  ELECTRIC*

AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC (APPLIANCES) PTY. LTD., NOTTING HILL, VICTORIA

*TRADE MARK OF GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY - U.S.A.

AGE1297



BRIGITTE is 31, two years younger than Gunther, and they were married just after midnight on July 14, which is France's national day. Her previous husbands were the film director Roger Vadim and the actor Jacques Charrier.

BB and her millionaire (from page 7)

OUTRIGGER-SAILING provided good sport on the lagoons. After their fortnight in the islands, the couple flew to Acapulco, in Mexico, to continue their honeymoon. Shooting for Brigitte's next film starts in Scotland this month.





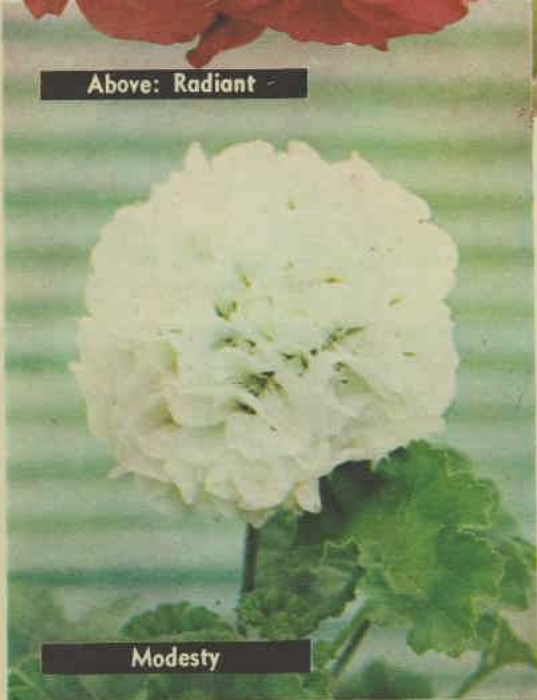
Above: Radiant



Mandarin



Exquisite



Modesty



Encore

The geraniums on this page are Zonals, taken at Morf's Margot Nursery, Belmont, N.S.W., by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

The beauty of old favorites

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

A Geranium by any other name . . .

By ALLAN SEALE

● If you are told that the plant you've been calling a geranium is really a pelargonium, don't feel too crushed. Broadly speaking, you are correct.

PELARGONIUM, *Erodium*, *Geranium* are all genera belonging to the geranium family (Geraniaceae), so to call them all geraniums is no worse than calling a member of the family Cactaceae a cactus rather than by its generic name of *Cereus*, or *Echinopsis*, and so on.

Certainly, most of the so-called geraniums in our gardens are technically pelargoniums, but in geranium circles they are grouped as follows:

"REGALS" OR REGAL PELARGONIUMS

These are all varieties of the species *Pelargonium grandiflorum*. Most have heads of delightful azalea-like flowers, often attractively ruffled. Foliage is more rigid than other species, often fluted and slightly cupped. Stems are woody rather than fleshy.

Modern varieties are compact in growth, and flower freely from October to February.

Flowers are invariably blotched or feathered with dark, velvety maroon or chocolate. Another feature is the remarkable opalescent sheen of the petals.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 26

ZONALS

This is the popular geranium. Its flower comes in several thousand shapes, sizes, and forms, from tiny singles to double giants, in every color toning except definite blue and yellow.

These are all varieties of *Pelargonium hortorum*, and so are sometimes referred to as *Hortorum*s.

The foliage of this group is rounded, usually lobed or slightly scalloped at the edges, and sometimes with the dark, horseshoe-shaped zone as the classification "zonal" implies, but this is not always the case.

Stems are rather succulent and fleshy compared to other types. Zonals are very free flowering, giving the greatest display from October to February, but sport occasional flowers at other times.

IVY GERANIUMS

This is an appropriate classification, as the plain, non-zoned foliage resembles ivy, and although not self-clinging, they have a twining or trailing habit, and lend themselves to training in any shape — over sunny walls and fences or spilling down embankments or from hanging baskets.



Parisienne



Rapture



Yucatan



Aztec



Deep Purple

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

They are very free flowering and make an outstanding display. Although they do not embrace the tremendous color range of the Zonals, they do come in a variety of colors. Ivy geraniums belong to the species *Pelargonium peltatum*.

FANCY-LEAFED GERANIUMS

These are grown for their attractive foliage colors rather than their flowers. This group is divided into several sections — golden-bronze, golden-tricolor, silver leafed, and silver-tricolor. Many of these are varieties of *Pelargonium hortorum* with very pronounced foliage zoning, and are most vivid during the colder months of the year.

There are other species also grown for their attractive foliage, such as variegated forms of *Pelargonium crispum*, *P. graveolens*.

SCENTED-FOLIAGE GERANIUMS

These embrace a number of species such as *P. citrosum*, *P. fragrans*, *P. tomentosum*, ranging from small foliage about 1/2 in. across, as in the case of the first mentioned, to 5 in. (*P. tomentosum*) and with perfumes including peppermint, lemon, various spice aromas, apple, and rose.

ASPECT

Geraniums are not difficult to grow. Their main requirements are good drainage, a sunny, airy position, and a crumbly, not over-rich soil.

Complete plant foods which contain a good balance of potash as well as nitrogen and phosphorus are preferable to such as blood and bone.

PRUNING

Keep the plants attractive and compact by pruning them back periodically. The usual pruning time is in March, after the main flowering is over.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 27

However, there will be growths flowering earlier and much later than this, so occasional pruning may go on over several months. Don't hesitate to cut leggy growth well down to at least half as soon as they have flowered.

Then new growth is forced to come from near the base of the plant, making it compact. Otherwise, growth develops at the top of the old stem, which gradually loses its foliage, leaving the plant unattractive.

Use only a very sharp knife or good sharp secateurs to avoid bruising the stems. Cut just above a bud. If necessary, pinch back new shoots to keep plants compact. Remove spent flowers.

KEEP GERANIUMS YOUNG

Geraniums pass their prime after the second year. Certainly some old plants still flower attractively after a number of years, but the best practice is to strike new cuttings at pruning time and use these to replace the old plants.

Select sturdy growths about 4-5 in. long, trim off lower leaves, and cut them cleanly just below a leaf junction. Set two or three, firmly bedded to the depth of about 2 in., around the edge of a 4 or 5 in. pot, using a mixture of 2-3rd sand and 1-3rd peatmoss.

If the soil is light, this method can be shortcut by striking cuttings at the base of the old plant.

SPRAYING

Rust is the disease most frequently encountered. The symptoms are circles of velvety brown spots on the underside of leaves, with pale blotches above.

Remove and burn badly infested leaves, and spray all geraniums in the vicinity with Zineb, Delan, or a complete fungicide containing either.

Spray with DDT or a complete pesticide if caterpillars are troublesome.

The Regal pelargoniums on this page were taken at Green Fingers Nursery, Mona Vale, N.S.W., by staff photographer Ron Berg.

Fashion point: Two for the elegant Arnel life.
Designer: Marlborough Classic.
Fabric: Arnel Twill, a Burlington fabric.
Performance: Poised. Arnel keeps its pristine look.
White suit: Also in bone, blue or pink.
Sizes: 32 to 38. About \$29.
Beige dress: Also in white, blue or pink.
Sizes: 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15. About \$21.50.

ARNEL* the contemporary fashion fibre



* Amcel—lessors of the trade name Arnel.

Both available at all David Jones stores throughout Australia.
 THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 7, 1966

MADCAP MODELS

OLD-FASHIONED granny glasses are worn by Ned, but Suzy favors big "London-lookers."



NED in mini-dress, mesh stockings, sandshoes. Suzy in tight pants and rib-hugger top.



A RATHER stunning girl in a tweedy cape and Shrimpton pig-tails swept into the Rowe Street (Sydney) coffee lounge. The boy with Nerida Piggan was impressed. He was about to say so when the lovely girl uttered an almost raucous greeting, "Good'aye, Ned!"

"His interest vanished," Nerida (Ned) said. "But it was just Suzy being her mad twit self."

Don't blink or shake your head. You're not crazy. Most people, on meeting these two young Sydney models, Nerida Piggan and Suzanne de la Motte, have to take a grip on themselves.

Don't be alarmed at their jargon, either — they belong to a new breed in the model world, a madcap group which has not only created a new language but also a look and a laugh.

Nerida, 18 (known as "Red Ned" because of her waist-length red locks), and Suzy, 17, are ideal for today's mod fashions with their long, lean, and "different" looks.

In the past year the girls have established themselves — not only as "those nutty models" but as very talented ones, too.

"Nerida's demented — that's right, demented. Mad, Crazy," said fashion photographer Alan Nye.

"I have to take a packet of tranquillisers before I work with her. But I always get fabulous results."

"And it's the same with Suzy."

"Both similar to work with, they can really move. They can produce one new look after the other with a new hairstyle, new make-up, or often just a wrinkle of the nose."

"And they can do such marvellous things with their legs."

"That's just because our sticks (legs) are

so long that we have to tuck them up behind or twist them round each other to get rid of them," Suzy said.

"It's really not that clever."

But they do admit to being rather clever with their hair. Nerida said she can whip up about 22 styles with her own long locks and a couple of short switches. Suzy can manage about half a dozen with a long switch and a dark "short nut," as she calls her short Sassoon-style wig.

"We're just a couple of odd kinks — that's why we get on so well," Nerida said, giving Suzy a surprisingly hearty whack on the back.

Both have been modelling for a little more than a year. Suzy came straight from school, and Nerida was working as a secretary when Sydney fashion photographer Laurie Le Guay "discovered" her.

By Kerry Yates

"Actually, I'd known him all my life — he lived across the road from me," she said. "But he hadn't taken any pictures of me till then."

The girls took six months to average £20 a week, but often earn up to £60 now.

"But with the money coming in in dribs and drabs (why won't people pay their bills?), and all our expenses, we average only the wages of a well-paid secretary," Nerida said.

"But there's lots of good things besides — like flirting with lots of beaut blokes," Suzy said.

"But you've got to be careful, because they may chat you up (you know, say all those nice things to you), and you can't take them seriously."

Ned and Suzy complain that most boys don't understand them, but in the next

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15



Kiss it
better
with a

BAND-AID
BRAND
strip

BAND-AID
BRAND

plastic
strips

Johnson & Johnson

...hurry up the healing

BAND-AID Brand Strips are flesh-coloured to hide as they heal. Air vents all over let healing air through, keep skin from wrinkling. SUPER-STICK sticks at a touch — keeps the bandage put.

Johnson & Johnson

MADCAP MODELS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

breath admit they say outrageous things to the boys.

"We just like being mad," Nerida said.

But often it doesn't work with romance. The other night a boy said to Ned, "I've always wanted to take out a girl like you. Now that I have, I never want to again."

Suzy was sympathetic.

"Boys just aren't kinky or something."

"It's not that, Suzy," Nerida said.

"I'm old-fashioned really. I like boys who bring flowers, write love letters, and sing outside my window. But most Freds (boys we don't like) would die at the thought of it."

There's never a dull moment with these girls.

Take Suzy's assignment in Brisbane recently.

Up at dawn to catch an early-morning plane, she was still ticking off her "must take" list with her mother as the taxi left her house.

Everything was fine until she got out of the cab at the airport and put her big model bag on the street while she paid the fare — and another cab ran over it.

"Transistor, make-up, glasses—everything was ruined," she wailed.

"I yelled at the driver that he shouldn't have been watching me and went down on my hands and knees to get the bag from under the wheels.

"And that was even worse. Everyone thought I was trying to rescue a dog or something and rushed to help."

Recently Nerida was modelling swimsuits at Tamarama Beach (Sydney). It was bitterly cold — and just the day she happened to fall into a deep rock pool.

"And that's not all," she said. "I tried to make up for being a kink by doing terrific poses for about half an hour until the photographer yelled for me to stop.

"He'd forgotten to put film in the camera!"

Suzy is renowned for leaving everything everywhere. After a recent Melbourne assignment she had to ask the clients to send her "short nut" and one of her best boots.

"And I'm always sitting on my blinkers

STRAIGHT-FACE pictures of the girls are below. At left is Nerida Piggin — it's easily seen why she is called "Red Ned." Suzy de la Motte wears her "short-nut" wig, ping-pong earrings, and neck boa.



(false eyelashes). I take them off and leave them on my bed. Next I'm sitting on them, next they're stuck to a chair somewhere."

The girls have diet problems. Nerida "just nibbles" to combat overweight, but Suzy boasts of a great new diet largely consisting of milk for breakfast and chewing gum for lunch. "But I go really wild and eat and eat when I go out."

They both have very mod wardrobes — from knee-high boots to ping-pong earrings — but Ned still prefers the old-fashioned feather boa, glasses, and jewellery her grandmother gave her.

"I have lots of old clocks and I hang

OUTSIZE model bags carry their gear as Suzy and Ned travel to an assignment, wearing their usual mod gear offset (naturally) by boots on their slim legs.

them on velvet ribbon and wear them round my neck, my wrist, and even my waist. None of them go, but I love them just the same."

Suzy is interested in writing poetry.

Clasping her hands together, Suzy often stops in her tracks, stares into the sky, and recites her latest verse. This time it was on Sydney's busy Castlereagh Street.

"Precious little do we live for our love,
And love for our life . . ."
was all she managed before we had to move her on.

Nerida likes a quiet, dreamy weekend.

"Saturdays I wash the dog and gran's hair and bake cakes," she said. "Sundays I go to church and then invite all my friends around to eat the cakes."

Even in summer, neither of the girls goes to the beach. "I live right at the beach, but I can't swim," Suzy said.

Ned freckles and burns very quickly.

"One day I went to Palm Beach and a gorgeous suntanned surfer came up. I was delighted until he said, 'Good day, Beetroot.' I've never been back."

A talented mimic (of Eartha Kitt especially), Ned often has the other girls at her model agency in fits of laughter.

She would like to be an actress someday.

"Then I'll retire and marry someone grand," she said. "I'd settle for being a countess in an old English cottage — with chooks and all that to look after."

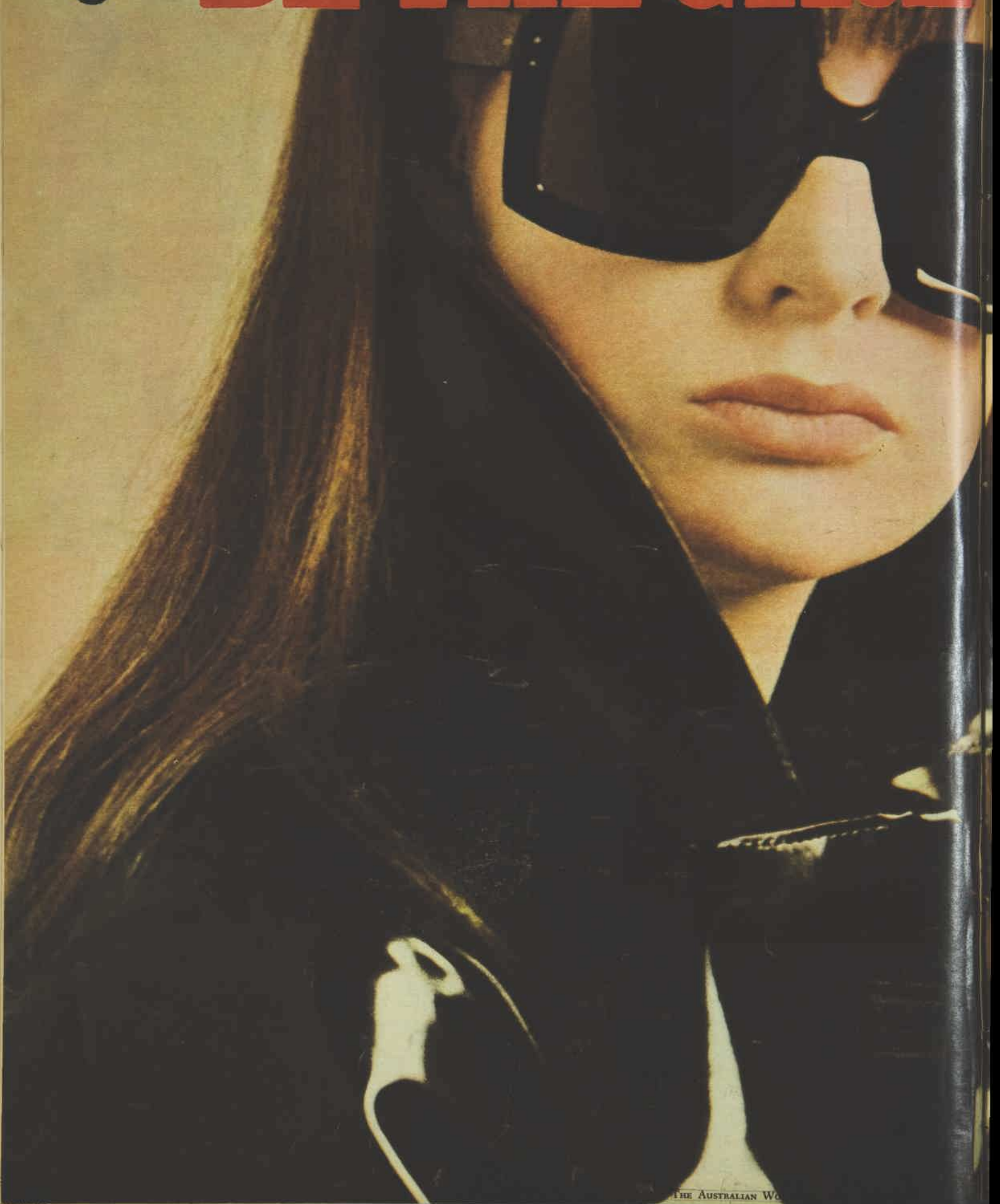
Suzy, who'd also like to be an actress, has had a lifelong ambition to play Ophelia in "Hamlet."

"And float down the river to eternity . . . Hey, Ned, wouldn't that be gas?"

Pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron



BE THE GIRL



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMAN

FROM S.M.A.S.H.

(SMART, MEAN AND SASSY HE-HUNTERS)

Shades so exciting you're in constant danger of romance. Three sly new shades to arm you to the lips and fingertips — while you stalk your man.



CUTEX

Test your willpower
Be a beautiful failure

Just buy the skirt?
If your heart's
made of stone!
That's the great trap:
the jacket (and five
million other things)
match it so perfectly.
It's Sportscraft's Americana
"Go-Together" Game.
(Skirt and jacket are both
'Terylene'.)

Check Blazer, \$12.50

Washington Flagwavers: the
wash 'n' wearable 'Terylene'
skirt goes with the
razzle-dazzle top. You'll just
buy the top? You'll just . . .

Knit, \$11.00

You've failed already.
See how the white top
goes with everything.
You'll keep your
little sister
away from that
pretty piece of
Sportscraft
Junior
Americana.
If you're
wise . . .

Jun. Dress from \$12.50

Where will it lead you?
Into a wardrobe of perfectly
matching co-ordinates from
Sportscraft's "Go-Together"
Game. 'Terylene' slacks
with the top. Willpower?
Who needs it?

TERYLENE
FABRIC BY **Classique**

Slacks, \$14.00

Knit, \$7.50

Pleated Skirt, \$16.50

THE LOOK OF SPORTSCRAFT

SPORT

AFT

SPORTSCRAFT

WE were about halfway through lunch when Buddy Ross suddenly went "Psst."

I looked up.
"Don't look now, Fred," he said, examining his plate intently, "but you know who just walked in?"
"What . . . who?"

"Marjorie," he said out of the corner of his mouth. "She just came in. I'd just as soon she didn't see me."

"Oh?" I said. I had heard about Marjorie but had never met her. I went on eating.

He stiffened. "Too late," he said. "She spotted me. Here she comes."

I heard the sound of her high heels as she approached.

"Why, Buddy," I heard her say. "How are you?"

I stared at her. I had had no idea she was so pretty. I suppose I must have looked a bit surprised. But she was not looking at me. She stood there beside our table with a little smile on her face.

Buddy was on his feet. "Fine, Marjorie," he said. "I'm just fine. How are you? You look wonderful."

"Why, thank you," she said. "I feel very well."

They stood that way for a moment, looking at each other. I was standing up by now and beginning to feel awkward.

"Oh, yes," Buddy said, half turning to me. "Fred, this is my—" He checked himself embarrassedly and then said, "I mean—this is Marjorie . . ." He paused, looked confused, then said, "I'm awfully sorry, Marjorie. I guess I just can't think of your husband's name."

She laughed. "Bennett," she said.

"Of course," Buddy said, laughing a little. Somehow, neither of them seemed to be laughing at anything funny.

To page 37

"What's on your mind, Marge?"
Buddy anxiously asked his wife.

A novel complete in this issue

By **ARTIE SHAW**

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE



"PSSST!
what are you
getting all
steamed up
about?"

"SH-H-H-H-H-H!
Sunbeam's given me
36 steam holes—
twice the steam area
of anyone else!"



These irons also have
that outstanding Sunbeam
quality and styling.

Steam makes ironing easier. That's why Sunbeam now has twice the steam area of other irons . . . 36 steam holes to cover the entire area you're ironing.

Ironing is made easier Ironing will never be fun but Sunbeam is making it easier for you. Steam and spray now offers you the easiest, most effective way yet to iron clothes.

Ahead of the iron, the sprayer does the damping down when

necessary on heavier wrinkles. Then the iron passes over and steam from the 36 steam holes is forced right into the fabric, softening creased fibres so the iron runs smoothly, evenly, easily for a perfect result in one simple movement.

Wider range of heat settings Sunbeam offers you a wider, more accurate temperature range to give just the right heat for all fabrics — different settings for different

erent synthetics. Sunbeam heats faster too.

Extra features include a water level gauge where you can see it and a stainless steel water tank — no corrosion ever!

Sunbeam means quality Sunbeam have made the most effective iron ever to help you iron clothes. It's designed and built to the highest quality standards. You get a lot extra when you buy Sunbeam — the one with 36 steam holes.



STEAM & SPRAY IRON

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 7, 1966



● Gordon butcher Bill Graham (above) serves Mrs. M. Cadell, shown with daughter Charlotte, aged 10 months, in his painting-decorated shop.

● Peter Thompson prepares meat for a customer (below right) while above hang two of the 35 paintings on display, all by Arnold St. Claire.

— Pictures by staff photographer KEITH BARLOW.

CULTURE— among the CUTLETS

ART shows happen all the time—but usually in galleries, not in the local butchery!

However, Sydney butcher Bill Graham has decided that meat and culture can mix.

To prove his point, 35 paintings in vivid colors hang alongside the sausages and shoulders of lamb in his shop at Gordon, with the heartfelt approval of customers.

The paintings, all by Australian artist Arnold St. Claire, will be shown until early September. In the first week, several paintings were sold, including one to a woman in Melbourne who saw a film of the exhibition on television.

Though Bill admits the exhibition is partly for publicity, his main aim is to make shopping more interesting.

"I think it will take away some of the boredom—the average housewife dreads shopping," he said. "It is much more congenial; a little bit of atmosphere."

"And few housewives have the opportunity to visit galleries in the city, so they don't know if they have any interest in art. This way they can see paintings without any trouble."

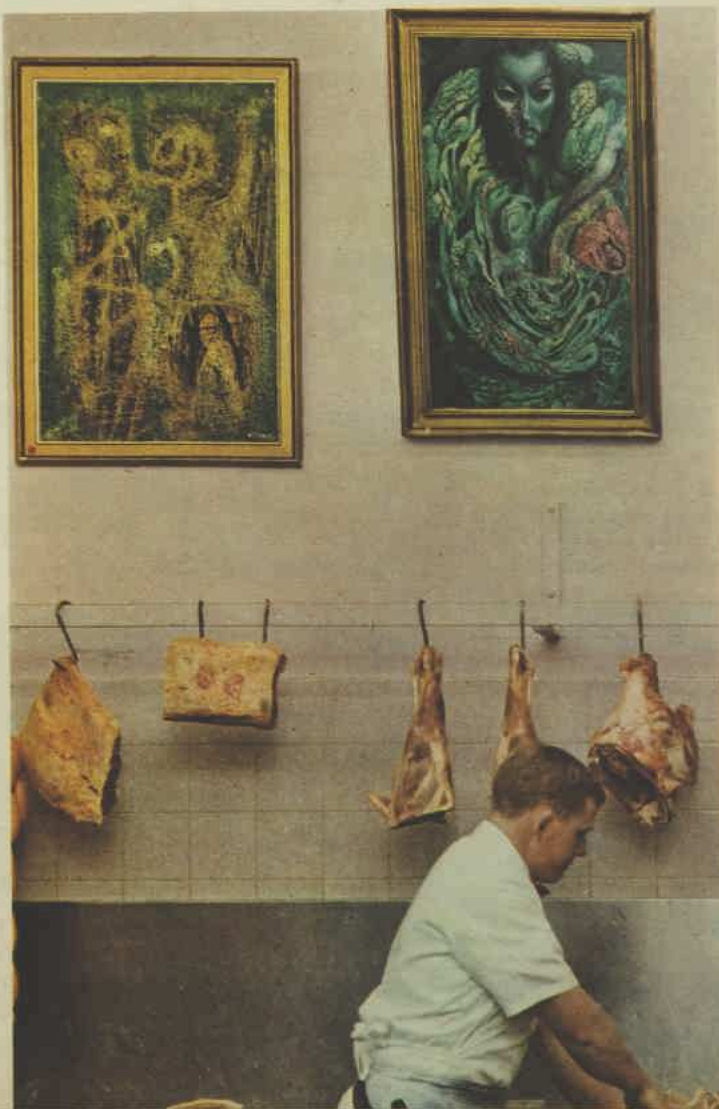
This is the first of a series of exhibitions at the shop. Later, Bill hopes to have a show of ceramics and pottery.

"In three to six months, though—give me time to get over this one," he said. "It was a rushed job—nothing went according to plan—but I will do it again."

Customers' reactions vary, though most greeted the idea with enthusiasm. "One woman couldn't stop giggling, she was nearly hysterical," said Bill.

Another housewife said: "I'm sure it will make shopping more interesting to a lot of women, especially if there is a crowd in the shop. It's something to pass the time."

— Jacqueline Lee Lewes



Overseas prices of The Australian Women's Weekly: New Guinea, 2/3 or 25c; New Zealand, 1/4; Malaysia, 60c (Malaysian currency).

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 4087, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.
Printed by Congress Printing Ltd., of 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney, at 61-63 O'Hoyden St., Alexandria, for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., of 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES IN COLOR

Good Days on Brunette Downs . . . 2-5
Brigitte Bardot and her Millionaire . . . 7-9
Madcap Models . . . 13-15
FASHIONS FROM THE SHOPS . . . Centre lift-out

REGULAR FEATURES

Social . . . 22, 23
TV Parade . . . 30
Compact . . . 35
Letter Box, Dorothy Drain, Ross Campbell . . . 39
Stars . . . 47
Teenagers' Weekly . . . 51-55
House of the Week . . . 66, 67
Mandrake, Crossword . . . 83

COMPLETE SHORT NOVEL

Grounds for Divorce, Artie Shaw . . . 19

FAMILY AFFAIRS

Gardening: Geraniums . . . 10, 11
Readers' Stories . . . 32, 33
Cookery: 5 Beautiful Wedding Cakes . . . 56-60
At Home with Margaret Sydney . . . 63
Collectors' Corner . . . 64
Prize Recipe, Home Hints . . . 69
Transfer . . . 78

FASHION

Fashion Frocks . . . 41
Needlework Notions . . . 44
Dress Sense, Betty Keep . . . 61
Butterick Patterns . . . 83

FICTION

Dishonest Injun, Herbert Harris . . . 45
Sweet Mystery of Love, Paul Rafferty . . . 75
The Lady at Number Seventeen, Norah Lafts . . . 77

OUR COVER

● To appeal to every gardener—lovely color of geraniums photographed at Morf's Margot Nursery, Belmont, N.S.W., by staff photographer Keith Barlow. Easy-to-grow geraniums, pages 10, 11.

The Weekly Round

ARTIE SHAW, who wrote "Grounds for Divorce" (see page 19), is better known as a clarinet player than an author.

In the 1940s and '50s, he was famous for his music—and for his wives.

Shaw married his first bride, 18-year-old typist Jane Carns, at the age of 22 in 1932. Her parents had the marriage annulled.

In 1934, he married Margaret Allen, who had nursed him through an illness. She divorced him in 1937. In 1940, he eloped with Lana Turner, and there was a divorce three months later.

In 1942, he married Betty Kern, daughter of composer Jerome Kern; divorce two years later. In 1945, he was both married and divorced—this time, Ava Gardner.

In 1946, he married Kathleen Winsor, author of "Forever Amber"; divorce in 1948. In 1952, he married actress Doris Dowling; divorce in 1956.

In 1957, Artie Shaw married actress Evelyn Keyes—and seems to have found peace and happiness.

Increasing deafness forced Shaw to give up his musical career. Nowadays, from his New York office, he sells entertainment instead of providing it.

"I distributed 'Seance on a Wet Afternoon' in America and it grossed a million dollars," he said last year. "I am very absorbed in my work. I feel good."

"Grounds for Divorce" is one of three miniature novels in a collection called "I Love You, I Hate You, Drop Dead!" The novels have a common theme: broken marriage vows.

GERANIUM lovers interested in our cover and feature on pages 10, 11 will be able to attend shows throughout the country in the next few weeks.

Sydney's show will be on October 14 at the AMP theatre, 11 a.m. to 8 p.m.; in Melbourne, St. John's Hall, Toorak, November 10, noon to 9 p.m.; November 11, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.; in Perth Town Hall, October 21; in Adelaide, YWCA Hall, North Adelaide, October 14, 15.

Social Roundabout

by Mollie Lyons

HOW I envy Mr. and Mrs. Weston Fox the two-year car trip they have planned, which will take them nearly all over the world. They leave in the Carpentaria on September 10 and disembark (with their car) at Basra, at the top of the Persian Gulf. They hope to spend Christmas in Bethlehem and to make a sentimental journey back to Torremolinos in Spain, where they lived a few years ago. Among friends who'll farewell them are Mrs. Elsa Chauvel, who'll give a dinner party at Killara Golf Club, and Colonel and Mrs. Bob Mansfield, who've asked friends to dinner at the Royal Sydney Golf Club. Mrs. Fox's mother, Mrs. L. Lupp, will come down from Bathurst to see them off.

I RANG newly engaged Liza Eaton to ask when she and her fiancé, Richard Hill, were planning to get married. Although the date and the church have not yet been fixed, it will be some time at the beginning of October and will be a small family wedding with a ball to follow instead of the usual reception. Engagement and pre-wedding parties are well under way. Among them is a cocktail party Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Ashton, of "Bibbenluke," Bibbenluke, have arranged, and a dinner party Julie Zerky will give.

BELIEVE Gabriel Carr was the perfect host at the birthday party he arranged for his charming wife, Maureen. The thirty guests met at their home at Vauluse for champagne cocktails before going on to the Hunters Lodge, where Gabriel entertained at dinner in a private room. Although the Carrs' two children, Mark and Damien, didn't go out to dinner, they were allowed to stay up for a sip of champagne to wish their mother "happy birthday."

IT will be a happy reunion for twin sisters Mary and Jane Anderson when Mary flies down to Hobart for Susie Rex's twenty-first birthday party on September 17 at the West Point Hotel. Jane left Sydney in June to settle in Tasmania and the two sisters haven't seen each other since. Susie and Jane have planned a busy time for Mary sightseeing in and around Hobart.

DATES for your diary . . . the American Women's Club 20th Birthday Luncheon at the Wentworth Hotel on September 7, when Mrs. Ed Clark, wife of the American Ambassador, will be guest of honor; and the Sydney University Settlement Auxiliary's exhibition and sale of paintings and ceramics at the University of Sydney on September 8.

MELBOURNE visitor Mrs. Maurice Berah (in Sydney with her husband for the blood congresses) took fashion honors for the week in the three-piece brown suit she wore to the luncheon for delegates' wives. Fashion points were the brown-and-grey-check tweed blouse, the two-tone jersey cloche hat with a fur trimming, and the Italian-style shoes and handbag.

MRS. J. V. O'MALLEY was very excited at the prospect of seeing her daughter and son-in-law, Peggy and Chris Nutland, and her two-year-old grandson, Mark, when she left for London on August 20. She will stay with them on their farm in Wiltshire for a week before she returns to London to meet Mrs. Lionel Edye, of Mosman. She plans a three-month holiday and returns home in November.



JUST WED Mr. and Mrs. Warwick Purser (at left) with Sydney guest Miss Susan Hill and groomsmen Mr. Charles Lloyd Jones at the reception at "Miegunyah," Toorak, the home of the bride's great aunt, Lady Grimwade, which followed their wedding at Grimwade House Chapel, Melbourne Grammar School. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Geoffrey Grimwade, of South Yarra, and of the late Mr. Grimwade. The bridegroom is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Purser, of Killara.

NEXT WEEK — in color . . .

● An American's view of . . .
"BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA"



● From Paris: a three-page report on the latest in autumn couture.



● In "Unfair to Sharks!" Valerie Heighes argues all sharks shouldn't be wiped out because some are savage.



PLUS . . . INTRODUCTION TO MODERN HAND EMBROIDERY



A 16-page lift-out:

INTRODUCTION TO MODERN HAND EMBROIDERY

● Four simple-set hairdos—plus this pretty style you'll see on our cover.

● Barbra Streisand talks about her "million dollar" baby.





AT LEFT: Dr. and Mrs. James Wiley, of Vaucluse (at left), with Dr. and Mrs. T. Olsen, of Rockhampton, Queensland, at the reception in The Union at the University of Sydney, which followed the official opening in the Great Hall of the Haematology Congress at the 11th Congresses of the International Societies of Haematology and Blood Transfusion. More than 900 delegates and 200 wives came from forty-eight countries for the congresses. The Blood Transfusion Congress was officially opened two nights later, also in the Great Hall.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. D. A. Willoughby, of London, and Dr. R. M. Anderson, of Melbourne, at the garden party which the Governor of New South Wales, Sir Roden Cutler, and Lady Cutler gave at Government House for delegates and their wives. Mrs. Willoughby accompanied her husband, who is a doctor at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, to Sydney. Dr. Anderson is a pathologist at Melbourne University.



INTERNATIONAL CONGRESSES

AT RIGHT: Dr. and Mrs. K. M. Patel, Uganda, boarded a ferry at Circular Quay for a harbor cruise and picnic at Elifton Gardens. Dr. Patel is a senior lecturer at Makerere University, East Africa.



BELOW: Mrs. Alan Davis and Mrs. Kevin Rickard, both of Kensington, with Mrs. Matthew Block, of Denver, U.S.A. (left to right), at the luncheon for wives of visiting delegates which was held at the Chevron Hotel. Mrs. Block accompanied her husband, who is a Professor of Medicine at the University of Colorado.



ABOVE: A Secretary-General of the Haematology Congress, Professor W. R. Pitney (at left), and Mrs. Pitney (second from right) with Professor C. Ramirez-Corria, of Havana University, Cuba, and his daughter, Mrs. Raul Arguelles, at the soiree given for visitors during the week in the Cell Block Theatre at East Sydney Technical College.

BELOW: Professor and Mrs. Miguel Layrisse, of Caracas, Venezuela (at left) with Sir Ronald and Lady Bodley Scott, of London, at the reception in The Union at the University of Sydney which followed the official opening of the Haematology Congress at the University.





BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE

That's what we need—bright, alert young people.

The "Commonwealth" is one of the youngest, yet by far the largest Bank in Australia. This remarkable progress has been achieved by its staff—girls and boys, women and men.

Australia is growing and developing fast. New towns, new suburbs require banking services. To provide these services we need bright, alert young people.

We need girls to train as machinists and typists, to act as secretaries to our senior officers, to carry out the many skilled duties that bright young girls seem so fitted for.

And we need boys. We appoint them, train them, encourage them and promote them. We offer them interesting, challenging work. We guarantee them an assured future.

If you would like your son or daughter to take advantage of the opportunities that are opening up in our Bank, and you would like to know more details, fill in and send us the attached coupon.

We will supply all the information you require promptly, gladly.

The Chief Manager (Staff),
Commonwealth Banking Corporation,
Box 2719, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Please send me full details of a career in the Bank for my son/daughter.

Name _____

Address _____

W.W.143

COMMONWEALTH BANKS



● Organisers hope the Queen of the Pacific Beauty Quest will attract entrants like these 1965 Miss World contestants, Clara de Run (Malaysia), Jan Rennison (Australia), Gay Phelps (New Zealand).

QUEST FOR QUEEN OF PACIFIC

● Adding a new and highly glamorous note to Melbourne's Moomba Festival in 1967 will be a visiting bevy of beautiful girls, all single, all aged from 17 to 27.

THEY will come from countries within the Pacific area — those bordering on or within the confines of the Pacific Ocean, including Australia, or those having close ties with the Pacific.

Primary purpose of their visit will be to compete in the first Queen of the Pacific Beauty Quest.

In addition, each will be hosted at her country's entry in another new Moomba attraction—the Pacific Photographic Fair from March 3 to March 13.

A symposium on photography—at which it is hoped world authorities will speak—will be held in conjunction with the fair.

Winning entries in the fair will be on display in windows throughout Melbourne's "Golden Mile" in the city. Twice daily, the reigning Beauty Queen will make a personal appearance at her country's exhibition.

Mr. Tom Colebrook, the co-ordinating director of the fair and the quest, back from a tour of 12 Asian countries, reports enthusiastic reactions from all.

A firm believer that "seeing is believing," he considers an exhibition of pictures, especially one presented by a charming ambassador, the best way of communication between countries with different languages.

To him, the quest is not a commercial proposition but a friendly competition which will promote international goodwill and understanding.

Mr. Eric Westbrook, Director of the National Gallery in Victoria, is Chairman of the Fair's Executive Committee.

"Photography is one of the most effective tools of communication ever devised by mankind," he says on the brochure which announces the fair. "Photographs are

By Berenice Craig

our most truthful, thorough, and best understood means of conveying facts about other people and other places."

Countries which already have signified their willingness to enter a girl in the quest (to be known as the "Princess" of that country) and take part fully in the Photographic Fair include Singapore, Malaya, Ceylon, India, Thailand, Hong Kong, Japan, Korea, Taiwan, New Zealand, and the Philippines.

Pakistan, which will enter the photographic contest, has never conducted beauty contests because of religious difficulties.

However, Mr. Colebrook said a top government official told him it might be possible to enter one of the country's air hostesses.

Cambodia, another country which has never run a beauty contest, is considering formation of a committee to select an entrant, not necessarily by a nation-wide quest. There will be a Cambodian photographic entry at the fair.

Plans for choosing the Australian entrant in the beauty quest are under way. Charity organisations throughout the country are being encouraged to take part to help swell their funds.

Judging, by a panel made up of a member from each participating country, will be from March 2 until the Queen of the Pacific is crowned during a national telecast on Sunday, March 12.

Each entrant in the quest will appear on a float in the Moomba Procession on March 15.

In addition to the prize she will receive from her own country, the Queen of the Pacific will win \$A5000 and many other donated prizes.

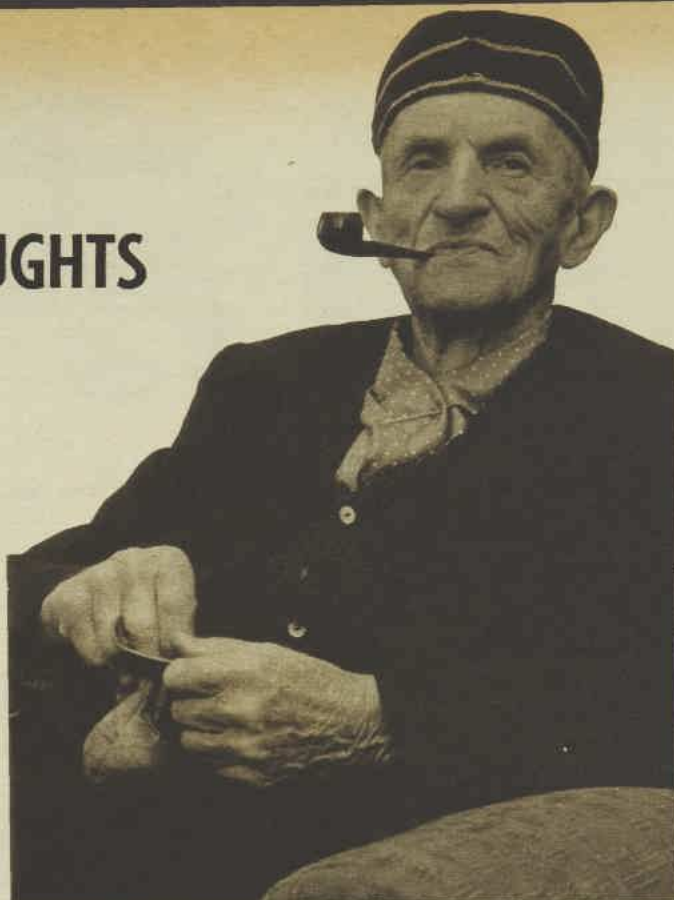
She also will hostess an exhibition of the winning photographic display in all countries which entered a competitor in the quest.

Cash prizes also will go to second, third, fourth, and fifth place-getters.

Competitors will be judged for figure, facial beauty, deportment, and personality. General conversational intelligence will be important.

IN AN OLD MAN'S THOUGHTS ARE ISLANDS WITH NAMES THAT SING

● "Oh, I've made mistakes," said the recently retired general manager of Burns Philp and Company Limited. "Take the incident of Too Many Shovels, or the little matter of the Kegs of Rum." Enchanted, I sat back to listen.



MR. JOSEPH MITCHELL: "When was life not exciting?"

THE recently retired general manager, Mr. Joseph Mitchell, happens to be 92 years young.

He sat in a sliver of winter sun in the living-room of the house in the Sydney suburb of Strathfield he has called home for more than half a century, and which is nearly as old as Australia.

Remarkably clear grey-blue eyes looked straight at me from under the jaunty, black-velvet, tasselled smoking cap. A silk cravat and checked waistcoat added up to comfortable elegance.

A mere 75 years ago Mr. Joseph Mitchell came to Sydney (a green country boy, second of seven children of a battling farmer) to make his way in the world and joined a little eight-year-old company called Burns Philp as a messenger.

("In those days," he said, "the whole scattered organisation wasn't as big as one of our present-day country stores.")

He and the tiny company went up the ladder together. His story is theirs, and he has memories—of sail giving way to steam, of a Sydney which ended at Redfern and where a "skyscraper" was four storeys high, of exotic Pacific islands explored and opened to trade.

IT ALL STARTED WITH A GENERAL STORE

Today they call Burns Philp "the octopus of the Pacific." Its paid-up capital is well over \$14 million. Its employees number many thousands, including nearly four thousand working on its island plantations alone. It has more than 50 subsidiary companies. Its tentacles reach into dozens of trades and industries.

"It just, well, evolved," said the ex-messenger-boy, Joseph Mitchell, who watched it all happen.

"The heart and core of it was always our general stores.

"In fact, that's how it started, with a general store, which our canny founder, James Burns, opened in Townsville in 1873.

"Well, when he had trouble getting supplies by ship he found he had to go into shipping, then general transport.

"It happened that way everywhere.

"You open a store, say in the New Hebrides. You can't get fresh bread so you start a bakery. Next thing, you start manufacturing ice-cream, or open a laundry, or build a hotel, or buy some taxis, or set up a butcher's shop, or buy a ship.

"That's the way it happens." All very simple, I thought, provided you have the Midas touch.

"About those shovels," I prompted. "Speak up," Mr. Mitchell ordered pleasantly.

I spoke up. "The shovels." He explained, "I'm a bit hard of hearing."

At 92, I felt, he was entitled to be. Mrs. Mitchell cut in chidingly, "And he won't wear his hearing-aid. In fact, I can't find it."

"Most things people say," her husband went on amiably, "aren't worth listening

By KAY KEAVNEY

to anyway. And I'm retired, I'm on vacation. And having the time of my life! Mind you, I always wore that thing at board meetings. Oh, yes. Have to keep your ear to the ground at board meetings. But about those shovels."

He relit his pipe and puffed furiously, chuckling.

"As I said, the core of the company was our stores. Young fellows like me would be sent up, say, to the islands, and usually at a minute's notice, to run them.

"They were little mixed businesses that sold just about everything, and you didn't have much money to play with, so you had to be pretty careful with your ordering, and then you had to wait till your stores were landed.

"Well, I sent off an order for some shovels, all different kinds of shovels, and somehow I made a mistake about the number of shovels to a crate.

"I'll never forget, never, when they started landing those shovels, and went on and on and on.

"Shovels! Seemed like thousands of shovels, all shapes and sizes, a nightmare in shovels.

"I stored shovels in the drapery, in the storeroom, in the sheds, anywhere I could find an inch of space there was a shovel.

"Well, of course, I hadn't been sent up there to collect goods. I was supposed to sell them — at a profit.

"How was I to get rid of all those shovels, without showing a serious loss?"

The grey-blue eyes gleamed. He was back in his little island mixed store, a young fellow with his way to make in this world and a nightmare in shovels on his hands.

"A commercial traveller turned up, wanting an order," said Mr. Mitchell. "I looked him in the eye, and I said, 'Jim, if you want a good order, you'd better find some customers who'll buy a shovel.'"

"A shovel?" said he. "Several shovels," said I.

"And I said the same to every other traveller who turned up round that time. Well," he laughed, "they went quietly. Before long, those shovels of mine were turning up all over the islands and right down the east coast of Australia. Sold the lot of them in the end."

I didn't wonder he'd finished up as general manager, and I was sure he'd pulled off this *tour de force* without making a single enemy among those commercial travellers.

Now about that little matter of the Kegs of Rum—?

He puffed away very furiously indeed.

"That rum," he said, and fell to laughing. "Of course, at the time, it wasn't funny. I made a good buy, or so I thought. So many kegs of rum for my store. As I told you, we sold just about everything.

"Well, in due course, along came my kegs. And that was when I found out — something the salesman carefully hadn't told me — that the rum was raw spirit. It had to be aged in the wood, for three solid years, before I could sell so much as a dram of it."

"How did you get round that one?" I asked expectantly.

"THE KEYSTONE TO MY WHOLE EXPERIENCE"

"I didn't," he snapped. "I couldn't. I had to wait out every hour of those three years. Every minute of them."

Then we all burst out laughing. I marvelled at the temerity of that rum salesman, who should have known a future general manager when he saw one, even disguised as a young store clerk, with his sleeves rolled up, in a little island store.

"I told you I'd made mistakes," said the once-young man, now 92.

"But not too many?"

"Well, no, not too many. You see, that early experience running the store

was the keystone to my whole experience.

"Finance is the backbone of all administration, all business. I learnt then that you don't take anything unless you have the money to pay for it, and unless you can see a proper return.

"That's been true in everything we've touched, and it's why we've succeeded.

"And don't think we haven't had our crises. Two world wars, for instance, lasting years, practically brought our business to a standstill. Our ships were taken over for war service, our islands were closed to us. We've had to fight back."

OF SANDALWOOD, AND PEARLS, AND COPRA

He talked about the fight, about pioneer days in places with names that sing, like Santa Cruz, Viti Levu, Gavatu. About birds of paradise shipped to Germany in the long-ago, and the sandalwood trade, and pearling, and copra.

"Pretty often in those days there was no real law. A man-o'-war might call in about once a year, just to show the flag. In the New Hebrides, for instance, we had to make our own paper money, because there was no local currency.

"Oh, it's been quite a story. And it still is. In a way, I hate to leave it all, but I've had a pretty good innings. And I like to remember that over all those 75 years I never had a row. It takes two, you see, to make a row.

"Changes? Oh, yes, indeed, the changes I've seen. All the way from sail to spaceships. But you adjust to change — it just teaches you that nothing is impossible, that anything can happen.

"In many ways, it was easier to be happy in the old days. Life was more stable.

"But then in other ways, things are easier for the young today. There's more scope, wider horizons, better opportunities for education.

"I wish I could see what this country will be like fifty years from now.

"I believe it has a magnificent future. There'll be new developments, new discoveries. It will all be tremendously exciting. But then when was life otherwise than exciting?"



Try new Fems* tampons,
 you can trust them for hours longer  than any others

Extra hours' protection — hours more than most women believed a tampon could be trusted! This was proved in 'actual use' tests of Fems tampons, by a group of women of different ages.

The personal note in every Fems pack explains *fully* to you, why Fems tampons can promise so much more than any others. Briefly, here are some surprising differences.

Fems tampons are 3 ways *more absorbent*, totally made from the most absorbent grade of cotton, they expand by *width* not length, and Fems tampons have a central channel for immediate absorption.

Fems tampons are *easier to use*, the only tampon with softly rounded ends. You need no applicator. Gentler too, noticeably smoother, fluff-free.

Fems tampons expand according to your personal requirements. Whatever your needs, you need only *one size*.

Fems* tampons
 by Kotex†



Made by Kimberly-Clark of Australia Pty. Ltd., Lane Cove, N.S.W.
 *† registered trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corp.



JILL LIDDELL, Australian physical education teacher, who cycled across the magnificent Canadian Rockies.

Up 10,000 feet by "iron horse"

By
JILL LIDDELL

a Queensland physical education teacher. Since 1963, she has been working and travelling in America, Canada, Jamaica, the United Kingdom, and Europe.

AT Jasper, the mountains looked so frighteningly high I wondered dismally if my idea of hiking across the Canadian Rockies had been such a good one after all.

However, I was not destined to go on foot. The strap of my pack broke and there was no bootmaker in town. I soon became the proud owner of a second-hand, gearless, back-pedal, one-size-too-small bicycle — still intent on reaching Lake Louise, 150 miles away.

To reorientate to cycling I took an afternoon's ride up to Maligne Canyon Hostel — some nine miles of winding several thousand feet up. It was a most energetic orientation indeed, but the scenery of those towering mountains and lakes and valleys below was a pleasant distraction.

The next day saw the true beginning of the long journey south, with my pack strapped on the carrier rack (tied and retied many times with yards of rope), my sleeping-bag precariously entwined on the handlebars, and a square of foam rubber folded on the seat in an attempt to soften the miles ahead.

Full of high hopes, I pedalled away, but two hours and ten miles later I was quite ready to give up the whole crazy idea and take a bus.

Spirits flagging

Tired and weak, sore and dirty, I tried to revive earlier enthusiasm with lunch by an icy-cold mountain stream. This peaceful spot, plus food, did make the miles ahead seem a little less ominous.

However, it was not long before I was again in a state of total collapse. The wheels had turned only another 15 miles since lunch, and the thought of even one mile more began to take on nightmare proportions.

Suddenly, and blessedly, the Athabasca Hostel appeared round a bend. I felt 20 miles better, and much less lonely at the thought of company as well. In the small stream trickling in front of the hostel cabins two young men were splashing and puddling around, throwing stones with great and gay abandon.

After hesitant introduc-

tions, for they were curious as to why a girl should be travelling alone in such rugged country, I sensed that the evening might be entertaining—and it was! They were the "house mothers," and since no other hostellers signed in we set out to hike for hours around the picturesque Athabasca Falls, along the river, and up mountain trails (very nearly getting lost!).

Finally, we sat in the kitchen hut, cooking and chatting about their various and fascinating tales of travel in South Africa, Northern Canada, and Central Australia.

We also waited for a black bear cub to head elsewhere for food and not linger at our front door.

So, an Englishman and a New Zealander helped one lonely Australian forget the rigors, aching legs, and weary muscles she endured on that first day astride the "iron horse."

Alas, some nights pass all too quickly and this was one of them. With morning came a mental readiness for the day ahead, but my limbs were still not altogether sure.

Saying goodbye to my new-found friends, I went on—slowly over dusty roads being resurfaced, steadily by muddy rivers swollen by the melting snows, but ever entranced by the sheer rocky mountains encircling me.

Twenty-five miles later I was more than willing to wheel into the Sunwapta Hostel. An enormous mountain immediately ahead and rain setting in were enough to convince me to stop, even though the boys had suggested I bypass it.

There were no "house mothers" here and they felt it might be a long and lonely night. Lonely it was not, but, oh, how long!

I went to bed early, but every time I woke it was still pitch black. I slept on . . . and on . . . and on . . .

Eventually, still seeing nothing but an occasional glimmer of light, I stumbled and crawled from my sleeping-bag to the mirror only to discover my eyelids were swollen shut from mosquito bites!

Once I could half-way see where I was going, it was on to the highway once more. All aches and pains

had gone and pushing up the mountain was no hardship because I was forever drinking in the views. From the summit, some two hours later, the view was even more breathtaking: the valley now completely opened on the right and the enormous white clawing fingers of the Columbia Icefields' Glacier on the left. Full of this beauty, I freewheeled happily down the hill.

Not 100 yards along a flat stretch at the bottom, happiness turned to heartbreak. The headwind from the glacier was so strong it was impossible to cycle against it! I had to walk.

Trying to hitch

Pushing up the many mountains I had not minded. But to walk along flat roads was bitter indeed, and I seemed to be making no progress. I decided to abandon my machine and hitch.

Carrying my pack and sleeping-bag I did seem to be making faster time, but cars were passing and not one thought of stopping.

My spirits were very nearly at rock bottom when a car did begin to slow down. The occupants turned, looked, then accelerated quickly! If this was the effect I had on the motoring public, hitching would be even slower than riding; so back to the bicycle I went.

All goods packed, strapped, and tied on once more, I slowly but surely covered that long and seemingly endless mile to the cafe opposite the icefields.

I sat for a long time over lunch. Ahead of me was a dark and menacing raincloud, but burst it would not. Frustrated at the many hours already wasted that day, I decided to go on regardless of the weather. About one mile farther on—on a completely open stretch of road with trees well back—the heavens opened.

The only immediate shelter was a large drain-pipe under the road. Since no water was gushing from it, it seemed the most likely place to shelter. Indeed, it did prove adequate in size and safety, but when the storm abated and I popped up from my hiding place, a National Parks man, returning to his car, was considerably startled and sped away without acknowledging my greeting!

Eight miles and several showers later (these I sat out, more respectfully, under trees), I arrived at the Hilda Creek Hostel.

Again there were no fellow hostellers or "house mothers," and, still again, it was a long, long night.

I could not get warm. For hours I shivered, and tossed and turned. I was wearing

every garment I'd packed, was wrapped in several blankets inside my sleeping-bag, and still I could not get warm.

When, at last, I took off on that fourth morning, in snow and rain and sleet, I saw a signpost indicating the mountain opposite was 10,000 feet high, and I understood why I had been so cold!

Down, down, down

For eight wonderful miles I rode down, down, down, heedless of the whipping snow, mindful only that I was applying brake power and not pushing, ever pushing. In 20 minutes I was at the bottom, where I saw smoke rising from the kitchen in the public park grounds.

This meant fire and warmth, so I wheeled in and curled myself as near as possible to the king-size oven. Once warm, I headed on to cover 40 miles that day; along a valley, over gentle hills, past the next hostel, and even having a cup of coffee with a girlfriend from Vancouver (she was driving fast toward Jasper but split-second recognition on her part resulted in an enjoy-

able half-hour's conversation).

A bit later two truckies offered me a lift and, as I was not out to prove any cycling marathon, I readily accepted. They let me down at the next hostel and another truckie extended the offer of a lift.

That night I was three hostels ahead, sharing fun, laughter, conversation, and swopping yarns with "house mothers" and hostellers.

Covering the last 40 miles the next day was like only four because of company—an interesting group from New York City.

Their presence made the memory of those 150 miles even richer—a holiday I'll neither forget nor regret, but one I'd think twice about attempting again.

I arrived in Lake Louise not only pounds thinner in weight but dollars thinner in purse. With only \$2 left, I walked straight into a job as chambermaid at the beautiful Chateau Lake Louise. I left three weeks later with \$50—and three hearty meals a day also had taken effect.

All in all a summer to remember!



THE "IRON HORSE" parked near the Sunwapta Hostel, where mosquitoes prevailed, and caused a long night.



LAKE LOUISE and the chateau where Jill was able to recover—both physically and financially.

"WE'LL TELL THE PRESS..."



A PAIR of raccoons from Pennsylvania, U.S.A., are honeymooning at Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney. The newlyweds, thought to be the only pair in Australia, have been courting—and a litter is expected by November.

"You should introduce animals properly," said Sir Edward Hallstrom, Director Emeritus of the zoo, explaining the successful "marriage." "You must put them alongside, so they can see each other but can't get together."

"One then starts to kid to the other and they look each other up and down. Then he might think, 'She's not bad after all!'"

Mr. E. Hargreaves, the zoo supervisor, said, "As a matter of fact, she lived up to the female species and started to make advances to the male. At first he retraced

his steps, but they have been sleeping together—double bed—with their heads on each other's shoulders."

Both raccoons were given to the zoo by American merchant sailor Cal Bonawitz.

"He gave us the pet his family had raised," Sir Edward said. "Its name was Pretty Boy, but it turned out to be a girl. Then they wanted us to have a male."

The second raccoon is named Big Boy. He is slightly larger than his mate, and his fur is darker in coloring. He is on the left in the picture above, on the right below.

Their little faces somehow look both wise and quizzical, and they eat very neatly. In their natural environment raccoons wash each morsel of food in running water before they eat it. —JUDE AINSWORTH

— Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt

... WE'RE JUST ...

... GOOD FRIENDS"



DEAN MARTIN

—He mixes everything on his show except his drinks!

ONE thing that can be said about Dean Martin without fear of contradiction is that he is a good mixer. If you need proof, take a look at Sunday night's "Dean Martin Show," on ABC-TV, at 7.30 p.m.

There, he mixes his guests — singers, dancers, comedians — with remarkable ability. He achieves a variety show that really has variety.

He mixes in conversation with the guests in a manner that the most suave character would envy, and he mixes in singing in a manner any musician would admire.

The one thing he doesn't do on his show is mix his drinks. Despite his reputation, the engaging Dino (his real name is Dino Crocetti) sticks to apple juice. It looks like whisky, helps along the happily befuddled gay dog image he likes to foster on TV.

At 49, Dino is more a family man (see picture below) than a ladies' man. But he likes pretty women around, and he likes a drink around occasionally, too. He also likes money and success, and is amazed when fans really swallow his "happy drinker" act.

"How could I do what I do if I drank like they think I do?" he asks.

Dino's TV success, on top of his successes as a singer and film actor, hasn't gone to his head.

"I don't need much rehearsal for the kind of thing I do," he says. "It is my job mostly to introduce people, and anyone can do this who can read. Those big cards are right in front of you."

His TV manner has been described as "calculated relaxation." There should be more of it.

— NAN MUSGROVE.



Television



● Dean Martin, above, as he appears on camera. At left, a picture from the family album, taken at the wedding of Dino's eldest son, Craig, three years ago. From left is Craig, then 21, the bride, Sandy, Dino, Claudia, 19, Gail, 18, young Dino, 12, Dena, 14, Mrs. Martin (Jeannie to viewers), Ricci, 10, and, in front, Gina, 6.

"Danger Man" returns by popular request

● Ever since "Danger Man" retired from the screen, TCN9 has had an avalanche of mail and telephone calls requesting, demanding, or pleading for its return. The result? Patrick McGoochan will be back in the original series, from September 1, at 7.30 p.m.

Television



● Patrick McGoochan and Angela Brown in a scene from one of the original "Danger Man" episodes.

CAKES THAT WON \$500



See the decorated entries which won all sections of Home Beautiful's \$500 National Birthday Cake Contest! They're in full color in the September issue, on sale now.

Furniture Arrangements

Make the most of the space in every room of your house! Follow the lessons laid down by decorating experts.

"NO-WORK" GARDENING

Gardens with a Japanese influence, based on use of pebbles and boulders, can be copied from one specialist's examples.



ENLARGED READER SERVICES!

Built-ins to your special order . . . architect's review of commonest queries . . . decorating and color problems . . . property and home planning difficulties — use the new monthly Service Centre which begins this issue!

EXCLUSIVE TOY KITS!

Tiger, bears, rag doll, golliwog and other favorites in sew-together packs at low cost. Ideal for fetes, birthdays or Christmas!



25c

SEPTEMBER HOME BEAUTIFUL

IT is six years since this particular series was shown, and it will be interesting to see the performance of the then virtually unknown McGoochan, untarnished by the phenomenal success that followed his debut as a TV star.

In those days "Danger Man" was made in 30-minute episodes, and it was only later, when the producers realised they were on to a winner, that they lengthened them to an hour.

It's not hard to understand why "Danger Man" developed into a viewing "must." It is satisfying fare for those who hunger after action-packed Secret Service fiction, served up with some degree of credibility.

In addition to the inspired casting of Patrick McGoochan as NATO security agent John Drake, it goes up another few notches above most cloak-and-dagger shows because of its no-nonsense attitude in the cause of security.

It makes no attempt to moralise, to draw a holier-than-thou parallel between the "goodies" and the "baddies." It shows that there are times when the British can be just as sneaky, just as ruthless in a tough situation as the "other side."

John Drake doesn't seek violence. He prefers to pit his wits, rather than his fists, against the enemy. This doesn't mean he is not a good man in a fight.

By Maureen Heyman

When his wits, aided by a fascinating collection of spy gadgets, fail, he packs a powerful punch.

The gadgets are ingenious. Nothing is quite what it appears.

When Drake lights a cigar, relaxing is the last thing he has in mind. The cigar shoots out a cloud of tear gas the moment it's lit.

A cigarette lighter turns out to be a miniature camera; an ordinary looking wrist watch throws out a dart to paralyse the enemy when the glass is lifted.

And there's a fishing rod that catches a far bigger fish than most anglers dream of.



● Australia's newest vocal trio, "The Creations," now appearing each week on ABC-TV's "Dig We Must," Fridays, at 6.25 p.m., with Normie Rowe, who will be a guest artist in an early edition of the show.

With a few minor adjustments, the rod becomes a high-velocity rifle, not to fire bullets but to project capsules containing miniature radio transmitters.

NEVER underestimate the power of television, especially if you happen to have a pet poodle or parrot. Latest effect of TV, according to the American medical publication "General Practitioner," is that it upsets the nervous system of poodles and gives small parrots fever.

A study of the viewing habits of dogs was done in Germany, and showed that poodles who watched TV three or four hours daily suffered loss of appetite and became highly nervous and irritable.

Dogs are said to be the most ardent of all animal TV fans, with cage-birds running a close second. But keep your budgerigar away from the set. A day's watching could bring him down with high fever.

The survey didn't mention the effect TV has on kangaroos, but a family I know with a pet joey claims that the only thing that makes him bad-tempered and restless is when he is banned from a front-row position before the set.

However, he is a discriminating viewer. He sits mesmerised while the cowboys shoot it out on the screen, likes any show that

has animals in it, slumps into a little snooze when there's too much love interest.

Bobbie and Laurie — and a big band

ABC-TV's new national teenage show, "Dig We Must," which had its premiere on August 26, promises to live up to its advance publicity—"a show having youth, beauty, vitality, and a big band sound."

Certainly it has enough youth and vitality to make anyone over the age of 21 feel very elderly indeed.

As a vintage viewer, I'm afraid I do not "dig" the appeal of the show's stars, Bobbie and Laurie, but when I mentioned this reaction to a group of teenage viewers there was a shocked silence, followed by a babble of enthusiastic voices.

The pop duo, I was told, have loads of talent, an infectious gaiety, spontaneous humor, and an ease of presentation that puts them in world class.

The youngsters are in no doubt that "Dig We Must" will go over in a big way.

Bobbie and Laurie had plenty of support on the first show. There was Judy Jacques, singing pop numbers instead of the folk songs she is usually associated with; three pretty girls under the collective title of "The Creations" making their first appearance as a vocal group

on TV; and "the big band sound" from a 14-piece orchestra.

According to the show's producer, Barry Langford, big bands are coming back again. "It's the kind of music the kids are really digging today," he said.

He should know. It was the formula that worked for his top-rating English series "Gadzooks — It's Really Happening," which established him as one of Britain's top producers, before he joined the ABC in Melbourne.

AT a time when many men are demanding "long back and sides" from their barbers, that indefatigable legal-eagle, "Perry Mason" (TCN9, Wednesdays, 7.30 p.m.), has emerged with a crew cut.

But nothing else has changed on the show.

Mason continues to get his clients absolved from murder charges; Paul Drake continues to make his last-minute dramatic entrances into the courtroom; Della continues to be the sweet, uncomplaining Girl Friday.

It's all so professionally done that it still provides the kind of entertainment that has kept it a top-rating program for nine years.

Tommy Hanlon's

Thought for the week

Momma once said, "I like TV Westerns. There's always lots of action and some of those cowboys are very romantic. Last week I must have watched ten Western shows, and I began to wonder . . . Whatever happened to cowards? Must the fellow in the big white hat always win? And those poor Indians always coming off second best. I heard that on the reservations they run the film backwards so that it looks as though the Indians are chasing the cowboys!"

MOMMA'S MORAL: "If you think those TV cowboys are fast on the draw, just open a joint cheque account with your wife."

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 7, 1966

LOOK!
neat new spaghetti
you can eat
with a spoon!



New Kia-ora **SPAGHETTI**Os



"Kia-ora" is a registered Trade Mark

**—circles of spaghetti even
the small fry can handle!**

They're so easy to spoon up! Kia-ora SpaghettiO's. Small circles of firm spaghetti. Simmered in their own special tomato and cheese sauce that all children will love. Cute little circles that are fun to eat. In four different sizes. From teeny-weeny ones up to small ones. All easy to spoon up. And easy to eat up because Kia-ora makes them so delicious! Treat the little kids soon, to new, neat Kia-ora SpaghettiO's!

Q165



D'Arcy Niland and Ruth Park, authors of 'Melba — Voice of an Angel' are a well-known husband and wife writing team. Mr Niland's books include 'The Shiralee' while his wife has 'Harp in the South' to her credit. They live in Sydney and have five children.

Melba - Voice of an Angel

To London in 1886 came the most exciting coloratura and lyric soprano the world has ever known, Helen Porter Mitchell. Her voice, ranging easily and evenly over three octaves, made her the legend that became Melba, the idol of great composers, the song queen of three continents, the first Australian-born singer to become internationally known.

Ask, don't tell

A conversational technique used by President Kennedy. Test yourself. You can open floodgates of meaningful conversation with your family and others, if you know what to ask . . . and how. Here are 8 rules for asking questions . . . a listening technique used by President Kennedy . . . and a 10-point Questionnaire to help you test your own conversation skills.

Coming: paper clothes?

Amazingly, they 'look, feel and wear much like cloth'. And the first U.S.\$1.25 paper dress is selling fast. What garments are available? What's coming soon? Here are the exciting details . . . why 'We are closer to disposable clothes than most people think'.

What happens when you sleep

Recent experiments show that we go through 4 different stages during sleep. Read how it happens . . . how dreams occur . . . why some scientists believe we may eventually cut our sleep down to the essential stages, adding extra 'years' to the normal lifetime.

Book section: Tinkerbelle

Last summer a 47-year old Cleveland man left his desk job and started out on a solo voyage across the Atlantic in a 13½ foot sailboat. Here's the incredible story of that adventure, the moments of exhilaration, the waking nightmares, and the surprise that awaited in England after 78 days at sea.

These Hearts need not die

Thousands of lives have been dramatically restored through external cardio-pulmonary resuscitation. Yet for each life saved, 'Probably a dozen are lost because ECPR is not used.' Read how this emergency technique could save over 100,000 lives a year . . . how it re-starts a stopped heart without operating . . . what its one drawback is.

THIS MONTH'S READER'S DIGEST BRINGS YOU READING AT ITS BEST

Reader's Digest

SEPTEMBER ISSUE 25c AT YOUR NEWSAGENT NOW!

RD 70

READERS'

RETIREMENT:

● "I have only to close my eyes to be back in the sprawling farmhouse, with its view of cultivated paddocks stretching to the horizon . . ."

Life is easy, now—but how I miss the farm!

By FLO JONES

I'M classed as one of those fortunate people whose later years are to be spent "in retirement": comfortable, cosy, lazy even, after years of hard work, happy with a loving husband, who deserves a lazy, happy time.

I look around my new, comfortable, modern home, with its wonderful view of sweeping waters.

There is every convenience to lighten the few chores I still need to do, a telephone and television set. I realise I am fortunate indeed.

And I agree, up to a point, with Browning:

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be."

But—and here's the rub—how I miss the farm.

I have only to close my eyes to be back in the sprawling farmhouse, with its view of cultivated paddocks stretching to the horizon. I watched it change from the small cottage, with few amenities, I went to as a bride, to a well-equipped, roomy house—a home, for me at least, alive and throbbing with vivid memories of 30 years of living.

That first batch of bread —

more like rocks!

MY first batch of bread was baked in its kitchen, and, my goodness, what lovely hard rocks they were!

But I soon learned. I had to. Scones by the trayload and cut-and-come-again brownies followed, to say nothing of hearty meals galore.

Hungry, hard-working men and growing, active children need plenty of good food.

And, oh, the joy of seeing

them eating heartily and enjoying their meals—recompense enough for the effort.

We had fun, too, in the large living-room. Many a sing-song or a quiet game of cards we enjoyed here with our friends, our good neighbors with similar inter-

ests and occupations. Many a pound of butter I churned out in this corner of the veranda, fly-wired off as a small dairy.

Here (oh, calamity!) I once dropped a large setting-pan full of rich cream. The scrubbing with hot water it

THE END OF A LIFETIME'S DREAM

WHY should the retirement years of one's life be viewed with dismay? Certainly, they are a period of adjustment, probably the greatest adjustment of all.

All through life one is faced with change: starting school, changing schools, the first job, getting married, having children, a new home—to mention a few.

But with these, the resilience of youth helps overcome difficulties. At compulsory retiring age, the mind and body are not as capable of adjustment.

If the means test were lifted, financial hardship, the bugbear of retirement years, would no longer raise its ugly head. There would be a lot more happy, contented, useful older citizens.

There are so many things we can do when we reach the sixties. Previously we may have said: "How I wish I had time to do that."

"I would like to attend classes, but I have no spare time."

"I would like to have a new hobby . . . build a new shed . . . make some changes in the garden . . . repair that, repaint this. When I retire, I will."

They feel useless, discarded

And what happens? Either we get the pension and, even if earning the small additional amount allowed, there isn't enough money to buy materials, have a hobby, or attend lectures.

Even voluntary work costs a pensioner more than he or she can afford.

You can, if fit and well, get a full-time job—if one can be found. There's not much available for people in the 60s, and, if there were, there we are back on the treadmill. There's still no time to indulge in any of the things we have been looking forward to.

Health problems may arise, a worry when income has become drastically curtailed.

Retirement should be a time for relaxation, a time to catch up with the myriad things for which there was no time during the working years.

It should be looked forward to as something to be enjoyed, yet so many, especially men, seem to go downhill in health and spirits after retirement from an active life. They feel they are no longer of use in the community, that they are discarded.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 7, 1966

The leisure years you look forward to when you are working aren't always what they're cracked up to be, say two readers.

took to clean up that mess!

Through the garden gate, oleanders, cassias, bougainvilleas, poinsettias, wax-flowers, vincas, and daisies make a wonderful show and give welcome shade.

What a battle I had had in the early years to grow even a few hardy shrubs until, with water at last plentiful, what a sudden burst of growth, what a wonderful thrill of achievement.

* * *

Down this road the children would race home on their bikes after leaving the school bus at the main gates.

Quite an expert my son became at "broadsideing" in the sandy patches and at threading in and out of thorny bushes, all mutely testified to by scratched legs and arms and tears in his clothes.

"Great fun, Mum!"

I can see my lovely daughters, neat and tidy still, waving to me as they shoot into the yard.

Here we also stabled the ponies, one each for the children.

There was Ned and Brumbie, Brownie and Bess . . .

THERE was Ned, who knew only two ways of moving — a dead-slow walk away from home, a greased-lightning gallop when returning; Brownie, gentle and lovable, with her foal, Bess; Brumbie, as stub-

born as a mule, who suddenly would gallop off and just as suddenly stop.

"Such fun!" said the youngsters.

* * *

All around me I can feel the sweet, fresh country air, alive with the country sounds. In a far paddock I can hear the throbbing note of a busy tractor. Near at hand the sheep are moving around, lambs bleating, their mother's call reassuring them.

A flock of screeching galahs swoops by overhead, a lovely sight against the blue sky. In a nearby tree a butcher bird pours out its wonderful melody!

Oh, yes, indeed, I'm afraid I do miss the farm!



Seems like yesterday for Hilary and Peter. Probably because they've both been working flat out for a home of their own. They now have a dear little son, so Hilary's twice as busy. Yet they still love a night out.

Hilary and Peter — happy and vital as the day they were married

● Before he retires, the husband of this Victorian reader hasn't time to run the small farm he has saved for over many years. But when he does leave work, she says, under the existing pension set-up he won't be able to afford to run it.

Surely a person who has worked hard all his adult life should be able to enjoy his remaining years and still be a happy and useful member of society.

Why should there be a struggle with increasing costs and diminishing incomes?

Why should a man be penalised, if he wishes to work, by losing the sense of security he would have from a regular pension?

The pension would enable him to work according to his capacity, not force him to

all its restrictions. There go all his dreams. It is just a struggle for existence.

Is it any wonder men are not happy about the retirement years, that boredom sets in, and health suffers?

In our case, my husband had always wanted to have his own farm.

He didn't have the money to buy one, so he took a city job, and bought five acres of land on terms, with the idea of running stock, or working the land in some way, when he retired.

affect the means test when applying for a pension.

In other words, any income from our land would be added to any other income, and if over the few dollars a week allowed the pension would be reduced pro rata.

Yet, if my husband gets a full-time job he won't be able to run the farm, especially as, for the past five years, he has had to look after the house and his wife, as well as doing a full day's work. I am incapacitated.

His superannuation will be a lump sum. Invested, it might bring in \$7 a week, certainly not enough to live on, but with a few other assets, sufficient to preclude the receipt of an age pension.

I feel my husband could enjoy his life to the full, and there must be many who could do the same, if it were not for economic difficulties.

So until something is done to ease the restriction on what a person can or cannot

Hilary's the one who makes sure her family is healthy and happy. She serves All-Bran every morning. "We have it with Corn Flakes or fruit," she said. "Preferably peaches!" added Peter, "but All-Bran tastes good however you eat it."

"I also use All-Bran to make delicious muffins," said Hilary. The great thing about All-Bran is it tastes good and it's nature's guard against irregularity. Keeps the young and the not-so-young sparkling! Try some.



Look who still gets a kick out of a game of squash, even after a long hard day as a salesman!

One day older — so OUT!

work beyond it in his struggle to maintain a home and keep up with the rising cost of living.

After all, the young aren't pushed into earning their living until their strength and capabilities are equal to the task.

At the age of 64 a man is considered capable of a full day's work.

His birthday arrives. Congratulations! He has attained the age of 65. Speeches are made. There may be a farewell gift from fellow-workers or the management.

Hey! presto! The next day he finds himself no longer of use. No one wants to employ him. He is too old.

He may have a small superannuation, but not enough to live on. He may have nothing. He must apply for the pension, with

We paid off what was owing on the land, but rising rates have forced us to sell two acres.

Now on the eve of his retirement, having worked for the one firm for the last 24 years, my husband still can't fulfil his retirement ambitions.

He couldn't work the land

Where are autumn's songs?

while he was going to the city every day, but looked forward to his retirement as a time when he could do something about it.

Now we find we are allowed to own the land if we are living on it, but we cannot let it earn anything — run stock on it, rent it for use of a pony, as we are doing at present, or grow anything to sell, or it will

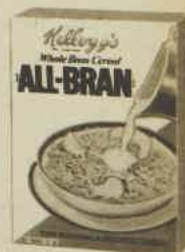
do in his latter years without losing his security, there will be many, in the autumn of their lives, who will not be able to appreciate the words of John Keats in his "Ode to Autumn":

"Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they? Think not of them, thou hast thy music, too."

"Retired," Park Orchards, Vic.



Hilary's day starts from the moment young Tim wakes. Then it's breakfast (with All-Bran), dishes, tidy-up, dress baby and off to work. No wonder the Roberts are an All-Bran family. Such energy!



ALL-BRAN**
made by
Kellogg's*
nature's guard
against irregularity

K022

*Registered trademark. **ALL-BRAN is a trademark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

Coty makes lips talk with luscious new Frosted Cremestick Colours!



Coty 'Luvender'

A summertime sensation . . . softly-silvered lavender . . . the most ravishing shade sun-lovers can wear — especially if they dote on delicate pastels. Try it over Mauve Mist . . . 1,000-Watt Rose!

Coty 'Pink-Wink'

An icy pink made for blondes . . . even for raven-haired gals on the go . . . fantastically versatile . . . fabulously feminine. Even more tempting when worn over Pink-Me-Up . . . Yes Yes Pink.

Coty 'Honey-on-Ice'

Brownettes or brunettes on the prowl for something really new? Then caress their lips with spiced apricots enriched with honey. Irresistible alone . . . indescribably luscious when worn over Honey Amber or more vibrant Blush Fire Honey-to-Burn.

Coty 'Frosting-on-the-Orange'

How to keep brownettes from too much brown? Colour their lips with glistening coral . . . to complement coral-toned fashions they so much love to wear! Mate this youthful frosting with Pink Haze . . . Spotlight Orange . . . or Coral-on-Fire for most desirable results!



All with complimenting Nail Polishes.

COTY

Shoe with a twist

★ This "kiss-curl" heel is the inspiration of Paris shoe-maker Roger Vivier, and was one of his designs for spring-summer 1966.

COMPACT



'MOTHER KNOWS BEST — ABOUT TEETH'

■ At what age should children start cleaning their teeth? At seven or eight, says American dental expert Dr. Sigurd Ramfjord. But he doesn't mean teeth should not be cleaned before.

"A child's teeth should be brushed by his mother until he is seven or eight," said Dr. Ramfjord, in Australia recently on a lecture tour. "Then, when the child begins brushing them himself, Mother should always check."

"Don't talk about cavities a child will get if he doesn't brush, because, remember, the preacher who preaches hell-fire gets only short-term converts. The successful minister shows his people that it FEELS good to BE good!"

Mother, of course, must know what she's doing — and this is not always the case.

According to Dr. Ramfjord, most adults (95 percent in Australia) DON'T know how to brush their teeth properly. In America, the average time allotted to brushing is only 29 seconds, which sounds bad until you hear the Australian average: 22 seconds.

"Some people use toothpaste like the first Queen Elizabeth, and the others in those days, used perfume. Just smear it on top, instead of being clean!" he said disapprovingly.

Dr. Ramfjord should know what he's talking about. Professor of Periodontics at the University of Michigan, and consultant to the World Health Organisation, he is a specialist in periodontology, the study and treatment of gum diseases.



'CHANCE' HELPED PIANIST FIND FAME

■ As visiting English concert pianist Moura Lympny entertains audiences here, few music lovers know that it was only by chance that Miss Lympny first came to Australia.

She was "passing through" in 1948 after a concert tour in New Zealand, when the arrival of French violinist Ginette Neveu was delayed. The ABC invited Miss Lympny to "stand in"—and so successful were the three concerts she gave that she has made three return visits.

This was not the first time that "chance" helped Miss Lympny.

Her first recording was by sheer chance. An English recording company wanted Clifford Curzon to record the 24 Rachmaninov Preludes, but the English pianist couldn't fit into his busy program. He recommended Miss Lympny because she learned quickly.

The recording was a success and it led to more recordings of Rachmaninov, and other Russian composers. Soon Miss Lympny became world-famous as a specialist in Russian music, and on tour in Moscow in 1956 she played no fewer than nine encores.

"I might have played more," she said, "if I hadn't told them I had to catch the night train to Leningrad!"

"Chance" loomed again in her success story when, in London, she was asked to give the first performance of a concerto by the great 20th-century Soviet composer Khatchaturian.

"Again they wanted someone who could learn quickly, so I was chosen."



MP HAS CHILLY OPINION OF POOR CANBERRA

■ Canberra, as national capital, is in the wrong place — according to Lepani Watson of the Trobriand Islands, 250 miles north-east of Port Moresby.

When Mr. Watson, Under-Secretary of Economic Affairs in the Papua-New Guinea House of Assembly, passed through Sydney recently on his way home to the Islands, he was "cold," to say the least, about the Canberra winter weather he had just left.

"The capital should be moved from Canberra to Cairns!" he said.

He said that "cargo cults" still exist in some areas of his electorate.

He explained that, with limited experience of the world, villagers sometimes believed that the "cargo" (European manufactured goods) is sent to European settlers by their dead ancestors, and that cults will stimulate their own ancestors to produce gifts.

Mr. Watson told the story of a cargo cult that started last year.

"I went out to an island when the cult was reported by the administration officer in charge."

"Their leader had told men to stop making their gardens; that I was the one who would deliver their cargo because they voted for me."

Mr. Watson said he explained to the villagers that they had to make gardens if they wanted "cargo."

The only way to get it was to offer the Europeans something in trade.

"Then I explained that if the European planter didn't work he couldn't get any 'cargo'," he said.

In the crazy hubbub of the discothèque, a few blemishes can get by untouched.



But zoom into close-up, and you'll bless the day you discovered Innoxa's Solution 41.



Better say it straight out. Spots and acne and all skin blemishes are miserable. So miserable, it doesn't make sense to treat them with any cheap remedy. Much wiser to spend a little more on something that works: Innoxa's Solution 41.

Innoxa took trouble with this solution. In fact, they kept at it until they were sure it acted better than the others. Really sure.

We don't say all other treatments are useless. But we do believe that Solution 41 clears up a skin more completely: completely enough for close-ups!

And what more can you ask?

To complete your treatment, always use Innoxa's Medicated Soap and Foundation 41.

INNOXA

T 184



A RIGHT ROYAL BEAUTY

Her till ended up \$1000 over!

★ The tranquillity long preserved on land near 145-year-old St. Luke's Church, Liverpool, N.S.W., has been shattered for ever.

Recently, between the church and the old cemetery (where burials as early as 1821 are recorded), Woolworths opened on a five-acre site a large department store with its own supermarket, variety store, butchery, bakery, greengrocery, chemist, and gardeners' shop.

With parking space for 4000 cars daily, the "Big W" store sells electrical appliances, furniture, and a wide range of fashion goods. It also has credit facilities.

A week before it opened its new store, Woolworths had crowned a new queen. Pretty Paula Davidson, of Brisbane, won the chain's 1966 National Checker of the Year Quest, held in Sydney.

Paula and 12 other finalists from all States were tested at check-out counters for accuracy and speed. Memory, personality, appearance, and speech counted, too. Paula, who has been with Woolworths for seven years, won \$1000.

● Thailand's Queen Sirikit (who was so popular during her Australian visit in 1962) and her youngest child, nine-year-old Princess Chulabhorn.

NEW RX FOR ASTHMA

New Improved Laboratory-tested MENDACO is certified to stop attacks of Asthma, Bronchitis, Sinusitis and Hay Fever. Stops wheezing, coughing—lets you breathe easily and sleep like a baby. Get MENDACO at chemists money-back guarantee. Only 5/6

look alive with
The Bulletin
Political comment • News & Views
EVERY WEEK, ONLY 20c

THE MAGAZINE OF BRIGHTER READING 15c

Everybody's

Ideas for your recipe file

CORN RELISH RAREBIT

Spread one dessertspoon of Corn Relish on square slices of buttered, toasted bread. Place a square of sliced processed Cheddar on top. Sprinkle with Paprika or Ground Chillies. Toast until golden brown.



CORN PATTIES

Mix equal quantities of Corn Relish and finely diced devon, fritz or frankfurts. Fill in pastry cases or Savoury Fill biscuits. Bake in oven until hot.



CREAM CORN DIP

Mix thoroughly 4 dessertspoons Corn Relish, 4 dessertspoons thickened cream, 2 dessertspoons cottage or cream cheese. Chill before serving.



COTTAGE CHEESE LUNCH SNACK

Mix equal quantities of Corn Relish and Cottage Cheese. Add salt to taste. Spread thickly on round of bread, rusk or slice of pineapple.



CORNY EGGS

Hard boil eggs, cool, peel, slice into two and remove the yolks. Mix the yolks with butter and blend with equal quantity of Corn Relish and a little chopped parsley. Fill the mixture into the egg white halves, and chill before serving.



CORN RELISH OMELETTE

Beat two eggs lightly, season with pepper and salt and pour into omelette pan which has been preheated with a teaspoon of butter. When omelette is 2/3rds cooked, spread one dessertspoonful of Corn Relish in a line across the egg. Roll the omelette and continue cooking until golden brown.



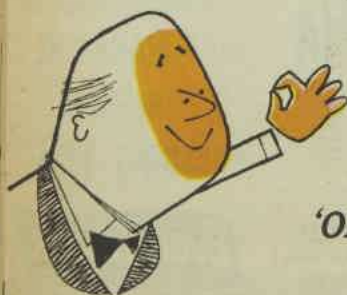
from the 'good taste' people **Master Foods**

'Too good to miss.' That's what folks say about Master Foods Corn Relish. Gives a savoury lift to just about anything you want to serve. In fact, it's so downright pickle scrumptious you'll want to eat it straight from the jar!



Go on! Eat it straight from the jar if you want to. You may give up eating it any other way! Why? Because when you take firm round kernels of golden corn . . . scrunchy segments of fresh celery . . . and the mildest morsels of sweet red pepper, then blend them through a tangy 'mustard pickle' mixture — what do you get? The most food-embellishing relish of them all! Master Foods Corn Relish. Try it on sausages, steaks, anything . . . and see what a difference it makes. (Incidentally — those Master Foods people also make a delicious Onion Relish too, packed full of onion flavour with only a hint of onion 'bite'.) Try a Master Foods relish this week. While you're at it, try two!

'Oh! those Master Foods people! They really live up to their name'



GROUNDWORKS FOR DIVORCE

By ARTIE SHAW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Buddy went on: "It's a simple enough name. I don't know how I could have—"

"That's perfectly all right," she said.

"Well . . . " Buddy said. "Anyway . . . " turning to me—"Fred, this is Mrs. Bennett. Fred Wilkinson, Marjorie."

"How do you do," I said.

"Won't you join us for a minute, Marjorie?" Buddy asked.

"Why . . . " She glanced uncertainly around. "I'm meeting Helen Washburn for lunch—you remember Helen Washburn, don't you, Buddy?" She looked at me, smiled, and said, "Please sit down, won't you?" Then, looking back at Buddy—"Both of you, please sit down."

Buddy drew out a chair for her. "Now then," she said, "I hope I'm not interrupting anything?"

"Of course not," Buddy said.

"Not at all," I said politely.

She gave me a smile and turned to him. As she did, something peculiar happened to the smile. It was still there, but now it changed subtly, I could not quite tell how. It seemed to freeze and become not so much a smile as a kind of mask. Buddy must have noticed it, too, because he began to make conversation as if to bridge an awkward gap.

They both gabbed on for a while, almost compulsively, as if the one thing on earth to be avoided at all costs was silence. But after a while they seemed to run out of words at about the same moment.

At that point there was a brief silence. I looked up. She was staring down at the tablecloth, nervously crumpling a bit of bread in her hands. I glanced at her face. She was unquestionably a very pretty girl, but at the moment there was the suggestion of a frown on her face. I looked at Buddy, saw him looking at me, and turned my eyes back down to my plate.

Presently she said, "Oh—there's Helen." She sounded relieved. "She's looking for me." She waved toward the entrance. I looked over and saw a tall woman standing there. Just then the woman spotted us, smiled, and waved back.

Marjorie stood up. Buddy and I got up, too. For a moment they stared gravely at each other. "Well, Buddy," she said, "it's nice to see you looking so . . . so well."

"Thanks, Marjorie," he said, taking her hand and smiling. "You look pretty sharp yourself, honey," looking her up and down.

It seemed to embarrass her. Women do not flush easily these days, at least not in my experience, but she seemed to flush as his eyes went appraisingly up and down her smartly dressed figure. I had to agree with him. She certainly did look sharp. She wore a simply cut black dress and a string of small pearls that looked quite genuine to me.

Buddy kept right on looking her over. After a few seconds the flush on her cheeks, or whatever it was, faded. She gave him one last look as if she wanted to say something, then gently took her hand away from his.

"Thank you, Buddy, I'm glad you think so." She turned to me. "Nice to have met you, Mr. ah—" "Wilkinson," Buddy prompted her, "Fred Wilkinson."

"Thanks," I said. "Nice to have met you, too," and she left the table, her high heels clicking as she walked away.

"Whew," said Buddy. "That was weird," he added, looking reflectively off in the direction she had taken.

"How do you mean, weird?" I asked.

He did not answer. There was a thin film of sweat on his forehead. He stared right through me.

He had the look of a man peering at something way off in the distance.

"What?" he said. "Weird? What do you mean, Fred?"

"You said something was weird."

"Oh?" He stared blankly at me for a moment. "Did I?" All at once he came back from wherever he had been. He laughed. "It's all right, Fred. You don't have to look at me like that."

"What the hell goes on?" I asked.

"Nothing . . . " He shrugged. "It's the first time I've run into her since we were divorced is all." He grinned wryly. "Feels kind of funny, you know?"

"I suppose it must." There was a short silence. "She's a very good-looking girl," I added.

He nodded absently. "Yeah, she is, isn't she?"

"How long's it been?" I asked. "The divorce."

"Oh . . . " he said. "About three years ago. We were separated in . . . let me see now. September, 1959, it was."

I sipped my coffee. "You've been married about ten years now, haven't you, Fred?"

"Twelve next May," I said. "Why?"

"I don't know . . . " He looked over my head and said, "It's funny. You know, for a while there I was positive Marjorie and I were going to make it."

"Oh, well," I said lamely. "I guess it's one of those things everyone thinks. For some people it works out. Others—well, how's anybody going to know."

He gave me an odd look. "I think I know," pausing and then, "now anyway."

I laughed. "What's the secret formula, Buddy? Let me in on it, will you?"

"I know exactly why Marjorie and I couldn't make it. I don't know whether I could explain it, but I do know exactly how and why and when we came to the end of it. Hell, I can remember every last detail of it, like total recall."

"I don't know," I said. "Maybe so, but I don't think anyone ever knows just what it is that breaks up a marriage. I'd have a pretty tough time believing it was ever any one thing. An accumulation of a lot of little things would be more like it."

"No, Fred," he insisted. "I believe that's really all it ever is, just one thing. Only trouble is, most people won't let themselves see it when it happens."

"Maybe that's the whole formula," I laughed. "Not to see it. Not to let yourself see it. Or—if you have to see it—why, just making yourself forget it."

"Nice work if you can do it," he said. "But sometimes you . . . Oh, well, I suppose it's the usual story. It depends . . ."

"Yes, that's about it, I guess. It depends . . ."

We sat quietly for a while. I happened to look across the restaurant at one time and there was Marjorie at a table over in a corner. She was sitting with the other woman and both of them were laughing. She suddenly looked over and caught me staring at her. She stopped laughing and made one of those meaningless little social gestures people make when they are too far away to speak. I saw the other woman glance over at our table and turn sharply away. I nodded, smiled foolishly at Marjorie, and turned to Buddy.

AS I looked at him he raised his eyes and said, "Listen, Fred. I'd like to tell you something."

"Why, of course, Buddy. What's up?"

He hesitated for a moment. "I've never told anybody else about this . . ."

"What's it about, Buddy?" I asked. "You and . . .?"

I nodded toward that corner of the restaurant.

He bobbed his head and said, "Yes—in a way it is. In another way, maybe it isn't. I'd kind of like to see what you think. Do you mind?"

"No, I don't mind."

"You in any hurry, Fred?"

I looked at my watch. "I've got a couple of hours. That long enough?"

"Sure—plenty," he said.

He called the waiter, ordered another pot of coffee, and began.

"I guess from what I've said you're probably expecting one of those intimate confessions or something."

I shrugged.

"Don't worry," he laughed, "it's nothing like that, Fred. It's a pretty weird yarn, but I think when you've heard it you'll see why Marjorie and I broke up. Anyway, it's the only way I can explain it. You'll either see it or you won't. In any case . . ."

The waiter came back with the coffee. Buddy asked me if I wanted some, and when I shook my head he poured himself a cup. While I waited for him to continue, I thought back over the fifteen or sixteen years since I first met him.

At that time I was about thirty. Buddy had just come to New York City and gone to work as a staff writer on one of those radio and TV fan magazines



that used to be around by the dozens in those days. He was fresh out of Dartmouth and looked it—right down to the crew haircut and everything that went with that.

But like many small men, Buddy had lots of drive. At first meeting you might not be apt to spot it. What you saw was a naive, bumbling, very earnest little fellow. Still, there always was a rather likable quality about Buddy. "Cute" is the word I have heard girls use about him; and on the whole it is an accurate enough description. I remember how I used to smile to myself at the wide-eyed way he went at New York City. In fact, long after I came to realize that beneath that wide-eyed manner he was a very shrewd operator—even then, I used to enjoy running into him at odd moments here and there around town.

But all this was a while back. Buddy has come along since then. No question about it, Buddy has wised up a whole lot during the past fifteen years. There are lots of other ways in which he has changed. The wide-eyed manner has long since been dropped by the wayside and along with it most of the naive.

Curiously enough, though, in many respects he remains essentially the same bumbling little fellow he was when we first met; which may account for the fact that over the period I have known him he has managed to get himself into and out of some of the most peculiar scrapes you would be likely to hear of outside the pages of a James Bond novel. I can only suppose he must derive something from all these little off-beat adventures. Perhaps he even enjoys them. There is no other way I can understand how any man can get himself embroiled in so many odd situations.

A good many of these "situations" have revolved around women—that is aside from the three years he was married. For some reason I have never been able to understand, Buddy always attracted neurotic women as though he were a qualified psychoanalyst. Perhaps they feel some obscure impulse to mother him—or something.

There are a number of things about Buddy Ross I have never quite understood. But this particular episode he told me about was pretty far off the beam, even for him. It has clung like a burr in my mind ever since. I cannot seem to shake it off, yet at the same time I do not know exactly what there is about it that troubles me.

All of which may be no more than an indication of my own confused values. For whatever else my feelings about this whole affair are, they are certainly quite complicated, and I would be the first to admit that my own sympathies may well be entirely misplaced. The point is, though, I am not even sure I understand what those sympathies are exactly—let alone what they mean.

"This thing started when Marjorie and I'd been married almost three years," Buddy resumed. "I was on my way home from a poker session. It must have been about three a.m. when the game broke up. I grabbed a cab and got out at the corner of Park and 89th and started walking east. We lived about halfway between Park and Lexington, and I was just walking along not thinking about anything special except maybe how I'd got pretty well cleaned out in the game that night."

To page 38



why you should
 choose OVALTINE
 for your family



OVALTINE makes milk
 a super drink —
 supercharged with extra energy.
 It makes the "not so goods"
 feel great and the "feeling greats"
 feel greater. Everyone can
 use extra energy for work and play —
 OVALTINE's power combination of
 malt, milk and eggs is the quickest,
 easiest way to get it.
 But make sure you choose
 O-O-O-OVALTINE
 in the bright orange can.



You CAN CHOOSE!
 See, these OVALTINE cans
 are marked MALT and CHOCOLATE
 MALT has natural Malt flavour
 CHOCOLATE is sweeter and contains
 extra Chocolate
 Both have all the OVALTINE goodness

"There was nobody in
 sight, that hour — the street
 looked deserted, you know?
 Then all at once I heard
 these quick footsteps coming
 up behind me. I turned and
 saw this big, heavyset fellow
 in a topcoat and a dark brown
 hat pulled down low over his
 eyes. He was only a few yards
 away. I stopped for a second
 and all of a sudden I saw that
 he was pointing a revolver at
 me."

Before he could quite take
 in what was happening Buddy
 heard a low voice saying, "All
 right, Mac, hold it right
 there."

WITHOUT think-
 ing, Buddy took a faltering
 step back.

"Hold it, I said," came the
 voice again. Buddy held it.
 The man's voice was quite
 steady and calm, a almost
 matter-of-fact, but there was
 something altogether business-
 like about the way he stood
 off a couple of paces holding
 the point of the revolver un-
 waveringly on Buddy's chest.

"Say, what's the big idea?"
 Buddy asked.

"Take it easy, Mac, you'll
 be OK," the big man
 answered quietly. Buddy
 thought he caught the barest
 shadow of a grin on his face.
 It was too dark to be sure,
 but somehow it made him
 angry. Of course there was
 nothing he could do about it.
 He stood there fighting down
 his rebellion at being forced
 to submit helplessly — "like
 some kind of a flat-footed
 jerk," as he put it.

"Now then, if you'll just
 step into my office over here,"
 the man was indicating a
 narrow alleyway between two
 apartment houses, where he
 had apparently been hiding.
 "We'll get this over and you
 can be on your way."

Buddy hesitated momen-
 tarily.

"Come on, Mac — let's
 go," the man's voice prodded.

There was nothing to do
 but obey. As he went ahead
 into the alleyway, hearing the
 man's heavy footsteps a pace
 or two behind him in the
 dark, Buddy's anger un-
 accountably disappeared and
 he became aware of a curious
 thing.

"Naturally," he told me,
 looking into my eyes with that
 bad-little-boy expression of
 his, "I couldn't see the guy
 behind me and there was no
 way of knowing what he
 might be up to, whether he
 was going to slug me or not,
 but for some crazy reason I
 wasn't even scared."

When they had gone sev-
 eral yards into the alleyway
 he heard the man say, "OK,
 Mac, this'll do it." Buddy
 turned to face him. In the
 darkness he could make him
 out only as a dim bulk loom-
 ing up a few feet away.

"All right, mister," Buddy
 said, "would you mind telling
 me what this is all about?"
 Not that he did not already
 know, of course.

"Nothing too serious," the
 other repeated. He had an
 astonishingly gentle voice.
 "Only," he went on, in what
 Buddy described as a "fatherly
 tone" — "I wouldn't try any
 monkey business if I were you,
 Mac. This little gadget's
 loaded, understand? No sense
 in any accidents happening,
 is there?"

Coming under those cir-
 cumstances, the words had
 an absurdly melodramatic
 sound, and though he was
 fully aware that there was
 nothing very funny about any
 of this Buddy had to grin
 to himself.

"Look here," he said
 quietly, "I don't want any
 trouble, fella, any more than
 you do. Suppose you tell me
 what you're after and I'll
 try to oblige. Fair enough?"

"Fair enough," the big
 fellow agreed, his heavy voice
 calm and low. Well, at least,
 he's not one of these hopped-
 up characters that might
 start shooting because he's
 scared out of his wits.

"Sounds like we're going to
 get along just fine," the big
 man was saying. "Nice of
 you to be reasonable about
 it."

Without a doubt, Buddy
 now said to himself, this is
 the suavest stick-up I ever
 did hear of.

The big fellow had just
 said something else.

"I beg your pardon?"
 Buddy asked politely.

"I said how much you got
 on you?"

"Oh . . . not much, I'm
 afraid. About eight dollars
 is all."

"Let's have it."

Buddy dug into his pocket
 and produced the money.

"What else?" the man
 asked affably.

"Nothing much," Buddy
 said. "A wallet, only there's
 nothing in that but a few
 papers and cards, stuff like
 that. You know, driver's
 licence, that kind of junk. Let
 me see now . . . Oh, yes,
 some keys and stuff. But I
 guess you wouldn't be inter-
 ested in those, would you?"
 he added helpfully. "You
 see, I'm just on my way home
 from a poker game and I
 happened to hold a few bad
 hands, so . . ."

"Yeah. Can't win 'em all,
 can you?" the big man
 nodded agreeably.

They stood in silence for
 a moment. By now Buddy's
 eyes had become accustomed
 to the darkness and he could
 see the man a little better.
 He was at least four inches
 over six feet tall, and heavy-
 set. "But," Buddy added, "he
 didn't look like a guy to
 tangle with. Nothing flabby-
 looking about him."

The man's face was shad-
 owed by the brim of his hat,
 but from the little Buddy
 could make out it seemed to
 be an average enough face,
 neither handsome nor ugly.
 His whole bearing was per-
 fectly assured, easy, even
 pleasant, like that of a per-
 son engaged in an ordinary
 business transaction.

"Say, Mac, what's the
 time?" he asked casually.

Without thinking, Buddy
 drew out the thick, old-
 fashioned watch he always
 carried and held it close to
 his eyes. Before he quite
 knew what was happening,
 the big fellow reached out
 and took it.

"Thanks, Mac," he said,
 slipping the watch into the
 pocket of his topcoat.

"Hey! Wait a second,
 what's the big idea?" Buddy
 burst out.

The man wagged his gun
 once.

"Look here, now," Buddy
 went on in a lower tone, "you
 can't have that. That watch
 is mine, it was a —"

"Easy, Mac. Easy does it,"
 the other cut in. His voice was
 still calm but it was no longer
 gentle. Once again the gun
 wagged menacingly. Buddy
 and he confronted each other
 tensely. Suddenly the man
 took a swift backward pace
 and nodded toward the
 mouth of the alleyway.

Buddy stood his ground.
 "Listen, fella," he said stub-
 bornly, "I told you I don't
 want any trouble. But that
 watch happens to be —"

"The watch is mine, Mac,"
 the man said flatly. He nod-
 ded toward the sidewalk again.
 "Come on."

Buddy started to say some-
 thing but the man cut him off
 with an impatient waggle of
 the gun. "Wha'd'ya say we
 break this up, Mac. Come on,
 let's get moving."

To page 40



LETTER BOX

• We pay \$2.00 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Baby-sitting

THIS is how four mothers and I run our baby-sitting organisation. The husband of the couple going out picks up and takes home the night's sitter. We all keep a tally of the hours we have sat, and at the end of two months we meet, and whoever owes the most hours is the one we call on first. Not only do we not have to pay a baby-sitter but all the children get to know the mothers and feel happy to be left with them.

\$2 to Mrs. F. W. Leverington, Enfield, S.A.

Persistent dreams

QUITE often I dream of myself on a scooter racing down a hill toward a brick wall. Fortunately, just before I reach the wall I wake up. My sister also has a regular dream in which she is standing on the tip of a sinking ship. However, she wakes up before the water overcomes her. Do many others have these repeated dreams and do they have any significance?

\$2 to Margaret Peters, Geelong, Vic.

She trod on her finger!

UNUSUAL accidents? I wonder if any readers have had more unusual accidents than these. Once I was changing the sheets and, as I was tucking a sheet in at the end of the bed, I broke my middle finger. A cousin of mine went one better. As she was stepping out of the bath she trod on her finger (don't ask me how!) and broke it.

\$2 to Mrs. I. Mallyon, Wingham, Qld.

Costs money to work

HOUSEWIVES considering taking on a part-time job to ease the financial burden should consider this: unless it is a position where a uniform is supplied, it will cost a lot more for clothes. Stockings and cosmetics are also a very big item of expense. Unless the position is well paid, you may find that you are not much better off.

\$2 to "Tried It" (name supplied), Braidwood, N.S.W.

Running-late ruse

WHENEVER it seems certain you can't have the evening meal ready on time, first set the table, put out the clothes your husband changes into when he comes home, and THEN get busy on the meal. This advice was given by my mother-in-law, and it's surprising how, when he sees the table set, a husband is halfway to believing tea is coming up. While he dallies over changing, having seen how busy you are, he doesn't really seem to notice that the meal is later than usual.

\$2 to Mrs. R. Lawrence, Brighton, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

ONE thing about television shows causes me much annoyance and envy.

It is the easy way people on the screen park their cars.

This is especially noticeable in programs where cops are chasing robbers.

"Come on," says the boss cop, "we've got to get to 118 Sunset Avenue fast."

When the big car arrives at 118 Sunset Avenue, there is a nice clear space about the length of a cricket pitch in front.

The car shoots in beside the kerb nose first, stopping so suddenly its front end dips down.

Cops jump out. "You watch the back door, Steve. I'll bust in the front..."

It is not left to chance, this privileged parking. It is carefully planned by the producer.

Lately I happened to see the script of a goodies-and-baddies TV show—and there it was in print.

When the head goodie drove to the villain's hideout, the script said in capital letters: PARKS DASHINGLY.

In real life you don't often get a chance to park dashingly, even if you are able to.

TOO EASY

In my opinion, the TV people would please viewers more if they showed parking in a realistic way. To explain what I mean, here is a sample script:

Superintendent: Inspector Whitlow, I want you to go to 867 Crook



Street. We've got a tip that Tiger Grimes is hiding out there. You'd better take Sergeant Tuff with you.

Inspector: Yes, sir. Police car races to 867 Crook St., but there is no parking space available.

Sergeant: I'll have a look in Station Road—there's some half-hour meter parking there.

Inspector: All right—no, wait a minute, there's a car pulling out across the street.

Sergeant does a U-turn, tries to reverse into the vacant space. He cannot make it, hits the kerb with a rear tyre.

Sergeant: Sorry, sir, this space is too small.

Inspector: There might be room in the parking station down the road.

Sergeant: I'll try—but it'll cost us six bob.

He drives to the municipal parking station. A large sign outside says FULL.

Sergeant: Might be better to try the meters after all, sir.

(Camera shifts to inside of house. Tiger Grimes' girlfriend, peering through the curtains, says: There's a couple of Feds outside trying to park their car. You'd better get out the back way, Tiger.)

Inspector: It's no good. We'll have to stop under that No Standing sign.

They park illegally and enter 867 Crook St.

Tiger Grimes' girlfriend is knitting a tea-cosy. She says: No, Inspector, I ain't seen Tiger for months.

Police return to car, find a parking ticket under windscreen wiper.

Inspector: Oh, well, that's the way it goes.



NOT WARM

• When the Malaysian Vice-Premier, Tun Abdul Razak, arrived in Djakarta for the peace signing, he was said to have been given "a cordial but cool" welcome by President Sukarno.

"Oh, do come in, and please sit down, 'Perhaps the OTHER chair, 'I didn't know you'd come to town,' (Nor does the speaker care.)

"You're well, I trust? Oh, must you go?" Such phrases, chill, well-bred, Are cool and cordial? Oh, no, Do please be rude instead.

— Dorothy Drain

Gran was the motor

AN elderly lady I met in a bus related the following story. Her granddaughter, helping her clean out prior to moving, suddenly cried, "Gran, what's this?" Gran explained it was her first "washing-machine." "But it hasn't got anything to work it!" the granddaughter protested. They were looking at a washing-board.

\$2 to Mrs. Irene D. Lewis, Henley Beach, S.A.

HP and living costs

NO wonder housewives get into trouble trying to pay off hire-purchase articles. Most hire-purchase contracts are for two years or more. During that period the cost of living continually rises and the poor housewife finds herself struggling as the months go by. Her original budget needs to have the quality of elastic if she is to meet the final payments.

\$2 to "Gookie" (name supplied), Bendigo, Vic.

Return shoddy goods

I THINK Mrs. Westwood has been unlucky in not having better responses when she has complained about faulty goods. It is true there is often cause to complain, but, in nine cases out of ten, I have found courtesy and satisfaction in writing direct to the head of the firm, or, better still, to the manufacturer.

\$2 to Mrs. E. A. Higgy, Kallista, Vic.

IT works both ways. I bought a kitchen utensil new on the market and was so pleased that I wrote to the firm, telling them to use my letter as a testimonial. Not expecting a reply, I was extremely and pleasantly surprised to receive a nice letter and the gift of one of their other lines. I also complain when warranted, and have been called on by a representative of a food-stuffs company for a discussion and replacement of the item complained about.

\$2 to Mrs. E. Smith, Waratah, N.S.W.

WHEN (as always) I take faulty goods back to the shop, they almost invariably are returned to the shelves, to await the next customer. Housewives, let us boycott shoddy articles and refuse to accept them. It is our only weapon against careless manufacture.

\$2 to "Mother of Sons" (name supplied), Armidale, N.S.W.

LAST winter I took back a child's jumper when a snagged thread resulted in a huge hole. I was told: "What else could you expect when a child pulls a snagged thread?" I wrote directly to the manager of the knitwear firm, and received a prompt answer and a new jumper. Evidently the machine was faulty and the factory was glad to have the weakness pointed out before the buying public was flooded with faulty goods.

\$2 to Mrs. Neridah Hoffman, Claremont, W.A.

TO denials of other complaints I say, "It would not be in your interests to tell me if anyone else has complained. But I'm telling you that it doesn't suit ME — and that is one complaint you do have." To send a stamped envelope for a reply when writing to manufacturers ensures that your complaint is on their records, and is usually most effective.

\$2 to "Keep It Up" (name supplied), Vauluse, N.S.W.

PEOPLE should speak up more and say when they are not being fairly treated, but most goods are laid out for all to see, and should be examined. Don't take things home, THEN think twice about it, and go back and complain. We'd all be much happier if we bought more carefully in the first place. And don't let's lose our heads completely and jump down the throats of sales assistants. Their job is selling the goods, not manufacturing them.

\$2 to "Jenelle" (name supplied), Comboyac, N.S.W.

Go ahead!



Rebel!

Rebel against the trite, the ordinary, the customary.

Don't take anybody's word for "the way it's always been done". Strike out for yourself. Explore! And if anyone ever invents a better, sanitary protection than Tampax, we'll want you to try it.

No one has in more than twenty-five years. Tampax gives you the peace of mind you want on problem days. Nothing can show, no one can know. Odour vanishes, Tampax is so comfortable, you're not even aware you're using it. From the ease of insertion (using the silken-smooth applicator) to the ease of disposal, Tampax internal sanitary protection is ideal.

Your choice of 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super) in standard 10's, and the new Economy 40's at substantial saving.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) send name, address and 7d. (6c) in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

Your Complexion can be Younger

It is said that every time you wash your face you start a wrinkle, but now you can smooth and beautify the skin as you cleanse. No more taut dry skin when you use this cleansing milk that removes every trace of make-up with a dissolving action that leaves the complexion smoother, clearer, and free from wrinkle dryness. Ask your chemist for a bottle of Delph cleansing milk that gives the complexion a look of youthful beauty.



Why put up with tired legs?

Wear Hilton Supp-hose instead.

When you're on your feet all day, your leg muscles need support.

They need the help of Hilton Supp-hose, the all nylon support stockings that banish tiredness.

Make sure you get the correct size.

Make sure you pull them on really hard.

The relief is unbelievable.

The harder you pull them on, the more they press in; the more support they're giving your legs. And the sheerer they get.

Isn't it time you stopped putting up with tired legs?

It's so easy to do.

You wear Hilton Supp-hose, instead.

One pair outlasts nine pairs of 15-denier nylons, so Supp-hose is quite a buy at \$4.20 (42/-).

Your choice of seamed or seamless, too.



Supp-hose

The all-nylon support stocking.

GROUNDWORKS FOR DIVORCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

Buddy took a long, deep breath and stood where he was. "Look, fella, hold it just one second, will you?" he pleaded.

The man paused. "Yeah?" "I'd like to make you a proposition."

"Proposition? What kinda proposition?"

"About that watch . . ."

Buddy began. "Not interested," the man cut in, once more wagging his gun. "Come on, let's go," he said, jerking his head brusquely toward the sidewalk.

Buddy knew he was beginning to stretch it rather thin but still he made no move. The man looked at him steadily.

"I'm warning you, Mac. Don't start anything." His voice was as low as ever but now there was a bite in it.

AT this point in his story Buddy stopped abruptly and stared off over any head. After a moment he went on.

"You know, Fred, that was a pretty peculiar couple of seconds. What the hell, I've never thought of myself as an especially brave character. All I knew was I just wasn't going to let him get away with that watch, that's all. Of course, I could have easily got my head knocked off right then and there, I suppose, but as it turned out . . ."

"Look here, mister," he told the man, "I'm not trying to start anything. I told you I'm not looking for trouble. But if you don't listen to what I'm trying to tell you, there's going to be trouble—plenty of it. I mean it."

The gun stopped wagging now. It held very still, its snout aiming directly at Buddy's chest. He felt his whole body tighten with the tension.

The big man stood immobile, his shadowed eyes boring into Buddy's.

"Listen, Mac," he said slowly, his voice suddenly flat and hard, "you're liable to get hurt bad."

"All right, fella," Buddy answered in a calm voice he scarcely recognised as his own. "That's up to you, I guess I'll have to take my chances." He stopped and waited, watching the other intently, every nerve in his body taut.

Nothing happened. Not one single thing. For the first time, the big man's assurance seemed to flicker. It was only for the shadow of an instant but it was enough for Buddy.

"Now you might as well listen to me," he went on, "because I'm dead serious. Either that or you might as well start using that gun right now. I'm not kidding you one bit, fella." And the odd part of it, he assured me with a twisted little grin, was that he meant every word.

For a moment after that there was a silence during which he felt his heart pumping crazily and the blood roaring in his ears. Suddenly the big man let out his breath in a heavy sigh.

He began to shake his head from side to side, slowly, as if he were both puzzled and relieved at the same time.

"You're a funny guy, Mac," he said, and after another moment, "OK, let's hear it. But make it snappy—fellow doesn't get too much leisure time in this racket, see?"

Buddy started talking fast. "All right. Look, I'm not squawking about the few dollars I gave you. Keep it, I don't care about that. But that watch is something I—wait a second, let me finish, will you? That watch is important to me. My father gave it to me just before he died and it means a hell of a lot to me. I want to make a deal with you."

The man was eyeing him dubiously. "What kinda deal you got in mind?"

"Here's the proposition," Buddy hurried on. "Take a look at the watch yourself. It's not worth very much, you can see for yourself. I don't believe you'd be able to get more than twenty or thirty dollars for it anywhere. Plus a chance of getting caught trying to get rid of it."

"Go ahead, I'm listening."

"All right. I'll make you an offer. I'll give you fifty dollars for it. How's that?"

The man stood quietly, his expression noncommittal.

"All right—make it a hundred," Buddy said. "Fair enough?"

Still no answer.

"Well? How does that sound to you?" Buddy asked.

A brief pause, then, "Let me get this real straight, Mac," the man said slowly, an odd new quality in his voice. "You say the watch is worth a hundred to you?"

"That's right."

The man nodded. "And you say you're willing to give me the hundred for it?"

"You heard me," Buddy answered impatiently.

"Yeah, sure I heard you," the man rasped. "Real clear I heard you . . ." his voice suddenly taking on a harsh, tight sound. "Now you listen to me, you cheap little chiselling swine, and hear me real good for a change. When you handed over that dough I took your word. I didn't even frisk you. Then I trick you into pulling out your watch and you start beefing your head off. OK, I still don't frisk you."

"You say you're a guy doesn't want any trouble, I take your word for it and I'm about to let you go on your way without no trouble, like I told you in the beginning. So now you're going to pull something fancy. Gonna be real cute, that it? I told you not to pull nothing, didn't I? Didn't I warn you, no monkey business? Didn't I?"

"Hey, what are you driving at? I don't get it!" Buddy put in, dismayed at the sound of pure hatred that had crept into the man's voice.

"Come on, you little chiseller. Get it up!" the man snapped. The gun began to rise. "Come on, move, before I—"

For the first time, Buddy felt a wave of real terror surge over him. He stood rooted, speechless.

"Listen, Mac, if you think I'm kidding around—" The gun was now pointing steadily at a spot somewhere in the region of Buddy's eyes. "Where's that hundred bucks? Come on—get it up, before I start working on you." He started to come forward.

"Listen!" Buddy said frantically. "You've got me all wrong, fella. Listen, I haven't got any hundred dollars on me. That isn't what I meant."

The big fellow eyed him. "What the hell are you yapping about?" he growled.

"All I meant," Buddy said swiftly, his words tumbling over themselves in his hurry to get them out, "—all I'm trying to say is, I'll pay you a hundred dollars for it. I'll meet you wherever you say. You say where and when and I'll be there and give you a hundred dollars for it. That's all I meant. I won't mention it to anyone, I'll do it any way you say. All I want is the watch, now do you understand?"

As he spoke he saw the man's expression change. When he finished, the other slowly shook his head from side to side.

"Who you trying to kid, Mac?" he said at last.

"I'm not kidding, believe me," Buddy said. "That watch means a lot to me. Look, I realise all this is nothing to you one way or the other. But why not give me a break and let me work out something with you? What can you lose?"

This time the big man laughed out loud. He gave Buddy an incredulous look. "You know, Mac—damn if I don't believe you really mean it."

"Of course I mean it," Buddy told him.

The man said nothing.

Buddy asked, "Well, what do you think?"

The man regarded him gravely for a short while. Finally he said, "I'm trying to figure the angles . . ." his voice trailing off as he looked quizzically at Buddy.

"What's there to figure about?" Buddy urged. "I told you—you can't get that much for the watch anywhere. This way you'll be getting a hundred dollars for it."

"Look, Mac—how do I know you won't try to double-cross me?"

For a moment Buddy could not think of anything to say. Oddly enough, up to now the thought had not even entered his mind.

"Oh," he said, "I see what you mean . . ." He let it hang there lamely, unable to think of any way to reassure the fellow.

"What about you?" he asked at length. "You got any idea how we might work it?"

The man shook his head absently.

"Would you be willing to make the deal with me if you knew I wouldn't double-cross you?" Buddy persisted.

To page 41

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 7, 1966

"I'm trying to think about it, Mac," the man said slowly. "Let me figure a minute."

Presently, "Tell you what I'll do, Mac. You sound like an honest guy." Buddy felt an impulse to smile but fought it down. "OK," the man said after a short pause. "Maybe we can work out something."

"Fine," said Buddy gratefully. Another moment of hesitation, then, "All right — here's what you do, Mac. Get the hundred bucks and be at Ryan's Bar and Grill tomorrow night between eight-thirty and quarter of nine, got that?"

BUDDY repeated, "Ryan's Bar and Grill. Tomorrow night between eight-thirty and quarter to nine. All right, where is it?"

"Third Avenue, between Fifty-Fourth and Fifty-Fifth. West side of the street."

"Good, I'll be there."

"OK," the man said briskly. "And look, Mac," his eyes boring directly into Buddy's, "I'll be watching you real close, understand?" "I told you," Buddy said earnestly, "all I want is my watch and you can take my word I won't do any —"

"Yeah, I heard you," the man interrupted. "All I'm saying, don't try anything cute or you can kiss the watch goodbye, understand?"

"Don't worry," Buddy said. "I'll be there with the money."

Suddenly the man began shaking his head slowly from side to side and laughed.

"What's up?" Buddy asked.

"If this ain't a hell of a note," he grinned down at Buddy. "Maybe I'm soft in the head, but hell, long as we're making a deal, I might as well go all the way with you." He took a step away,

GROUND FOR DIVORCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

lowered the gun, and slid it into his coat pocket. "There you are," he grinned. "See? I'm taking your word, Mac."

"Fine," said Buddy, grinning back up at him. "I want you to know I appreciate confidence." Both of them laughed at this.

The man stepped aside now, motioning to Buddy to precede him out on to the sidewalk. As they emerged Buddy felt a sudden impulse.

"Shake," he said, sticking his hand out.

The man hesitated, gave Buddy a quick, searching glance, grinned sheepishly.

"OK, Mac, it's a deal," he said, clasping Buddy's hand in a firm grip.

He turned and strode rapidly toward the end of the block. Buddy watched him until he disappeared, then started home.

Marjorie was asleep when he let himself in. He thought of waking her and telling her what had happened, but decided it could keep till morning. He undressed quietly, got into bed, and fell asleep.

Next morning, at breakfast, Buddy told Marjorie the whole story. When he finished she sat there staring at him with a sort of astonished look on her face.

"Honestly, Buddy," she said at last, "if you aren't the limit."

It was the last reaction he had expected. "What's the matter now?" he asked. "Can I help it if some guy comes along with a gun and decides to —"

"No, not that," she said. "That isn't the point. Though I must say, if there's something peculiar going to happen within a radius of fifty miles I can count on you to get yourself mixed up in it."

He grinned at her. "Well,

at least it makes life interesting."

She made a face. "Interesting," she mocked. "I hope you aren't counting on ever seeing your watch again."

"Certainly I'll see it again," he said indignantly. "What are you talking about? I told you, I'm going to meet him tonight and get it back."

She looked at him and let out a little tinkling laugh. It annoyed Buddy. He had not had much sleep and his eyelids felt scratchy. But the main reason for his irritation was a sudden suspicion that she might be right.

"OK," he grumbled as she went on laughing. "Let me in on the joke. What's so funny?"

She stopped laughing and stared at him again.

"Buddy, you don't really think you're ever going to see that man again, do you?"

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Oh, honestly, Buddy. Do you think he's an absolute idiot?"

"Well, if he isn't, I suppose that makes me one, is that what you're driving at?" His voice rose.

"Buddy! Calm yourself. What's wrong with you this morning, anyway?" She began laughing again.

He watched her peevishly for a moment, then gulped down the remainder of his coffee, and stood up. "OK, Marje, I can see there's no sense discussing it with you."

He started huffily toward the bedroom. As he finished dressing he became aware of Marjorie standing in the doorway. She was smiling at him.

"What's funny now?" he said.

"You, my love."

"Yeah, I know. Must be a riot living with a comedian."

She came in, sat down on the edge of the bed, and watched him fussing sourly with his tie.

"Don't be an old grouch," she said. "I think you behaved very bravely, darling."

"Gee whiz, thanks a heap," he said. "Buddy Ross, boy hero, that's me."

"Oh, Buddy, I was only teasing." She went into a sort of baby talk. "What is it, did I hurt its feelin's? Is it feelin' all angry and misunderstood?"

"Come on, Marje, cut it out," he said.

She continued for a while longer. By now Buddy was beginning to work up to a small rage. He turned on her, and as she saw the look on his face she stopped smiling.

"Why, Buddy," she said, her eyes wide. "You're really angry, aren't you?"

"Listen," he said hotly. "I'll make you a bet. I'll bet you anything you want to name that I'll get my watch back."

"So that's what's bothering you," she said. All at once she began to laugh. He stood there glaring at her.

"Oh, my," she gasped, going off into another spasm of laughter. "You really do expect that man to meet you. I can't — oh, you're so funny."

She was unable to go on. She fell back on the bed and dissolved in a burst of laughter.

He looked at her. Her face was pink with laughter, her eyes were wet, and she looked terribly pretty. Buddy thought to himself, three years, it's almost three years we've been married.

"What is it, Buddy, why are you staring at me like that?" She was still not quite over her laughter.

He started toward the door.

To page 42

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"KATHRIN."—Smart shirtmaker-style frock, with pleated bodice and back skirt, is available in rose-pink/green or navy blue/black ground, turquoise/green or black, and orange/pale blue or saxe-blue printed cotton.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$10.55 (£5/5/6); 36 and 38in. bust, \$10.75 (£5/7/6).

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$6.70 (£3/7/-); 36 and 38in. bust, \$6.90 (£3/9/-).

Postage and dispatch 60 cents (6/-) on all garments.



NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 44. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 7, 1966

meet the Potter and Moores



From the House of Potter & Moore — petal-soft tales you sprinkle on for a go-go-go feeling of freshness and fun. These are people tales — not meant for babies. Just meant to make your mornings (even Mondays) marvellous — evenings, too.

talcums



Potter & Moore fragrant talcs — Lavender, Gardenia, Lily of the Valley and new! Eau de Cologne, 39c.

SPECIAL OFFER

Meet Potter & Moore's Brigitte skin perfume and talc in a money-saving twin pack — just \$1.00.

POTTER & MOORE PEOPLE KNOW VALUE WHEN THEY SEE IT!



PM.3544 HPVWV

Page 41

Cream away Underarm Hair the gentle Veet 'O' way

IT'S LANOLIN ENRICHED
... kinder to your skin



...no
ugly
shadow

In minutes you feel elegant
carefree — more confident

Gentle, fragrant Veet 'O' ... so much kinder to your skin because it now contains soothing lanolin. Its new creamy texture spreads evenly, smoothly, pleasantly. And in minutes, every trace of hair just melts away leaving underarms soft, shadow-free and comfortable — arms and legs immaculate and smooth as satin. No wonder so many women are finding that Veet 'O' is as nice to use as a beauty cream. Try it yourself ... fragrant Veet 'O' with Lanolin. Tubes 45c and 68c.

Veet O_{dourless}

The hair removing cream with lanolin



Now!
False Teeth
Fit
Beautifully!

5X3A

Amazing dental discovery, "CUSHION GRIP"[®]—ends sore spots—refits loose dentures to hold snug as a dentist's mould! Tasteless! Nothing to mix! One application lasts weeks!

After years of research, modern science has developed a remarkable new way to make false teeth fit beautifully—stop looseness, slipping, clicking, relieve sore spots—without messy, old-fashioned pastes, powders and pads! It's CUSHION GRIP—amazing new, soft, pliable plastic that holds false teeth snug as a dentist's mould, through soothing suction—makes loose dentures fit properly again. Result is, you can talk, laugh, eat anything without discomfort or embarrassment. CUSHION GRIP is easy to use—nothing to mix or measure! Simply squeeze out of the tube on

to dentures, then insert false teeth into mouth and bite down. Instantly CUSHION GRIP moulds to contours of mouth and gums—provides beautiful fit—holds dentures firmly in place with suction. Looseness, slipping and clicking disappear. Sore spots are quickly relieved. One application lasts for weeks despite nightly cleaning, yet CUSHION GRIP is easily removed when desired. What's more: CUSHION GRIP actually refits, relines worn dentures, lets you save the entire cost of expensive relining work. Get new tasteless, odourless CUSHION GRIP today. At your local chemist, \$1.20.

In the doorway he paused, turned to give her one last look, and saw her still smiling at him.

"You stink," he said, eyeing her coldly. He turned abruptly and stalked out of the apartment.

Several times that morning he thought of calling home and telling her he was sorry, but each time he thought of it he censured the impulse. He nursed his anger, hugged it to him, till by the time he went out to lunch he had succeeded in convincing himself that he had no doubt whatever about the man's showing up that evening with the watch. Immediately after lunch he went to the bank, drew a cheque for one hundred dollars, cashed it, and went back to work.

It was six o'clock when he got home. Marjorie was in the living-room. She looked up as he came in.

"Hello, grouchy," she said. He nodded briefly, mumbled a hello.

HE glanced over and saw her examining him curiously. He said nothing.

"Did everything go all right today, dear?" she said.

"Yeah," he grunted.

"Buddy," she said.

"What?"

"Are you still angry?"

"Me? Hell no, what's there to be angry about?"

She came over and stood next to him. He started toward the bathroom, but suddenly she reached out and took his arm.

"Buddy," she said again.

This time he looked at her. They both looked at each other for a moment. Suddenly he began to feel a little ridiculous. They both started laughing at the same time. In another minute they were over the whole thing.

During dinner Marjorie said nothing further about that morning's conversation. The meal went off peacefully. After dinner they walked into the living-room and sat down. Buddy lit a cigarette. Marjorie watched him for a moment as he settled down in his chair. She started to say something, opened her mouth, then closed it again.

"All right, Marje," he said after a few seconds. "Come on—what's on your mind?"

She hesitated. "You won't get mad?"

He laughed. "No, honey. I told you, I'm sorry about this morning. What were you going to say?"

"I've been thinking, Buddy," she said slowly. "About this morning. About your being so sure that man will be there with your watch. And I was thinking ... well, maybe you were right. Maybe he will be there ..."

"Yes?"

She looked at him. "Well, I was wondering. Suppose he does come? Have you decided what you're going to do?"

He reached into his pocket and took out the hundred dollars. The bills were stacked neatly. They were tens, crisp new bills, and he held them up so she could see.

"You mean you're actually going to give him the money?" she asked.

"Naturally," he said. "Why not? I told him I would."

"But, Buddy! He's a criminal. You don't make promises to a criminal and then keep them. It's not the same as ..."

"Not the same as what?"

"I don't know. It just seems—funny. After all, he stole your watch. It isn't as if you had made some business arrangement with him. I don't see why you feel you owe him anything."

"I don't feel I owe him anything," Buddy said. "Hell, far as that goes he doesn't owe me anything, either. I

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

made a deal with the guy, in good faith, now it's up to me to go through with my end of it. After all, it was my idea. I was the one who talked him into it. He could have told me to go to hell. He's the one that's sticking his neck out to do me a favor, when you come right down to it."

"But he stole your watch, darling. It's your watch, not his."

"Look, Marje, you don't understand. I made a deal with the man. I gave him my word. All right, I know it's outside the law, actually, but that isn't the point. This is a simple matter of two people agreeing to do certain things. It's a kind of—call it a pact, sort of. I wanted my watch back, he agreed to take a hundred dollars for it."

She gave him a peculiar look and shook her head.

"Well, come on, you may as well say what's on your

"Oh, Buddy, honestly," she said.

"What's wrong with it?" he demanded. "Seems to me it makes sense. Maybe not ordinary sense, but still, does that mean it's got to become all distorted and out of focus? Seems to me a promise is a promise. What would you have me do now, turn around and be a—well, a Judas or something?"

"I wouldn't have any respect for myself if I were to turn him in after I've already given him my promise not to. Hell, if I were to turn him in now—I don't know, seems to me I'd be nothing but a louse. Sure he's a criminal. But I'd be a hell of a sight rather be a criminal than a louse. At least a criminal has a certain dignity."

"Don't get so excited, Buddy," she said, smiling at him. "You don't have to get so excited about it."

THE BOYFRIEND



"Wait till you hear this one — guaranteed to drive your Dad crazy!"

mind, Marje," he said irritably.

"Do you really want me to?" she asked.

"Of course—I'm asking you to."

"Very well. It may not fit into your code of—oh, ethics, I suppose is what I mean. But if it were up to me I'd see to it that the man was put away where he couldn't go around holding people up at the point of a gun. He's a criminal and according to my code of ethics criminals belong in jail ... You asked me, remember."

"Yes, I asked you. And that's all you see in this whole thing? A criminal who should be in jail?"

"What more is there to see?"

Buddy thought a moment.

"There's lots more. I see it as an agreement I entered into. Sure, I know the guy's a criminal, but the criminal part of it was all over last night. When he had that gun on me and took the watch out of my hand—sure, at that time he was a criminal. Right then, if there'd been any way to do it, I'd have had him put away."

"That's all I've been saying, Buddy."

"Yes, I understand what you've been saying. But that isn't all there is to it. Don't you see? All right, sure he stuck me up. But he was taking his chances there. He was stacking himself up against the law, against society, any way you want to put it. If he were caught he'd wind up in jail. OK."

"But, as it happened, he won—don't you see that? And once he'd won I had only two chances. One was to let him get away with my watch. The other was to do what I did and hope he'd be decent about it. Yes—you don't have to look at me like that. I mean it. Decent."

He stood up and began pacing up and down the room.

"Of course," she said, after a few moments, "I see what you mean about the promise you made. It's only ..."

"You just don't understand why I should feel obligated to keep a promise to a criminal," he interrupted.

"Something like that," she said. "But we needn't go into it now. I can see you're too excited to talk about it calmly."

"Listen, Marje," he said hotly. "Just listen to me, will you?"

"Why, of course, darling. Of course I'll listen."

"Will you just take my word for it that I know what I'm doing?"

"Why, of course I will," she said. "If that's all you want."

He controlled himself. "It's not all I want. What I'd really like is ... but he could not find any way to say what he really wanted. He felt baffled, unable to communicate with her, and as a result he began to get angry again.

"Buddy, please," she said. "I just said I'd take your word."

"But you still don't see it, do you?"

She smiled. "No, to be perfectly honest with you, I don't. It seems to me simply a matter of throwing away a hundred dollars on some silly whim. But of course if it means that much to you ..."

He looked at her and fought down a strong desire to go over and slap her hard across the face.

"Yes," he said instead, "it means that much to me."

There was a rigid little silence.

"That is," he added, unable to restrain his sarcasm, "unless you have some pertinent suggestion."

She raised her head and looked right into his eyes. "As a matter of fact," she said, "I do."

"Please," he said, with a little bow. "By all means, let's hear it."

She hesitated. "Well," she said at last, "if you're really interested ..."

"Please," he said again, "I'm interested."

"Very well, Buddy. This is what I would do if it were up to me. Since this whole question of good faith seems to mean so much to you—please, Buddy, let me say what I have to say ..."

He subsided and she went on. "It seems to me the first thing is to find out just how much good faith this—this man is ready to show you. Until you know that, you can't know anything."

"Well?"

"Why don't you go over there and see if he does come, and then—if he does—why not tell him you couldn't raise the whole hundred dollars today? And that you'll get the rest tomorrow and give it to him then, if he's still willing to go through with his end of the arrangement."

"What are you trying to get at?" he asked.

"I'm trying to give you another day to think about it, if you must know," she said. "Perhaps by tomorrow you won't be so—well, emotional about all this. Also, you'll at least know once and for all whether you're merely being quixotic and foolish about something quite simple which for some unknown reason you're insisting on building up into a complicated matter of ethics, good faith, and heaven knows what all else."

"In the first place," Buddy said, "I didn't bring ethics into it—that was your idea. In the second place, suppose it is a matter of ethics? Why deny it if that's what it is? And in the third place—and this is what I'm really interested in knowing about—what do I gain by beating around the bush with the guy, the way you're suggesting I do?"

"I've just told you, Buddy. You gain another day to think it over. That is, if he does meet you."

"But you still don't believe he meant what he said. Actually you don't believe he will show up, do you?"

"Frankly, no," she said. "I don't. What makes you so certain he will?"

"The way he told me he would. But, of course, you won't go along with that, I realise that. The man's a criminal, as you say, so how can any law-abiding citizen take his word for anything?"

"Please, Buddy."

"Please what?" he demanded angrily. "Tell you what we do. Let's make a bet on it."

"Oh, Buddy, stop being silly, please."

"What's silly about it? What's wrong with making a bet? What would you like to have if you win?"

She examined him for a few seconds.

"Are you really in earnest?" she asked then.

He nodded.

"Very well. Let me think about it." She cupped her chin in her hand. Presently she looked up. "All right, Buddy. I saw a string of small pearls in Cartier's window the other day. They're probably quite expensive. My grandmother used to have a string like that and I've always wanted one, since I was a little girl. Will that be suitable?"

"Fine," he said. "That'll do fine."

"Very well. What about you?"

"Never mind about me. I don't need anything."

To page 43

"But that's not fair — that's no bet."

"What good's a bet between a husband and wife? I'm going to pay either way."

"Yes, I see," she said evenly. She gave him an odd look. "Supposing I were to pay if I lost?"

"I don't get it. Where would you get the money unless I gave it to you?"

"You seem to forget, Buddy, I used to earn my own living before we got married, or don't you remember?"

"Ah, Marje, let's not go through all that again, shall we?"

"Yes, Buddy, I think we should," she said quietly.

"I'd really rather not," he said.

SHE shrugged. "Suit yourself, Buddy. It can wait. Perhaps you'll win your bet, in which case, of course, there won't be any need to discuss it." She was looking at him in that odd way again. "Will there?"

"Say, what's eating you, Marje?" he said. "I don't get this. Will you please give me some idea of what's on your mind?"

"Why, certainly," she said. "You proposed a bet. I'm only trying to think of some way I'd be able to pay my end of the bet if I lose. That's all, there isn't any more."

"Oh, Marje, come on," he said.

After a moment she seemed to snap out of it, whatever it was. "All right, Buddy, let it go," she said. "But there is one more thing."

"What's that?" he said absently.

"I still think you should —"

she began.

Just then he looked at the clock on the table.

"Say, it's eight-twenty," he said, jumping up. "I'm going to have to tear if I'm going to make it at all."

He got his hat and coat, started toward the door.

She stood beside him.

"Well, are you going to pay any attention to my suggestion?" she asked.

"Suggestion? What suggestion?"

"My suggestion about not having been able to raise the money — remember?"

He stood with his hand on the doorknob, trying to figure out what was in her mind.

She looked blandly into his eyes.

"Look Marje, I'll barely make it as it is. He said between eight-thirty and a quarter to nine. Can't we talk about it later?"

"It'll be too late then," she said. "Why not try it, Buddy? Leave part of the money with me. If he does come, tell him you'll have the rest of it tomorrow. Please, Buddy. I have a good reason for asking." Her eyes pleaded with him.

There was no time to think any further about it. He made a swift decision.

GROUNDWORK FOR DIVORCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

"OK, Marje, have it your way." He took out the money, counted out four tens, and handed them to her. He let go of them reluctantly. "But suppose something goes wrong? Suppose he gets suspicious. Then I'll never get my watch back."

"You still don't know you're going to get it back, anyway," she said. "Don't worry, dear. If he trusts you tonight there's no good reason why he won't trust you tomorrow night. If he doesn't come at all it won't make any difference, anyway."

"But what'll I gain out of all this kibitzing around?" he said as he opened the door. "I don't get it, Marje."

"It's all right, dear. I'll explain later. Now run along — you don't want to be late for your — appointment, do you?"

He kissed her on the cheek and went out. While he waited for the elevator she stood in the doorway. "Oh, yes," she said as the elevator arrived, "and while you're gone I'll try to figure out something to get you in case I lost our bet."

"Maybe you better find out the price of the pearls first," he said, grinning at her as the elevator door opened.

"Yes, that's a good idea. Goodbye, darling."

"Goodbye," he said as she closed the door.

There were several men sitting at the bar when Buddy walked in. He looked around. The big man was nowhere in sight. He took a stool at the bar and waited. A television set blared and the heads of the drinkers were all turned toward it. No one paid any attention to Buddy, including the fat bartender who stood off at the end of the bar staring up at the television screen.

He sat there, outwardly calm but inwardly bubbling with excitement and a curious sense of anticipation. "All right, now, take it easy," he kept telling himself. "It's early yet, he's still got almost ten minutes left to show up. He'll show up — of course he'll show up." Anyway, if he didn't . . . ? In that case he'd be no worse off than he was before coming here. And perhaps he'd have learned something . . . Though what it was he would have learned he could not quite figure out.

He sat quietly for several minutes, keeping an eye on the entrance, hoping at any moment to see the big man walk in and at the same time trying to convince himself that he had no doubts.

"What's yours?" The bartender was standing across the bar.

"Scotch old-fashioned," Buddy told him. The bartender nodded curtly and waddled away. Buddy glanced back at the television screen. The bartender was back

now and his drink stood on the wood before him. He picked it up, took a sip, and watched the bartender waddle back to the end of the bar. He took another sip and just then he felt a light tap on his shoulder. He looked up and saw the big man standing there, his face expressionless, his eyes on Buddy's.

"Hi," Buddy said uncertainly. "Have a drink?"

The man took the stool next to Buddy's.

"OK," he said. "Don't mind if I do."

Buddy signalled the bartender, who waddled over, took the order, and went away.

"You got the dough on you?"

"Yes," Buddy said, trying to sound quite casual, "that is."

The man looked narrowly at him. "That is what?"

Buddy waited till the bar-

tender brought a shot glass of straight rye, put it down in front of the man, and left before he answered.

"I couldn't get hold of the whole hundred today," he said, not looking directly at his companion.

The big fellow ignored the drink before him, gave Buddy a swift, suspicious glance, then made as if to get up.

"Hold it a minute, can't you?" Buddy said hastily.

"All I could raise was sixty dollars. I brought it along anyway, to show you I meant what I said last night," turning to look up at the other.

The man sat back down.

"What'd you have in mind, Mac?"

"Well . . . I was sort of hoping you'd be willing to let me have another day. Either that or let me have the watch for the sixty dollars."

The man said nothing, just watched Buddy.

"Of course," Buddy added, "if you can't see your way to that I'll be glad to give you the whole hundred, as I said last night. I know I can have it by tomorrow."

The man looked away, his fingers drumming softly on the bar. At last he turned back to Buddy.

"Look, Mac," he said.

"Way I figure it, we made a deal. You said a hundred, and a hundred's what I'll take."

Buddy took a sip of his drink. "Yes, I can see your point of view," he said gravely. "What do you suggest?"

"You sure you can get the dough tomorrow?"

"Positive," said Buddy.

The big fellow hesitated.

"OK," he said. "I guess that'll be OK." He gulped down the rye and started to get up. "See you here tomorrow."

"What's your hurry?"

Buddy said. "May as well have one more for the road."

The man pursed his lips.

To page 44

Beautify Your Hair



Your hair will reflect a new loveliness and lustre — the delightful translucent glow you see when looking into the depths of amber or precious stones. It is clearer, cleaner, and more radiant when beautified with the modern "Peek-In" glow shampoo by Delph.

Special people (you) deserve a special toothbrush (Tek). Only Tek has Anti-Germ: built-in germ-fighting action!



Mrs. H. WIFE



"They BETTER win, do you think I knitted this outfit for nothing?"

Swiss toothpaste?

TRY IT ONCE

Made by Ciba in Switzerland and sold internationally to those who find it superior to other brands, Binaca's sulphuricinate ingredient actively cleans and polishes teeth, strengthens gums, prevents tartar formation. And Binaca leaves the mouth completely fresh and clean . . . for hours.

Try Binaca toothpaste. After just one tube you'll find it as important as your best cosmetic.

Binaca

extra cleansing toothpaste at pharmacies and department stores.

WB3.41

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



463

No. 463. — TWO-PIECE SUIT
This attractive two-piece suit is available cut out to make in light blue, white, and pink cotton. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$2.35 (\$2.12/6); 36 and 38in. bust, \$2.45 (\$2.14/6). Postage and dispatch 40 cents (4/-) extra.

No. 464. — SET OF BABY'S FEEDERS
Set of baby's feeders is available cut out to embroider on white, yellow, and blue cesarine. Price per set of three, \$2 (£1), plus 20 cents (2/-) postage and dispatch. Or 70 cents (7/-) each, plus 6 cents (6d.) postage and dispatch.

No. 465. — MOB CAP AND MAKE-UP CAPE
This pretty set is available cut out to make in lemon, pale blue, and navy nylon, all with white spot. Price is \$2.50 (£1/5/-), plus 10 cents (1/-) postage and dispatch.

* Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344-6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



464



465

...she can't wait 'til she grows up.. nor can her hair



beautiful healthy hair begins with..

NEW

MEDICATED

Curlypet

Now your children can have beautiful healthy hair.

New Medicated Curlypet, containing Hexachlorophene treats dandruff and cradlecap; its baby-mild medication soothes annoying irritation—leaves scalp hygienically clean.

Beautiful healthy hair begins with Curlypet hair hygiene—keeps your hair lustrous, fragrant, perfectly controlled.

Non-sticky, non-greasy Curlypet does not soil clothes or pillows.

Ask your family Chemist for the yellow - gold Curlypet bottle, only 55c.



CP4

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

then grinned embarrassedly.

"Sure, might as well. OK." When the bartender brought them their drinks Buddy picked up his glass, turned to the big fellow, and said, "Cheers."

"Here's to you," the man said politely.

"You know?" Buddy said as he put his glass down on the bar. "I half expected you wouldn't even show up tonight."

The man laughed shortly. "Tell you the truth, Mac, you were about half right. I damn near didn't."

"Thought I might try to pull a fast one, is that it?"

"Well, you know how it is." He shrugged. "Put yourself in my place. How would I know what you might've figured out since last night?"

"Yes, of course . . . But you decided to come along, anyway. So you must have figured you could take my word. Right?"

He gave Buddy an enigmatic look, shrugged again, then said, "Want me to level with you?"

"Why not?"

"Tell you how I figured it," the man said. "First place, you sounded like you really meant it when you were saying about the watch and all."

Buddy nodded.

"But that wasn't the whole thing," the man went on, "because later on, after I left you there, I got to thinking over the angles. First thing I figured was, you might have everything, just like you said, but still and all by the time tonight came around you could've got to talking to somebody or else thought about it some more and figured you might as well save yourself a hundred bucks. What the hell, it's only human nature."

Buddy sat quietly, secretly amused at the accuracy of all this.

"So at first I thought the hell with it, why stick my neck out? But then I got to thinking about what you said about the watch being something your old man gave you."

The man paused, took out a packet of cigarettes, offered one to Buddy. After they had both lit up, he went on. "And then I got to thinking about that and . . . here he broke into a sheepish grin, 'from there I got to thinking about the hundred bucks . . . ' He stopped and gazed thoughtfully at the bar mirror. "What the hell, no sense me trying to kid you, Mac. I can use the dough. You can figure that out for yourself, I guess, after last night."

Buddy nodded and said, "Yes . . . Go ahead, though. I'm sort of curious to hear the rest of it."

"Well, I finally figured I might as well come by and see what'd happen," the man said. "But still, I wasn't too sure what you might've decided since last night, see? So what I did, I got here earlier and hung around across the way till I saw you come in here by yourself. Then I waited a few more minutes to make sure."

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4089W, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I see. You wanted to make sure I wasn't going to try anything before you stuck your neck out all the way. Right?"

The man seemed to weigh Buddy's question for a while. At length he nodded and said, "Yeah, I guess you could say that. But I don't know as you can blame me for being a little careful. Know what I mean?"

"Of course," Buddy said. "But as long as you're being so careful, doesn't it occur to you that I could have been careful, too?"

The big man exhaled a cloud of smoke and peered at Buddy through it.

"I don't think I follow you there, Mac," he said evenly.

"Let me explain," Buddy said, beginning to enjoy the situation. "After all, what was there to prevent me from planting someone at the bar here, before I came here myself—letting his eyes flick across the other drinkers ranged along the bar, 'and then wait for you to show up before turning you in?'"

He watched the man's eyes closely as he went on, "As, for instance, I could do right this moment—that is, if I had really planted someone here, which, by the way, I didn't, just in case you're interested."

THROUGHOUT

all this, the man simply sat there regarding him expressionlessly.

"Yeah," he said, speaking slowly, "that's something else I thought about." Somehow Buddy got the impression that he was amused.

"Well, how did you know I wouldn't do it?"

"Tell you the honest truth, Mac," the big man suddenly laughed, "I didn't know. But I kinda figured you wouldn't . . . See?"

Buddy's watch and displaying it. "I even brought along the evidence, that's how sure I was."

Buddy looked down at the watch. "Yes, I see," he said, feeling a bit foolish.

"Well," the man said, replacing the watch in his pocket, "I guess that's about it. Now, about tomorrow night . . ."

After making an appointment for the following evening they started out. On the way Buddy reached into his pocket and held the six ten-dollar bills in his hand. When they reached the door he took the money out and held it toward the man. "What's that for?" the man said.

"Here, take it," Buddy said. "You might as well hold it till tomorrow night."

The big fellow slowly reached out for the bills. He held them in his hand.

"I don't know," he said uncertainly. "I guess it's OK," looking into Buddy's eyes. He grinned crookedly and suddenly asked, "Why don't you hang on to it yourself, Mac? Till you get the rest of it."

"It's no use to me," Buddy said. "And this way you have proof that I'll meet you tomorrow."

"It wouldn't just happen to be marked, would it?" "Say, what do you think I am?" Buddy asked indignantly.

"Ah, I was only kidding you," the man said.

"Well," Buddy said sarcastically, "no sense taking my word for anything. Take a good look at it later on just in case."

"Listen, Mac, no use getting sore. Maybe I will at that. You know how it is. Fellow

To page 46

DISHONEST INJUN

BY
HERBERT
HARRIS



I was about to propose to Jenny when Frankie burst into the room.

JENNIFER and I stole quietly away and managed to find an empty room. This is extremely difficult at Jennifer's place. The numerous members of the family and their friends scatter themselves all over the premises, especially at weekends.

I released a nervous giggle. This was a big moment for me. I wondered if she knew I was going to ask her to marry me.

We sat on the settee. Jennifer looked beautiful. She could bag a tycoon or film star if she wanted, I thought. Asking her to marry a jerk like me was a bit cool when you thought about it.

"Jenny," I began, and cleared my throat with a kind of gear-crashing noise. "I — er — I've been thinking lately about—well, you know—this and that . . ."

There was a sound behind my left ear and a voice blasted: "How!"

An adenoidal voice, bringing with it the associated odors of aromatic boiled sweets and toilet soap. It could only be that pestilence known as Frankie, Jennifer's kid brother.

We forced a smile as we turned to look at him. I said: "How what?"

"Just 'How,' stupid," Frankie said. "I'm Big Chief Sitting Bull." I thought: A boot planted in the right spot and you wouldn't be Sitting Bull any longer. But I just looked at the huge feathered headgear and said: "You could have fooled me."

Jennifer said: "Why don't you go and put the rest of the outfit on?" She was as anxious to get rid of him as I was.

"Me go—and put on full war dress," Sitting Bull announced, and left.

I took Jennifer's soft, delicate hand in mine. "I was just about to say when your brother interrupted us . . . Well, just recently I've been sort of turning things over in my mind . . ."

I swallowed, and she said: "Yes?"

"A man," I proceeded, going off at a new tangent.

"Palefaces!" Frankie exploded. I turned with a frown.

He had donned the whole gear.

"Very nice," I said. "Haven't you got a wigwam?"

"Me got wigwam!" Frankie informed me proudly.

"Me got heap plenty squaws, too!"

"In that case," I said, "you'd better get back to your wigwam pronto or the heap plenty squaws are going to get heap plenty mad." I dug him in the chest.

"Go on, Brave . . . blow."

"Paleface will be sorry for this," he said, and went out doing a kind of crouching dance and making hooting noises with one hand flapping against his mouth.

I turned again to Jennifer and gazed at her soulfully.

"Jenny . . . er, sweetheart . . . as I was saying . . ."

I paused. "What was I saying?"

"Something about a man."

"A man?" I felt hot. "Are you sure?" Ah, yes, I remember now. I was about to talk about the loneli-

ness of a bachelor. "I mean, there comes a time when a man . . . a man . . ."

I executed a good imitation of a high jump from a sitting position. Something had whipped through my hair, skimming the top of my head.

"You've been scalped," Frankie cried, brandishing a hatchet. "You've no top to your head now. Me no like white man. Me put on war paint to give Paleface plenty trouble."

"Paint?" squeaked Jennifer. "So you've been at my lipstick again, you little devil."

Big Chief Sitting Bull looked slightly abashed.

"Is that my lipstick in your hand? Well, you go right back and return it to my dressing-table."

"Aw, heck," Frankie grumbled, and went out again.

"Look, Jenny," I said desperately, "it's hard enough to get you alone for five minutes, but now that we are alone there's something I want to say to you that . . ."

"Will you come and parley with Sitting Bull in my wigwam?" Frankie butted in.

"Why don't you parley with some other bloke?" I said. "Why not one of those fellers who are always shooting it out on the telly?"

"They refuse smoke pipe of peace . . . all scalped," Frankie said.

"Look," I said, "you go and tidy up the wigwam and put the papooses to bed and we'll parley a bit later."

"Now," Sitting Bull commanded.

"Later," I said. "I have to soft-pedal the Paleface Committee."

"Now," Sitting Bull insisted with folded arms.

I rose from the settee. "OK, we parley," I agreed through clenched teeth. "We'll settle this . . . and how."

"How," Sitting Bull said, raising his arm.

I scowled at Frankie and led him into the hall.

"Listen," I said when we were out of earshot, "how much is it worth to you to get straight into bed?"

"As early as this?" Frankie countered.

"OK, so it's early," I conceded. "Which puts the price up, I dare say. Will you go straight to bed and stay there for, say, ten cents?"

Frankie pondered with a highly dubious expression.

I said: "OK, twenty . . . and that's the limit."

I showed him the money. He took it.

"Remember," I told him, "you agreed to go to bed, so you go to bed—got that?"

"When Redskin make promise, he keep promise, Paleface."

I hopped back to the empty room.

"Yes?" Jennifer said expectantly.

I was conscious of soft footfalls. I turned and saw Frankie behind the settee. He wore pyjamas. He was smiling at me.

"Is this what you call going to bed?" I demanded.

"Yes," Frankie said. "Cousin Millicent is sleeping in my room. I'm sleeping on this settee tonight. D'you mind if I turn in?"

(Copyright)

Beautify Your Complexion at Night

The promise of a younger, lovelier complexion free from wrinkle-dryness is yours when you pamper, nourish and fortify the tissues with nightly vitalized creaming. Even while you sleep your complexion will blossom with a new smoothness, suppleness and radiant beauty.

Dot rich Ulan vitalizing night cream over your face and neck and blend it in with the fingertips until the skin is generously covered, then follow these simple massage movements to revitalize your skin and keep facial muscles firm.

For Wrinkles Underneath the Eyes

The lines round your eyes are soon smoothed away by using vitalizing cream every night. Gently circle the cream, coaxing it into the dry lines to impart milky smoothness to the skin. Press the nourishment along the deeper expression lines seven times in an outward or upward direction with the fingertips, then smooth over the face and neck to enable the Ulan vitalizing night cream to bring youth to the complexion.



For a Youthful Neck

A smooth elegant neck is soon attained by using vitalizing cream every night. Cream nightly and once a week wrap a towel, wrung out in hot water, round the neck for a few minutes before creaming. This will help the Ulan vitalizing night cream to add moist nourishment and a lovelier milky bloom to the skin.



For a Smooth Unlined Forehead

Keep the forehead beautifully smooth by using vitalizing cream every night. Firmly coax the nourishment into the skin from brow to hairline, using the fingers of both hands in upward movements.

To smooth out vertical forehead lines and to give the forehead smooth beauty, place both hands on the centre of the forehead with the fingertips interlocked, then pull the fingers apart, smoothing the Ulan vitalizing night cream right across the forehead to erase those unwanted lines.

Ulan vitalizing night cream is perfect for the very dry skin as well as the mature complexion because it replaces the vital beauty oils and fluids in skins stripped of their natural emollients by harsh weather, neglect and even the erosions of time itself. As you sleep, your complexion is nurtured to smooth, silken loveliness as never before.

Before vitalizing your skin, first cleanse it by spreading a complexion beauty milk over your face and neck. Wonderfully suited to every complexion is Delph cleansing milk, which removes make-up and skin impurities with a dissolving, non-drying action and leaves the skin smoother, clearer and free from wrinkle-dryness. As you tissue away every trace of dirt and stale make-up your skin will be ideally prepared for its nightly quota of nourishment.

HANG PICTURES
... the new, easy way

NO NAILS! NO PLUGS!

**POWERFUL, SELF-ADHESIVE
MIRACLE GRIP
PICTURE HANGERS**

3 for 25c (2/6) + 6 for 45c (4/6)

NOW AT MOST HARDWARE
AND DEPARTMENT STORES

A SUBSCRIPTION TO The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

	RATES	1 YEAR
Aust.	52 45	54 40
New	(£1 14 6)	(£3 4 0)
Guinea	54 35	56 70
N.Z. and	(£2 3 6)	(£4 7 0)
P.N.I.	55 20	57 40
Phil.	(£2 12 0)	(£5 4 0)
Brit.	55 25	57 50
Dome.	(£2 12 6)	(£5 5 0)
Paragon	56 55	58 10
	(£3 5 6)	(£6 11 0)

SURFIE SAM



Surfie Sam, with nose in air,
Cavorted on the briny
So full of pride, he failed to see
The rocks so sharp and slimy
The bathers laughed as he emerged
"You fell that time it's true
And now you'd better fall for Woods'
To beat approaching 'Hu'."

Woods'

GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND

MAY WE SUGGEST . . .

The ideal gift for everyone is a subscription to
The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

RATES	AUST.	NEW GUIN.	N.Z.	BRIT. DOMS.	FOREIGN
1/2 YEAR	\$3.45 (£1/14/6)	\$4.35 (£2/5/6)	\$5.20 (£2/12/0)	\$5.25 (£2/12/6)	\$6.55 (£3/5/6)
1 YEAR	\$6.90 (£2/9/0)	\$8.70 (£4/7/0)	\$10.40 (£5/4/0)	\$10.50 (£5/5/0)	\$13.10 (£6/11/0)

in my position can't take too many chances."

"You still don't trust me," Buddy said. "Seriously — you don't, do you?"

The man stopped grinning. "Tell you the truth, Mac. I don't really know. Been a while since I trusted anybody. I guess maybe I kinda trust you, but still . . ."

"But still, no sense taking unnecessary risks, that it?"

The man said nothing.

"Well, look it over real carefully," Buddy said. "Play it real safe. Hell, I wouldn't want you losing any sleep over this."

"I don't know what you're so sore about, Mac," the man said. "What the hell, I was here with the watch like I said, wasn't I?"

"Yes, and so was I here," Buddy answered. "After all, I'm taking a certain risk myself, wouldn't you say?"

"Risk? How do you mean, risk?"

"You've got sixty dollars of my money as a — as a sort of retainer, haven't you? What

GROUNDWORK FOR DIVORCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44

guarantee have I got that you won't just take it and never show up again? Wouldn't that indicate a certain amount of trust I'm placing on your word?"

The man stood quietly for a few seconds. "Yeah, I guess you got something there, at that," he finally answered. "But don't worry about it, I'll show up."

"That's not the point," Buddy said. "The thing is, I am trusting you."

"Look, Mac, I don't know what you expect me to say. All I can tell you is I'll be here. That's that. If you got any doubts about it, here — take it, it's still your dough."

"No, never mind," Buddy said, ignoring the money. "Keep it, it's yours. I'll take your word."

"I'm taking yours," the man said. "You can take mine."

Buddy watched him put

the money into his pocket.

"Would you like to know why I'm giving it to you tonight? It's because you took a chance with me tonight," Buddy said. "The truth is, I never expected to see either you or my watch again. In fact, I even made a bet with someone."

Abruptly the man grinned at him. "Well, I'm sorry you lost your bet."

"Lost it?" Buddy said. "Oh, no — I won."

"Won? I thought you said you bet on me not showing up."

"No, I bet you would show up. You see, I was sort of trying to make myself believe you would, probably because I was practically convinced you wouldn't."

"Sounds kinda mixed up," the man said.

"I suppose it is pretty mixed up," Buddy answered. "Anyways, I'm glad I won. Not only because of the bet and not even because of the watch, actually . . . But that's why I'm giving you the money tonight, to show you I am taking your word that you'll be here tomorrow night. Do you understand?"

The big man examined Buddy gravely for a few seconds.

"Maybe," he said. "I don't know for sure . . . Anyway, I'll be here."

Buddy stuck out his hand. The man took it, gripped it, then walked away. Buddy stood looking after him until he disappeared.

On his way home Buddy felt such a jubilant sense of vindication that he decided to play a joke on Marjorie. Actually, he told himself, it was not so much a joke on her as a nice way of showing her how mistaken she had been.

"Well?" she asked as he walked in.

"Well nothing," he said, pulling a long face. "You win. Go on down and get the string of pearls tomorrow."

She looked at him for a moment, and a sort of smug, righteous look came over her face.

"I'm sorry, Buddy," she said. "Truly I am. I don't really want the pearls, it was only because you insisted."

"No, you've got to get them," he said. "You won. A bet's a bet."

They argued about it for a little while. In the end she agreed to pick up the pearls the next day.

In the morning, as he was leaving, Marjorie said, "Oh, by the way, you may as well take this forty dollars back. I've still got some money in my account."

"OK," he said, casually taking the four ten-dollar bills. "I've still got the sixty from last night but I suppose I may as well take this, long as you don't need it."

That evening when he came home Marjorie was wearing the pearls.

"Look, darling," she said, "aren't they the most beautiful things you ever laid eyes on?"

"No," he said, looking gravely at her face. "They're not."

She looked hurt. "Oh, Buddy, I thought you'd love them. What's wrong with them? Don't you like them?"

"I like 'em all right," he said. "But they're not the most beautiful things I've ever seen . . . You are, though."

She laughed and threw her arms around him.

"Oh, Buddy, Darling, I love you so much."

"That's fine, Marje," he said, "because I love you even more than that."

He made an excuse to leave at about eight-fifteen and took

a cab to Ryan's Bar and Grill. He was quite excited at the prospect of meeting the man and getting his watch back so he could come home and show it to Marjorie. He had it all worked out that he would walk back into the apartment, sit down as if nothing had happened, and then sometime during the evening nonchalantly pull out his watch and announce the time.

He wanted to see her face when she realised how he had fooled her. And now, with the pearls and everything, he felt pretty set-up about the whole thing.

T

HIS time, when he walked into the saloon, he saw the big fellow at the bar waiting for him. Buddy went over to him.

"Hi there," he said. The man looked up from his glass of beer.

"How's it going?" he said.

"I've got the money," Buddy said. "You've got the watch, haven't you?"

"Sure," the man answered, reaching into his pocket and drawing it out.

Buddy took out the four tens, handed them over, took his watch, and looked at it fondly.

"Well," he said, "that about straightens us out, doesn't it?"

"Just about," the man answered.

The fat bartender waddled over.



"Some fine day, my son, all this will be yours."

"Care for a drink?" Buddy asked.

The man shrugged. "Guess I could stand a shot of rye," he said.

Buddy ordered an old-fashioned for himself. When the drinks were set down before them, Buddy raised his glass.

"Here's luck," he said. The big fellow raised his shot glass and nodded.

"Luck to you," he said.

Buddy had just put his drink down when he saw a stocky man in a badly cut grey suit come in, stand in the doorway, and look around. After a moment the man's eyes came to rest on him and he raised his eyebrows. Buddy had no idea who it could be and he started to turn away. Then he saw the man come toward him.

"You Mr. Ross?" the stocky man said.

"Why, yes, but I don't think I —"

He had no time to finish the sentence. All at once a number of things took place in rapid succession.

To his amazement his companion suddenly turned and shot him a look of undiluted hatred. At the same instant the stocky man laid a beefy hand on the big fellow's shoulder and pushed him back down as he started to get up from his stool.

The big man turned to the

To page 47

YOUR OWN WORLD OF MUSIC AND TV ENTERTAINMENT

The world of sound, the whole wide beautiful world of music, is yours with Toshiba's all new solid-state stereo tape recorder Model GT-810S. Tape your own voice, the songs and laughter of your friends and family—with full fidelity and real living tone. Record your favourite music and shows. Hear them again, whenever you want—as real as ever. Toshiba GT-810S is a versatile compact with all the advantages of a studio recorder. It's your introduction to your own wide, w-i-d-e world of stereo sound.

Take a Toshiba 11T-10A, and the world of TV entertainment is yours wherever you go. No novelty midget, an 11" screen makes this a real BIG PICTURE portable. Plug it in; it's a handy second set for the home. Unplug; it's a compact battery portable, ready for the garden, beach, or anywhere outdoors.

FREE GIFT

See exciting new Toshiba products at the Electrical Appliances Show in Sydney. Japan Trade Centre, 311-313 Pitt Street, Sydney. September 26 - October 7. The first 5,000 visitors to bring a copy of this advertisement to the Toshiba Stand will receive a free souvenir of Japan.



TOKYO SHIBAURA ELECTRIC CO., LTD.

Consumer Goods Export Division: 1-1 Uchisaiwaicho, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo

Distributor: SUN ELECTRIC CO., PTY. LTD. 562-566 Little Bourke St., Melbourne C.1.

Toshiba
QUALITY SINCE 1875

GROUNDWORKS FOR DIVORCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

newcomer. "What's this all about?" he asked flatly, his face hard and set.

The stocky man reached into his hip pocket and brought out a battered wallet, flipped it open to display a police badge, then returned it to his pocket.

"OK, Buster," he said, ignoring Buddy. "Way I got the story, you pulled a little stick-up the other night and got some money and a watch."

"But I don't get it," Buddy finally managed to say.

Neither of the men paid him any attention.

"Come on," the detective said, "I'm see what you got in your pockets, Buster."

"Listen, officer," Buddy said, laying his hand on the detective's arm. "I think you've made some mistake. This man is a friend of mine. Here's my watch," pulling it out and showing it to the detective, who now began to look puzzled.

"What the hell's goin' on here, mister?" he asked, looking from Buddy to the big man and back to Buddy again. "I just got orders to come down here and look for a Mr. Ross—that's you, isn't it?—and pick up a fella who stuck you up the other night and took your watch away."

"But I've got my watch," Buddy said. "Here it is."

The bartender was standing by, watching curiously. Now Buddy noticed a policeman standing in the doorway, looking over. The big man was looking at Buddy with a strange expression on his face. The detective looked down at the watch in Buddy's hand, from that to Buddy's face, then back to the big man. He rubbed his chin.

ABRUPTLY turning back to Buddy, "Look, you are Mr. Ross, right?" he asked.

"Why, yes, I am," Buddy said, "but I don't see —"

"Never mind," the detective said. "Listen, you," turning back to the big fellow. "Let me see what you got in your pockets."

The big man looked at him, then at Buddy, then back to the detective again. "You heard Mr. Ross, didn't you?" he said. "Didn't he just get through telling you you must've made some mistake? You saw his watch, didn't you?"

"Yeah, yeah, never mind all that," the detective said impatiently. "Come on, let's see what you got on you. Or do you want to play games?" He looked meaningfully toward the policeman, but shook his head from side to side as the policeman started to come forward.

The big fellow glanced over his shoulder, saw the policeman, shrugged, put his hand in his pocket, and brought out the money Buddy had just handed him. The detective took the four bills and reached into his own pocket for a slip of paper. He compared the bills with the slip of paper, looking carefully at the serial numbers on the ten-dollar bills, then slipped the bills and the paper into his pocket.

"All right, Buster, I think this oughta do it," he said to the big fellow. "Come on, looks like you're goin' away for a while."

The big man's expression underwent a curious transformation. He seemed not to have heard the detective. His eyes were right on Buddy's, and there was a look in them that made Buddy squirm.

"Look," Buddy told him earnestly, "I tell you I had nothing to do with this. I

don't know any more about it than —" But even as he said it he knew he did know.

The big man's eyes turned away as he got slowly to his feet. Suddenly the detective reached into his coat pocket, pulled out a pair of handcuffs, and clamped them on the big fellow's wrists. Now the policeman came forward. Buddy looked on helplessly. In another moment the detective, the policeman, and the big man were gone.

"What the hell happened?" Buddy looked up and saw the bartender.

"Nothing much," Buddy answered. He mumbled something about a hold-up, took out a couple of bills, laid them on the bar, and went out.

"Just a moment, please," Marjorie was saying as he came into his apartment. She was speaking into the telephone, facing him as he walked in. "Here's Mr. Ross now," cupping her hand over the mouthpiece of the instrument and whispering. "It's the police, Buddy. They've just brought him in and they want to talk to you."

He gave her a long look. "Talk to them yourself," he said. "It was your idea."

He took off his hat and coat and began fixing himself a stiff drink.

"I'm sorry, I made a mistake," Marjorie said into the telephone. "It wasn't Mr. Ross after all." Her eyes were fixed on Buddy as she spoke. "No, I really can't say, but he should be here any moment. . . . You say you'll need someone to lodge a formal complaint?" Her eyes signalled Buddy, but he looked away. "Yes, of course. I'll tell him the moment he arrives. Yes. . . . Yes, I'll have him call you immediately. . . . Very well. Goodbye."

She hung up and came over to him. There was a tense silence. He could feel her standing there, looking at him.

"Buddy," she said at last. "Please, darling, I only did what I thought was right."

He said nothing. "Was it so wrong of me?" she pleaded.

"What about what I thought was right?" Buddy suddenly shouted, glaring up at her. "Don't I have the right to an opinion about what's right?"

She crouched down beside him.

"Please, Buddy, let me explain. I think you'll understand if you'll only let me explain."

"There's only one thing I'd be interested in having you explain," he said. "How did you know? How did you know?"

She said nothing for a moment.

"How the hell did you know?" he shouted.

"Please, Buddy, calm yourself," she said.

"Never mind about that," he shouted. "Tell me, will you? How the hell did you know?"

She stood up.

"Very well, I'll tell you." She went to the sofa and sat down, drawing her legs up under her. "There's really nothing so terribly clever about it. You're probably the most unskilful liar in the world, do you know that, Buddy?"

He said nothing at all, just sat there staring across the room at her. She was undoubtedly lovely and just then he noticed that she was wearing the string of pearls, but the only thing he wanted to do was to get up, walk over there, and slap her,

To page 48

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:
Week starting August 31

ARIES

MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

TAURUS

APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, yellow.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, green, blue.
* Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, rose, navy.
* Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

LEO

JULY 23-AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, green.
* Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

VIRGO

AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, orange, tan.
* Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

* Married love is under smiling stars, but for the unmarried romance and dalliance are surrounded by an aura of false glamor until 3rd. Remember all that glitters is not gold.

* Perhaps a short trip leads to a happy pay-off. Romance is still under pressure — and don't believe all "lovers' tales" until after the 2nd. Keep cool and don't put off that trip.

* Perhaps matters matrimonial are improving, but romance-wise play it safe for a while. Until the 3rd, be careful travelling, and avoid the law. Soon life will become easier for you.

* You should still be getting the breaks, and personal matters should prosper. However, until 3rd, there's risk of financial loss through deception, so tighten the purse-strings for a while.

* Although the love star is transiting your sign, she gets into muddled trouble for a few days — so act accordingly — especially if married. Everything will sort itself out in due time.

* It's still your get-with-it cycle — and you are in top billing. For a few days just look out for added thinking — otherwise you're in orbit, flying high and happy.

LIBRA

SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Sat., Monday.

SCORPIO

OCT. 24-NOV. 23
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 24-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, blue, red.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 22-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, black, green.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, green, brown.
* Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.

PISCES

FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, white, gold.
* Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

* If you intend to spend money on family or home before the 2nd you could get yourself financially snarled up. Best to wait, then start anew. Conquer the urge to squander.

* Don't let yourself get talked into any new projects or enterprises, no matter how glittering the prospects, until after the 1st at least. Romance blossoms and strengthens.

* For the next few days be circumspect in what you say. Your words could be misconstrued with unhappy results. Also postpone important documents. Keep your own counsel.

* A friend's insincerity could land you in family and domestic muddle 31st and 1st — so keep on being your circumspect self. It's good to boost status and public relations.

* Start nothing new, 31st or 1st. Appearances are deceptive and could affect your career and prestige as well. Routine pays off — don't choose this time to become adventurous.

* Most of you have had much easier going of late. Romance and love blossoms, but speculation and gambling are out, 31st and 1st. The odds are against you in finance, for you in love.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



For the special care of growing hair.

Johnson's Baby Shampoo is just right for the delicate hair and scalp of a toddler. (Gets hair golden clean, with a fresh natural smell.) Second, it won't sting the

eyes. Not one little bit. If he or she has a fine young head of hair (and don't they all?) keep it that way with Johnson's Baby Shampoo.

Johnson & Johnson

Page 47

Steadiflow



Best value for your mummy

In-Pyrex, plastic and clear Visilon

AVAILABLE FROM YOUR CHEMIST

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

hard, right across her lovely face. He did nothing, though, simply sat looking at her.

"Actually," she went on smugly, "I suppose I half knew it immediately when you walked in last night. There was a—a kind of look about you, a sort of self-satisfied look. I think I guessed it right—then. But naturally I couldn't be sure. Then when you told me to get the pearls—well, then I began to wonder. But there was no way to know for certain, not until after you'd gone to sleep."

"What did my going to sleep have to do with it?"

"That was the first time I had an opportunity to find out whether you still had the sixty dollars, don't you see?"

"You mean you went through my pockets, that it?"

She nodded. She was trying to remain serious so as not to offend him, but now a smile played on her lips.

"Was that so terribly naughty of me?" she asked.

"Never mind—go on," he said.

"Well, when I saw you didn't have the six ten-dollar bills, I began to get suspicious. But I still couldn't be certain. Until this morning, when you said you still had the sixty dollars, and then I knew you were trying to play a trick on me. It took me a little while to figure out just what you were up to, but after a few minutes I saw through it, all right. You had decided to go through with your little deal with that man and then show me how wrong I'd been. Wasn't that it? Tell the truth, Buddy."

"That's close enough," he said sourly. "But go on, what happened then?"

"Well, as soon as I had thought all that out I decided I'd play a joke on you. So I went and picked up the

pearls, to make you think I believed you had lost the bet. But don't worry, dear, I haven't paid for them. I can return them tomorrow. I only wanted to fool you."

"Yes, I see. And then?"

"Oh, the rest was simple enough. I knew where you were to meet the man. Or at least I assumed you'd be meeting him at the same place you told me yesterday—so I called the police and told them about it. I also gave them the serial numbers of the four ten-dollar bills. I copied them off before I gave them back to you. And that's all there was to it. Nothing so clever about it, was there?" she said.

She was laughing at him now, looking over at him as if she expected him to laugh, too. He sat there staring steadily at her, his face grim, and gradually she stopped laughing, stopped smiling, and looked at him in puzzlement.

"What's the trouble, Buddy?"

"Nothing," he said, shaking his head. "You handled it perfectly. I'm real proud of you, Marje. You did a noble thing tonight, put a criminal behind bars where he belongs. Tell me, how's it feel to know you did right?"

"Buddy, what's the matter with you? You're behaving so—I've never seen you like this. What is it?"

"You really want to know?" he asked, looking at her with hate in his eyes.

She stared at him and nodded slowly. He got up, walked deliberately across the room with his drink in his hand, and without warning threw the contents of the glass, ice and all, into her face. She sat perfectly still for a moment, looking up at him with a stunned expression, then slowly began wiping her face. She was shaking her head from side to side and she went on wiping her face dazedly. Her eyes had a stricken look in them and she never took them from his.

"That's the way I feel about it," he said, stiff-lipped, eyeing her coldly. Then he looked down, saw the glass in his hand, and hurled it against the wall with all the strength he had, watching with a sort of satisfaction as the fragments scattered over the carpet.

This time she shrank away from him, her eyes fixed on his face as if he had been suddenly transformed into some loathsome creature.

"That, too," he said, looking back at her. "That's the way I feel, too. I hope you're pleased. You've done a fine night's work."

He turned and stormed out of the living-room, into the bedroom, sat down on the edge of the bed, and held his face in his hands.

He had no idea how long he remained there in the dark, but finally he got up and went back into the living-room. Marjorie was sitting right where he had left her, her expression blank, her face wooden-looking. She stared off into space and even after he had come in and sat down again she still went on staring with a frozen, dead look in her eyes.

"And that was that," Buddy concluded.

"What happened after that?" I asked, staring at him in astonishment. "What did she do? You don't mean to say that was the end of it?" He nodded.

"Sure, that was it. Next day she left. We were divorced a few months later. But that was really the end of it, that night. This is the first time I've even laid eyes on her since the divorce."

He looked at me oddly, then broke into a crooked little grin, and said, "Did you notice something, Fred? The pearls she had on..."

"She kept them?" I asked incredulously.

"Oh, I insisted on it," he said. "Hell, it seemed to me she deserved them. Sort of a memento."

I said nothing.

"Well? What do you think?" he now asked. "Kind of weird, isn't it?"

"Say, Fred," he said, "did you ever stop to think that maybe when Eve handed Adam the apple she was really doing him a favor? And that maybe the apple didn't come from the tree of knowledge at all."

"Seems to me, from what I can see of the whole damn human race, she must have got the apple from some altogether different tree. The tree of stupidity, maybe. Seems to me we could all use an apple from the tree of knowledge. Or maybe that damn snake knew just what he was up to all the time..."

"I don't think I quite follow you, Buddy," I said. "I've got a sort of small flash, but I don't believe I've picked up the whole message."

"Oh, hell," he said. "Too complicated, probably. Maybe nobody ever gets anybody else's whole message. Anyway, think about it, Fred."

"Sure, Buddy, I'll think about it," I said.

"Wonder what time it is," he said, pulling out his heavy gold pocket watch. "Three twenty-five. I've got to go."

"Me, too," I said.

He started to signal for the waiter to bring us our bill.

"Is that the watch?" I asked.

"Oh, yes—that's it."

"And the big guy? Did you ever see him again?"

"Oh yes," he grinned wryly. "I was forced to testify against him."

"Forced?"

"Yes. After they subpoenaed me, I had no choice. I had to appear, and I couldn't quite bring myself to commit perjury."

"But why?" I persisted. "I mean, why would they have gone to such lengths if you wanted to drop the matter?"

"Oh, well," Buddy shrugged. "They couldn't very well let it go—not with all the pressure being brought to bear on them, don't you see?" He looked toward where Marjorie was sitting.

"Pressure—you mean from her?" I said.

"Naturally," he said. "Why not? She seemed to feel pretty strongly about it."

"Yes, I suppose so," I said.

"But still..."

"Nothing, Buddy. I suppose there really isn't anything to say, is there?"

"No, Fred," he said. "I guess not."

"Well," I said lightly. "Sure is enough to make a fellow stop and think."

"Sure is," he grinned.

We were both grinning as the waiter came over, but I had a strong suspicion that neither of us thought it was as funny as all that.

Copyright 1965 by Artie Shaw.

you can't hide PROBLEM SKIN



keep your skin clear & healthy with the Gamophen* 2-Step Plan

STEP 1: Gamophen Soap with Hexachlorophene cleans deep down in the pores of the skin—fights the three external causes of blemishes: dirt, excess oil and surface bacteria.

STEP 2: New Gamophen Skin Cream regularly applied after washing with Gamophen Soap gives prolonged protection. Gamophen Skin Cream is non-greasy, rubs right into the pores, leaves a long-lasting barrier against bacteria.

Make the Gamophen 2-Step Plan your daily skin beauty treatment. The continued use of these two products helps guard against the return of blemishes.

Johnson & Johnson

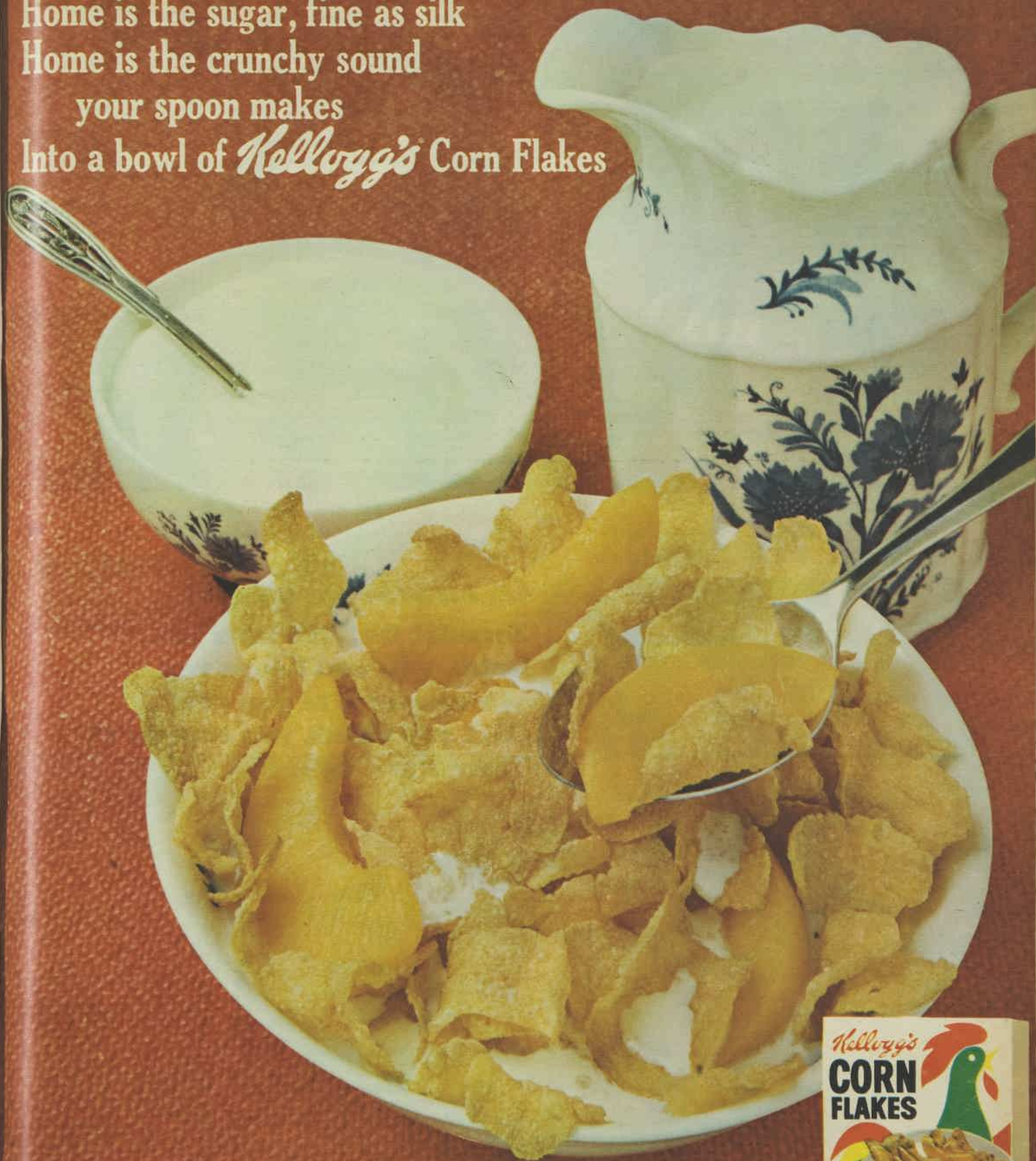


G41108



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 7, 1966

Home is a jug of ice-cold milk
Home is the sugar, fine as silk
Home is the crunchy sound
your spoon makes
Into a bowl of *Kellogg's* Corn Flakes



Fill up your bowl with real, nourishing Corn Flakes—Kellogg's. All that goodness makes 'em taste so nice and homey—just like they came fresh from your own oven.

Home is a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes—the big flakes with the BIG FLAVOUR



*Registered Trademark

Just two ounces of Kellogg's Corn Flakes give you the goodness of sun-ripened corn plus one half of your daily requirement of the essential vitamins: Thiamine (B1), Riboflavin (B2), Niacin and Food Iron.

K430

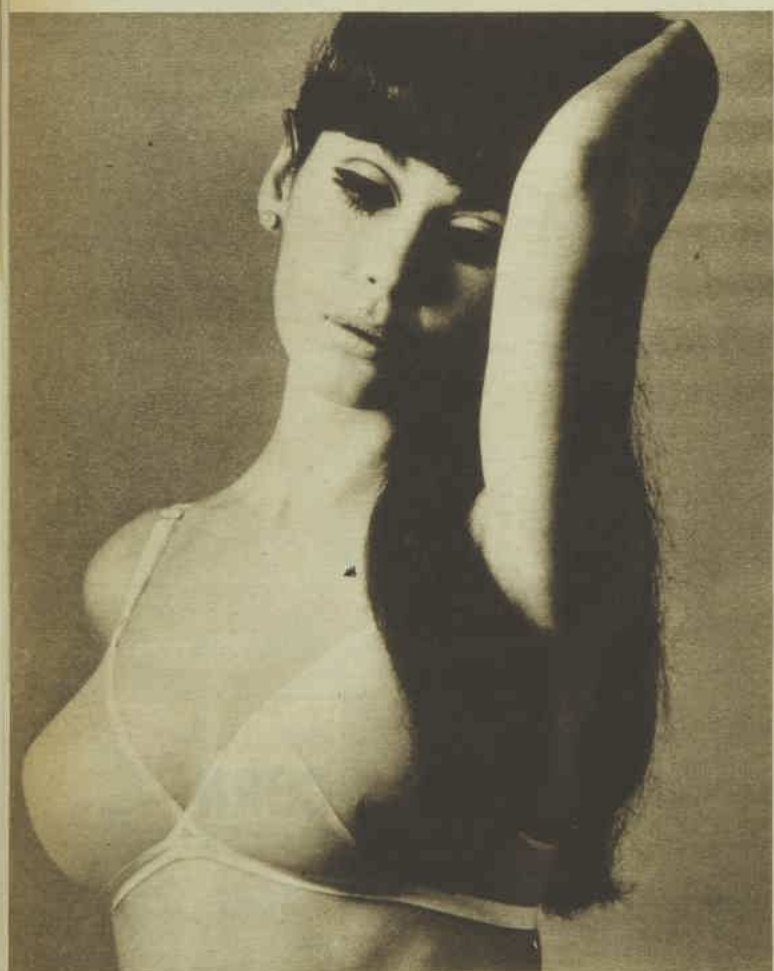
Page 49



32!



34!



36!

Of course you can!
Formfit Oh! Bra lifts you,
holds you and keeps you
whichever size you are!
(Did you think you couldn't?)
'Course you can!



In this pale pink sachet. In skintone,
 black, white, nylon tricot,
 featherlight, stretch straps. A.B.C. **\$2.99**

Formfit

For the name of your nearest stockist contact Formfit Pty. Ltd
 P.O. Box 20, Guildford, N.S.W. Phone 632 0285.



● Fifth-form schoolmates at Sydney's Fort Street Girls' High School ring gold-medal-winning Commonwealth Games javelin-thrower Margaret Parker. They gave the high honor of a school war-cry.

SCHOOL HAILED ITS 'GOLDEN GIRL'

● Wild excitement swept Fort St. Girls' High School, Sydney, when fifth-form prefect Margaret Parker won the women's javelin event at the Commonwealth Games recently.

Teenagers
WEEKLY

Pictures by staff photographer Ernie Nutt.



AND the pupils repeated their performance when Margaret returned to school bearing her gold medal.

They swarmed round their heroine begging for autographs and danced round her, giving out one of the loudest war-cries in the famous school's long history.

In the Australian squad for the Games as "baby" of the athletics team, 17-year-old Margaret hurled her javelin 168ft. 7in. to victory — 10ft 2in. farther than she had ever thrown before. And few people knew that at the time the young athlete was ignoring pain from a sprained ligament in her left foot.

A group of schoolmates played a part in helping Margaret win — and keep up her studies. The raised \$76 toward her fare to Jamaica, and, while she was overseas, made carbon copies of all their study notes so that she could catch up on her schoolwork when she returned to Australia.

● Margaret (left) shows her medal to school principal Miss Evelyn McEwan and Fort Street captain Sue Christie.

Page 51



makes it with linen

55238



YOU
CAN BE
REGULAR
AGAIN!
TAKE
CARTERS
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS

Regularity is a sign of good health. It shows that nature is doing her job, and it means that you're happier... brighter... livelier. When you become irregular, start taking Carter's Little Liver Pills — and let nature take its course again. Carter's Little Liver Pills will ensure regularity and get rid of that nasty bilious feeling — you can really enjoy life again. Start the prescribed 3-week course of Carter's Little Liver Pills — today.

CARTERS



Letters

Adults don't 'know score'

● Adults are forever saying: "I wish teenagers would listen to some decent music." I would like to know what they mean by decent music.

You might immediately say "classical." But I am sure that the average parent has no idea who composed the "Unfinished Symphony," or that Beethoven wrote nine symphonies. They probably don't even know what a symphony is!

By decent music, do they mean "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," "My Old Flame," and "In The Good Old Summertime"? What is so decent about them, apart from the fact (in the adult view) that they weren't played with electric guitars and sung by people with long hair?

— Judy van der Brenk, St. Kilda, Vic.

Parents OK . . . What's a square?

EVERY week there is some teenager criticising his parents. "They don't understand us," they all cry. Do you understand your parents? They have been making sacrifices to keep you clothed and fed. And now, because you're not allowed to go to a dance or some other function, you declare to the world that your parents are old-fashioned and don't understand you. If you show some consideration for them you will find the relationship between child and parent a lot happier. I wrote this letter because I wanted to let the world know that there is at least one teenager who is understood and doesn't consider the older generation square. — John Minshall, Goulburn, N.S.W.

. . . He agrees

BEING in hospital, I've had a lot of time to think. As a teenager, I know I am supposed to dislike parents, and all people with authority. But I have come to the conclusion that all these people are necessary. My parents have been very good to me, as have all my relatives.

The nurses here, though slightly bossy, are very understanding about everything. They are always on the job. I now feel that people who go around rebelling against authority are wrong and, though not completely won over, I can feel a sense of respect for authority as well as I can feel independence. — Hugh Dillon, Cremorne, N.S.W.

School cry

IF anyone wonders what a school war cry looks like in print, this is ours:

"Boomba Boomba Samba Rah!

Wynnum High School here we are.

Keelu Kilu Kumba Wow, Pango Pango Rumpa Row! Oompa Oompa Lay! Come on Wynnum! Grey, Green, Grey!"

I don't know what it means, either. — "Wondering," Manly, Qld.

COULD someone please give me the definition of a square? I enjoy surfing, I like pop music, and sometimes have occasional crushes on a pop singer. I wear the latest mod gear.

I was classified as a "mid" (mod and surfer) at school until recently, when I told my friends that I collected stamps — not only because it is an educational hobby but because I liked it. I also told them I had joined the local club of field naturalists, because I enjoyed bush walking. From that day, many have considered me a square. — Susan Morley, Somerset, Tas.

FILM FUN

● To raise money for books to stock our new library, some of our senior students organised a film show, the main feature of which was a surfing film with our students and girls from a boarding school as the stars. A highlight of the film, apart from the surfing, was a beachside stomp to music supplied by the school's pop band. — "Terry," Scarborough, W.A.

Wax poetical

MANY teenagers feel that poetry is only read by the squarer and more intellectual of the older generation, or something that is thrown at us day after day as we sit in a drab classroom. But much of the world's great poetry carries a message for all time with which no other art can compare. A poet like Robert Frost, for example, writes in a simple, everyday language, using themes to appeal to us all. Many people, too, have found that there can be much enjoyment in writing simple poems. I think it is a pity that such a lot of the outstanding poetry of today is left on the bookshelf. — Brian Hill, Northbridge, N.S.W.

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay \$2 for each letter used.

BEATNIK

SAY! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE FISH SOUP, WITH ALL THE TRIMMING F'DINNER?



Teeth talk

ONE thing I have always noticed about most pop stars is their sparkling white teeth. Don't think I'm a budding dentist, because I'm not! It's just that I can't help noticing what good care these people, who are so often criticised for being dirty or untidy, take of their teeth. — "Toothy," Somerset, S.A.

Be warned!

MORE vocational guidance should be given to students in their last year of secondary school. Far too many follow careers because the pay and holidays are good.

Having narrowly missed a university scholarship to study law, I followed the crowd and became a primary teacher. The pay is satisfactory, and I love the long holidays. But am I happy in my career?

Weighing the advantages and disadvantages (coupled with my inability to face a constant stream of mothers, and a large class of 50 children, sometimes unruly and disinterested), I often think I should have given more thought to the choice of career.

Teaching is a hard job. There is a lot of constant preparation behind the scenes, and good health and perseverance are indispensable. Please don't drift into a career as I did, or you may live to regret it. — "Teacher," Frankston, Vic.

Party tricks?

HAS anyone any suggestions how to amuse guests at a 14th birthday party? Both boys and girls will be there, and it'll be held in a double garage. Also, what should the guests be given to eat? — L. Constable, Watson, A.C.T.



PROUD OF ACCENT

I WONDER how many fellow Australians are proud of their Aussie accent instead of being ashamed. Other countries laugh and make fun of us, but America and the other "English"-speaking countries have accents of their own, so why shouldn't we! I, for one, am very proud to be an Australian. — A.S., Liverpool, N.S.W.



True identity

LONG live the Queen, and may she reign happily over Britain, but please leave Australia to the Aussies. Our country is now mature enough to become a nation in its own right. As long as we sing the British national anthem, are referred to as British subjects, and salute a British flag we cannot identify ourselves as true Australians. Even now we are growing away from Britain, with a decrease in trade between the two countries and an increase in political differences. There is no reason why we cannot peaceably separate ourselves from the British monarchy. — H. McGarry, Box Hill North, Vic.

SAFE for BABY'S COLD

Conforming to British Pharmacopoeia standards, pure Double "D" eucalyptus is the safe way to relieve baby's cold. Mix with olive or camphorated oil and rub baby's chest and back. For continuing relief, sprinkle Double "D" on a hankie and tie to the head of baby's cot.

With 101 uses in the home



IS IT SO ELEMENTARY, MY DEAR WATSON? . . .

Would you be a good detective?

★ In real life, the activities of a detective are not nearly so easy as they appear in books, films, or on television. Here are some questions that give hints about your aptitude for the hard work of detection. Ready, Dr. Watson? Ready, Sherlock Holmes?

ASK YOURSELF . . .

- (On a piece of paper write down the question numbers and, against each one, answer "yes" or "no.")
1. Are arithmetic and related mathematical subjects easy for you?
 2. After reading a story can you remember the names of all the major characters and several of the minor ones?
 3. Can you wait patiently for several days or weeks for a decision to be made?
 4. When seeing a detective story in the movies do you generally know correctly, ahead of time, who the criminal is?
 5. In general, would you say you are emotional and sensitive?
 6. Do you sometimes see people who look like the "criminal type"?
 7. Do you believe a fact because you read it in a book?
 8. If things do not go right with you are you easily discouraged?
 9. Do members of your family or your friends often ask you to help find something they have lost?
 10. Are you interested in science?
 11. Are you sceptical, or even afraid, of police officers?
 12. When you are introduced to five people at a party or meeting can you call them by their names when saying goodbye to them?
 13. Is it habit with you to carry a piece of paper and a pencil?
 14. Are you dependent upon a schedule for eating, sleeping, etc.?
 15. Do you follow crime cases in magazines, newspapers, etc.?

CORRECT ANSWERS . . .

1. YES. Success in mathematics is an indication of a logical, disciplined mind.
2. YES. An indication of a retentive memory.
3. YES. Patience is a "must" in breaking a case.
4. YES. Granted there are some "pat" formulas, even learning to apply those takes some detection.
5. NO. Emotional and sensitive people can be lured off the trail.
6. NO. It has been proved that it is impossible to tell if a person is a criminal or is capable of committing a crime by looking at him.
7. NO. Even books make mistakes. If you are that gullible, you're no detective.
8. NO. Hope must indeed spring eternal in the game of cat-and-mouse.
9. YES. If you can track down things at home, it is a good sign of your intelligence, logic, and your good eyes.
10. YES. Like mathematics, science requires logic, and modern methods of detection rely heavily on scientific methods.
11. NO. You cannot work for the law satisfactorily if you are wary of it.
12. YES. Good hearing and a retentive memory are "musts" for the job.
13. YES. People who make lists and notes to help their memories along have a habit that helps them in detection.
14. NO. By the time you eat on schedule and get your sleep, your case will have dissolved.
15. YES. Then you are basically interested in the field of detection, especially if you want to know how the case was concluded.

ANALYSIS . . .

★ 12 to 15 correct answers: You would be a good detective. You think logically, appear to be free of emotional hazards and habits. Happy hunting!

★ 7 to 11 correct answers: Unless you are willing to discipline yourself, it is hardly likely you should choose this profession. Better stick with reading or writing about it.

★ 0 to 6 correct answers. The test detects that YOU are not a detective—but then it is doubtful if you ever wanted to be one anyway.

HIGH HEMS GIVE LOW-DOWN

ROUND
ROBIN

● I see that a European psychologist says hemlines can be analysed to show the wearers' personalities.

IN brief, according to the expert, a girl's spirit of adventure and youthful attitude are reflected by the height of her hem.

The higher the hem the higher the spirits — and vice versa.

The expert says that hem-analysis is a handy, obvious test when psychologists and psychiatrists seek to delve into girls' personalities.

You might think that the fellow's idea hasn't a leg to stand on—in fact, that he has a knee in his bonnet.

But, if he has something, considering the heights to which some mini-skirts rise, his technique could well be called thigh-cology.

A new branch of Medicine might spring up if the European's idea is widely accepted.

There might be a group of doctors known as Ear, Knees, and Throat men.

By the way, I understand that Hollywood is interested in the theory's box-office possibilities.

It is planning a psychological study of marriage—Liz Taylor in "Who's a Freud of Virginia's Mini."

Of course, the links between mini-skirts and Medicine have existed ever since the fashion started.

A man who stares—and swears he doesn't like the leggy look is taking a Hypocritic Oath.

Either that, or he needs his head read!

—Robin Adair

PONYTAIL BY LEE HOLLEY



WE WERE STUDYING ABOUT ITALY, AND I JUST COULDN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT PIZZA.



DONALD GOT A JOB WORKING IN MARIO'S PIZZA PARLOR AFTER SCHOOL.



THERE HE IS NOW! LETS GO IN AND SEE IF WE CAN GET A FREE SAMPLE!



Springtime Beauty

Let spring herald the birth of new loveliness for your complexion. To gain the smooth bloom of springtime while preventing wrinkle-dryness and keratinization (coarsening texture), begin each day by beautifying your complexion. Start by toning the skin cells with a little lemon Delph freshener, then smooth a film of moist tropical oil over the face and neck to nourish and beautify your complexion, giving it a dewy petal-soft loveliness all through the day. This oil of Ulan serves also as an ideal foundation for the perfect application of your make-up.

. . . Margaret Merrill

PERIOD PAIN?

D & M Tablets are carefully designed to relieve the cramps — that dragging pain, and chase the blues, even for the most severe cases. The 4 ingredients are specially balanced to give a two-fold action in suppressing the pain and give the utmost relief. Sold only by Chemists, 55c. D & M Tablets for Daughters & Mothers in the tactful pack.

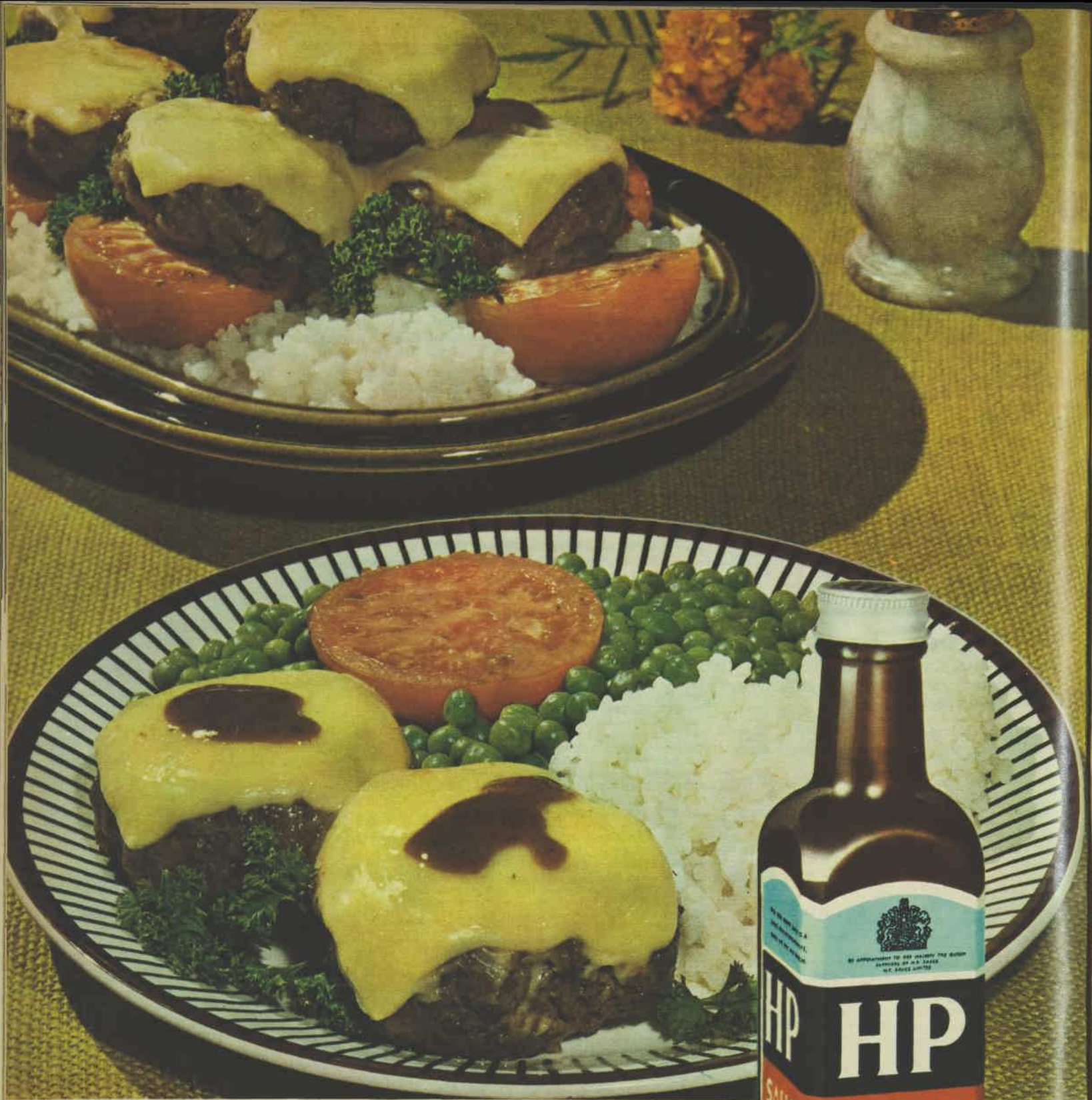
D & M TABLETS



Nailoid gives you lovelier, healthier nails

Because Nailoid nourishes and strengthens nails. Start Nailoid care tonight. It's a two-minute application that easily becomes part of your nightly beauty routine. You'll watch your nails grow steadily lovelier, healthier. It takes 12-14 weeks for a nail to grow. At the end of that time your immaculate new nails and cuticles will amaze you. From chemists and stores.





HP SAUCE gives this hearty family meal its high-powered flavour difference

You'll love the difference HP makes to everyday foods, the way it perks up jaded appetites. HP has a flavour all its own—thick, rich and fruity.

COOK IT IN

to soups, stews, hashes, casseroles, mince, sauces, dips, fries and grills—or to savoury hamburgers like those illustrated here.

POUR IT ON

to hot or cold meats, barbecues, salads, fish, sandwiches, pies, hash, cheese—anything savoury. Use about a tablespoon for four if you cook it in. It's hard to know when to stop when you pour it on.

SAVOURY HAMBURGERS

(serves 6)

- | | |
|---|------------------------|
| 1 lb. minced beef | 4 tsp. milk or cream |
| 2 tblsp. HP Sauce | 6 rashers bacon, 6 |
| ½ tsp. salt | toothpicks. |
| 4tblsp. finely chopped onion | OR |
| 2tblsp. finely chopped celery or olives | 6 square slices cheese |

Mix together the first 6 ingredients, shape into flat cakes, working quickly. If using bacon, remove rind and wrap a bacon rasher around each hamburger, securing with a toothpick. Melt bacon fat or butter in frying pan and on high heat fry hamburgers on each side. Lower heat and continue cooking until required "doneness" is achieved, turning to cook evenly both sides. If using cheese, place a slice of cheese on top of each hamburger and quickly brown under griller. Serve on a bed of rice, spaghetti or mashed potato, decorate with grilled tomato halves and parsley. Top cheese with more HP Sauce or let the family add their own.



It's HP
Saucery!

MADE BY LEA & PERRINS

Page 54

LP.2.FPC

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 7, 1966

Louise
Hunter

Here's
your
answer

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

DEEP HEAT

RHEUMATISM. Apply "Deep Heat" Rub and you'll begin to feel wonderful relief from "rheumatics"—in shoulder, neck, back or legs.

DEEP HEAT

LUMBAGO, FIBROSITIS. "Deep Heat" relieves pain-lacked muscles. Its fast-acting warming agent, methyl salicylate, penetrates deep down.

DEEP HEAT

ACHES AND PAINS. Menstruation "Deep Heat" Rub gives quick, effective relief—it starts working just seconds after you replace the cap. Standard tubes only 180 cents, new large size \$1.55 from Chemists everywhere.

cushion every step

Dr. Scholl's AIR PILLO INSOLES

Luxurious walking ease. Your feet find on millions of tiny air cells. Insulating—keep feet warm in winter, cool in summer. Exclusive Scholl's foam, washable, hygienic. 50c (5/8) pr.

LOOK FOR THE Dr. Scholl's FOOT COMFORT COUNTER AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE!

stop corns

THIS EASY PROVEN WAY!

End pain fast with Dr. Scholl's cushioning, cushioning Zino-Pads. Remove corns quickly, safely with the special medicated discs. Sizes also for callouses, bunions. 42c (4/2) pkt.

Dr. Scholl's ZINO PADS

'Wash that man right out of your hair!'

"I AM 16 and have been going steady with an 18-year-old boy for two years. Recently he was untrue to me and took another girl out behind my back. We have since split up and he is taking out this girl. I have been out with other boys but I cannot forget him, and lately I have become very depressed and nervous. Do you think I should go and see him and try to sort things out, or should I forget him?"

"Depressed," N.S.W.

Never have I been more positive when I say: "Forget him!" Two years is a long time to go steady with someone, I know, and the feeling of loss and loneliness is terrible, but you must just try to get over it as best you can. Going to see him would be the mistake of all time.

Smoke screen . . .

"I AM 18 and am engaged to a wonderful boy, but one small thing is worrying me. He is a non-smoker and I am a heavy one. He's always asking me to give it up, as for some unknown reason he doesn't like girls to smoke. I have been smoking since I was 15 and enjoy it very much. I wear nail polish to offset the nicotine stains he dislikes so much. Is there something wrong with a girl smoking and am I being selfish? What should I do?"

"Troubled," Vic.

Do a spot of investigation and find out WHY your fiance objects to girls smoking. Does he think it makes them less attractive, that it kills some of their feminine allure? If he is the wonderful boy you say he is, then why not exercise a little self-control and cut down the number of cigarettes you smoke? Surely, his pleasure will more than compensate for the sacrifice? (Think of the money you will save, too!)

He's too popular

"I WILL be 15 in about six weeks and have liked a boy of 17 for nearly three months. He's very popular with girls—too popular! He always smiles and says hello to me, and one time, when some of his friends started annoying me at the beach, he told them to leave me alone and almost got into a fight over it. Recently I went to a dance and he showed more affection to me. I was with him all evening and he took me home. I really like this boy. But my friends say he was just using me for someone to be with that night. Sometimes I see him after school, as he lives near me, and he still says hello and talks to me. Do you think he is using me?"

"Troubled," Qld.

Don't take any notice of your girlfriends. I think they may be more than a little jealous of this popular boy's interest in you. Of course he wasn't "using" you on the night of the dance—he chose you for his partner because you are probably attractive and gay company.

A matter of dignity

"WE are two attractive girls with charming personalities and come from wealthy families. We are both 16 and still at school. However, we have little success with boys and cannot understand why. We are permitted to go out whenever we wish, and when boys date us we do not allow any liberties. Next day, however, we find them laughing at us with their friends. We find this embarrassing and destructive

to our personal and social dignity. We are both at boarding school and consider ourselves intelligent human beings. Could you please help us with our problem, as we are becoming desperate?"

"Shunned," N.S.W.

When you come down to earth and realise that an attractive face and charming personality do not always mean success with the opposite sex, you will have learnt an important lesson. My guess is that the boys are laughing about your conceit. Try a touch of humility and understanding for a change. You may discover that it works wonders.

Man on her mind

"I HAVE been going out with a boy for five months and I really like him. But my parents say I can't go out with him so much, as I have to study for my Inter Certificate. (They have met him and think he is quite nice, but this doesn't make any difference!) Do you think I'll lose him? One night he asked me out, but didn't turn up. I haven't seen him for weeks. Should I write and try to win him back or should I try to forget him?"

"15-year-old," S.A.

If he asked you out and didn't turn up, this friendship has had it. Don't write—let the first move come from him.

He's a rough wooer!

"MY boyfriend is very strong, but he gets TOO rough at times. Once he kissed me so hard that my nose bled. And sometimes when he hugs me I'm black and blue for months. Have you any suggestions?"

"Bruised," Vic.

Are you complaining or boasting?

The boy she lost

"ABOUT six months ago my boyfriend and I broke up. I was terribly in love with him and still am. No matter what I do I can't stop thinking about him. I know I must forget him, but I just can't. I've tried going out, but I never enjoy myself. There always seems to be someone or something that reminds me of him. How can I forget the boy I loved and lost? I am 18."

"Heartsick," Vic.

Only time can ease your heartache, I'm afraid, and even then something may happen to remind you of what you have lost. You see, love, if it strikes deeply enough, can never be forgotten. All you can do is to be grateful that you knew such deep emotion, and when love comes round for the second time make sure you don't lose it again.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

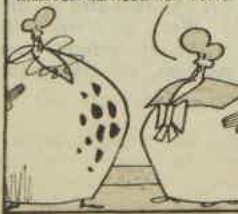
By RUDD

I FINALLY MADE MY HUSBAND GO OUT WHILE I GET THE HOUSEWORK DONE.

WHY DID YOU ROUSE ON HIM?

OH NO.

I TOOK UP SINGING LESSONS.



your hair
shines with health,
beauty and colour

tone-to-shade
colours cover better and last
longer. Each fades evenly as
your hair grows, leaving no
"high-tide" line. You'll be so
pleased with your appearance,
hair shines with health from
Wellaton's exclusive "Kolestral"
ingredient.

Two Treatments: \$1.20

CREME

wellaton

27 SHADES PLUS BLONDING TONER
and wella-set miracle conditioner
setting lotion (55c)

FROM LEADING CHEMISTS, STORES,
HAIRDRESSING SALONS.

SEND COUPON FOR WELLA'S FAMOUS
BOOKLET ON HAIR CARE AND BEAUTY.

FREE! To Wella Australia, 9 Albion Place,
Sydney.

Please send me "Hair Beauty for You."

NAME

ADDRESS

WW79



Moping Mark yesterday

A 'model boy' today!

"Mark just mopes about the house", said his mother. "Could be temporary constipation", replied the family chemist. So last night Mark's mother gave him Laxettes, the children's laxative. Today he's bright and active as could be. Laxettes help restore regularity overnight. Each milk chocolate square contains an exact dose of safe, gentle laxative. When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes! 3/6. (35 cents).

Quick relief from HEMORRHOIDS

Pile Sufferers! Dr. Leonhardt's Vaculoid gives relief to any form of hemorrhoid (pile) misery. It gives quick action even in old, stubborn cases. Vaculoid is a harmless tablet that effectively treats hemorrhoids (piles) at the source of the complaint. It brings joyful relief quickly and safely. Chemists everywhere recommend and sell Vaculoid.

VACULOID

THE IDEAL GIFT A SUBSCRIPTION TO The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

	1/2 YEAR	1 YEAR
Aust.	33 45	58 90
New Guinea	(£1 3 6)	(£3 9 0)
N.Z. and Fiji	34 35	58 70
Brit. Doms.	(£2 3 6)	(£4 7 0)
Foreign	55 20	\$10 40
	(£2 12 0)	(£5 4 0)
	55 25	\$10 50
	(£2 12 6)	(£5 5 0)
	56 55	\$13 10
	(£3 5 6)	(£6 13 0)

BEAUTIFUL WEDDING CAKES



● Roses form the main decoration of the three-tiered cake at left, which was decorated by Miss S. Watt, of Marrickville, N.S.W. There are also rosebuds, stephanotis, and lacework.

THREE square cakes are required, in 12in., 9in., and 6in. sizes. Stand the cakes on boards previously prepared by covering with silver paper.

Cover the cakes with almond paste, then with white fondant. Allow to dry completely before beginning the decorations.

With No. 00 writing-tube and white royal icing, pipe a fine overall design of flower sprays over cake.

Build out the scallops for extension work at base of cake with No. 3 writing-tube and royal icing. Allow to dry before commencing extension work. Pipe extension work with No. 60 writing-tube and royal icing.

Attach lace pieces, which have been piped beforehand on to waxed paper with No. 00 writing-tube and royal icing, to top of extension work.

Place pillars in position and arrange sprays of moulded flowers attractively on corners of cake.

ROSES: Mould a small flattened cone from modelling fondant. To this attach 5 moulded petals, each petal slightly overlapping the other. Brush with a wet brush and secure to cone. Remove surplus fondant from base. Shape petals and set to dry in clean patty tins which have been well dusted with cornflour. When completely dry, lightly paint the centre of rose with diluted pink food coloring. When dry, secure white stamens to centre with royal icing.

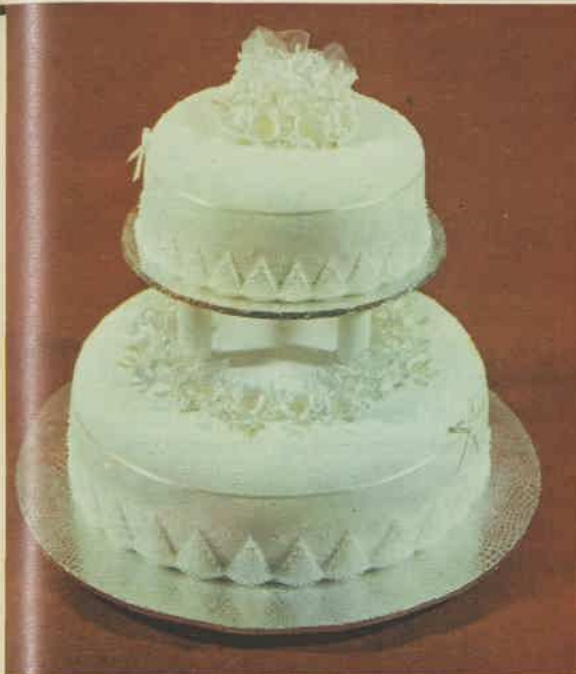
ROSEBUDS: Mould a small pointed cone and attach 3 petals, the first petal wrapped around and completely covering the top of the cone. Turn back edges of the other 2 petals slightly. When dry, touch centres with diluted pink coloring. Remove surplus fondant from base and insert a piece of wire.

STEPHANOTIS: Press small pieces of modelling fondant over the top of a knitting needle. With a knife, cut petals and pinch together with the fingers. Remove base of flower and insert wire.

RIBBON: Roll modelling fondant out thinly. Cut into thin strips to resemble ribbon. Shape into loops and allow to dry. Arrange with flowers in sprays.

ROSE WEDDING CAKE at left was decorated by Miss S. Watt, of Marrickville, N.S.W. It features roses, rosebuds, and stephanotis.

● Cake decorating has reached a high standard in Australia, and these cakes show it at its best. The decorators tell how their work was done.



TWO-TIER CAKE by Mrs. A. Oldfield, of Panania, N.S.W., won a first prize at Sydney's Royal Show.

● The unusual two-tiered round wedding cake above was decorated by Mrs. A. Oldfield, of Panania, N.S.W. Mock orange blossom, bouvardia, lily of the valley, and green leaves are the adornments on this cake.

TWO round fruit cakes, one 10in. and the other 8in., are required. Cover them with almond paste, allow to dry, then cover again with white fondant.

Attach narrow white ribbon 1in. down the side of cakes and tie in a small bow at one side. Above the ribbon, pipe an embroidery design, using No. 00 writing-tube and royal icing.

Build out extension work at base of cakes in a pointed design. Finish with lace pieces which are piped straight on to the cake by piping small scallops along top of extension work. Finish with a small dot on scallops and between each scallop.

Place three pillars in position on bottom tier. Arrange flower sprays on top tier and in a circle surrounding pillars on bottom tier. Soften sprays with looped ribbon and tulle.

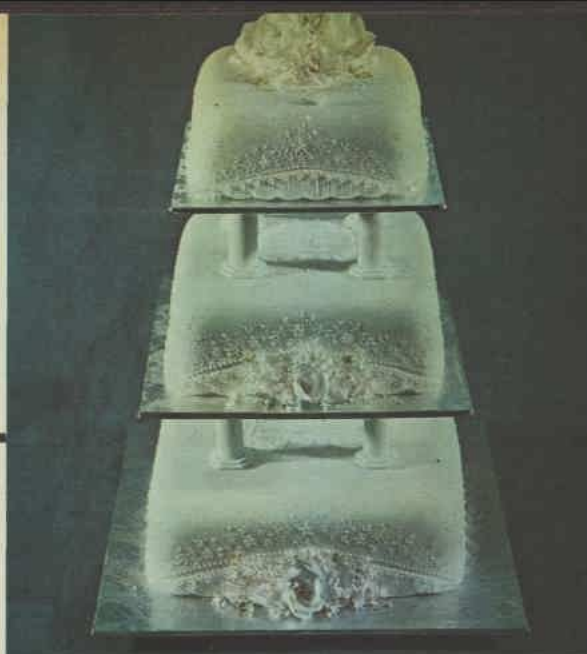
MOCK ORANGE BLOSSOM: Mould 4 petal shapes. Allow to dry. Join together with royal icing and fill centres with stamens. Tint stamens pale yellow with food coloring.

LILY OF THE VALLEY: Mould small pieces of white fondant over knitting needle; cut into 5 petals. Shape petals by holding against fingers and rolling needle inside each petal. Attach fine green wire, allowing some green to show in centre of flower.

BOUVARDIA: Mould small pieces of pale yellow fondant over knitting needle. Cut into 4 petals and mark centre of each petal with a knife. Pinch petals to shape. Attach a fine wire stem.

LEAVES: Mould leaf shapes from fondant. Mark veins with a knife. When dry, tint with green food coloring.

THREE - TIER cake at right by Mrs. A. Oldfield also won a Show prize. Directions on page 60.



ROSES and lily of the valley adorn cake at right by Mrs. N. Dunn. See directions, page 60.



CLASSIC design at right by Mrs. B. Veroe has mixed flowers. See page 60 for directions.



Continued on page 60



Who wants to be covered by the 'Bri-Nylon' label?

...everybody !

(for these very good reasons)

You know that no manufacturer can use the name 'Bri-Nylon' unless his garment has been tested and approved by Fibremakers.

In other words, whether you pay a little or a lot, the 'Bri-Nylon' label is your assurance of quality and value for the money you spend.

If you go for a bargain, it will really be a bargain. If you invest in the best, you will get the long wear, the easy care, and all the other advantages of 'Bri-Nylon', plus the fashion appeal your manufacturer has put into the garment.

The 'Bri-Nylon' label is your guide to basic value and quality. Without it, you can't be sure you're buying wisely no matter how much you spend.

That's why we remind you once again to look for the 'Bri' before you buy spring and summer wear.

Here is a list of the main quality tests carried out by Fibremakers Ltd. before permission to carry the 'Bri-Nylon' label is granted: Ease of care, Resistance to shrinking, Colour fastness, Correct stitching, Shape retention, Stretch and recovery, Fabric construction, Resistance to abrasion.



95 Collins St, Melbourne; 55 Hunter St, Sydney
'Bri-Nylon' is a registered trademark



When you buy
nightwear
with this label
attached

BRI*
NYLON

you know its
delicate beauty
is there to stay

OSTI STYLE 35246

BEAUTIFUL WEDDING CAKES . . . continued

● Directions are given below for three of the beautifully decorated wedding cakes shown in color on page 57.

Three-tier square cake

ROSES and lacework decorate this three-tier cake by Mrs. A. Oldfield, of Panania, N.S.W. Three square cakes, fruit cakes, of 9in., 8in., and 6in. sizes were used. Her directions are:

Cover the three cakes with almond paste. Allow to dry, then cover with fondant. (See recipes below.)

Build out extension work at base of cake. Edge with lace which has been piped beforehand on to waxed paper and allowed to dry.

Pipe a row of heavy dots just above extension work. Above piped dots, work fine embroidery design. Pipe same embroidery design in circle in the centres of the two cakes which will form bottom and second tiers. Pipe a lover's knot in centre of embroidery circle, and finish with two blue birds.

Place pillars in position. Arrange sprays of flowers on cakes.

ROSES: Mould small pieces of fondant into petal shapes. Build up petals round a centre bud, attaching each petal

with a little water. Increase size of petals as the rose grows. Add stamens to large roses if necessary.

HYACINTHS: Cut narrow, thin strips from thinly rolled fondant. Cut one edge into six petals. Brush one edge with a little water and join together over a knitting needle. Insert wire stem, bend petals out. Pinch points between fingers.

LEAVES: Mould leaf shapes from fondant. Mark veins with knife. When dry, tint with green food coloring.

BLUE BIRDS: Pipe wing and tail shapes on to waxed paper. Allow to dry. Pipe body, raising pipe to form head. Attach wings and tail to wet body.

Roses and Lily of the valley

MRS. N. DUNN, of Pennant Hills, N.S.W., decorated this cake, using as the main theme roses and lily of the valley. As a base she used three square fruit cakes, of 10in., 8in., and 6in. sizes. Her directions are:

Cover the three cakes with almond paste; allow to dry, then cover with fondant. Pipe a shell edge round base

on cakes, using No. 1 writing tube and royal icing.

Build out extension work, using No. 3 tube for base and No. 00 tube for lattice section. Finish extension work with lace pieces which have been piped beforehand on to waxed paper and allowed to dry. Pipe freehand embroidery design over cake, using No. 00 writing tube.

Place pillars in position. Arrange lace pieces in a design between pillars. Arrange flower sprays on cake. Use tulle and looped white ribbon to soften flower sprays.

ROSES: Mould pieces of fondant into petal shapes and wrap round a centre bud, attaching them with a little egg-white. Increase the size of petals as rose grows.

BOUVARDIA: Mould small pieces of fondant over end of a paintbrush until a small bell shape is formed. Cut four petals. Insert wire and firm at base with fingers. For buds, mould tiny pieces of fondant and attach to wire. Twist one bud and three flowers together to form sprays.

LILY OF THE VALLEY: Mould tiny pieces of fondant over end of paintbrush as for bouvardia. Cut six tiny petals. Insert wire and leave to dry. Make buds as for bouvardia; twist two buds and five flowers together to form sprays.

Flowers in classic design

THIS classic wedding cake, decorated with roses, snowdrops, and forget-me-nots, is the work of Mrs. B. Vercoe, of Castle Cove, N.S.W. She used 10in., 8in., and 6in. cakes. Her directions are:

Cover the three cakes with almond paste, then with fondant. Build out extension work at base of cakes. Finish with lace pieces which have been piped beforehand on to waxed paper. Just above extension work, and following line of extension work, pipe a design of small dots edged with row of pulled dots.

Pipe embroidery design along top outer edge of cakes. Place pillars in position on cakes. Arrange sprays of flowers between pillars and on top tier. Soften with clusters of tulle and ribbon. Finish cakes with small blue birds.

ROSES: Mould small roses in usual way, using pale shades of pink fondant. Insert fine wire about 2in. in length.

SNOWDROPS: Mould small pieces of white fondant over the point of a knitting needle until a bell shape is formed. Cut edge into four petals, shape each one to a point. Insert wire, tint tips of flowers with green food coloring.

FORGET-ME-NOTS: Using pale blue royal icing and No. 00 writing tube, pipe flowers on to fine wire which has been placed on waxed paper. Allow to dry completely, then remove from paper.

FONDANT AND ALMOND PASTE

The following quantities will cover a 9in. to 10in. cake.

ALMOND PASTE

2lb. pure icing sugar	4 tablespoons sherry
8oz. almond meal	squeeze lemon juice
4 egg-yolks	almond essence

Sift icing sugar into basin, add almond meal, mix well. Beat egg-yolks with sherry and fruit juice, mix into dry ingredients. Turn on to board lightly dusted with extra icing sugar, knead well. Flavor with little almond essence. If too dry, add more fruit juice.

FONDANT

2lb. pure icing sugar	4 tablespoons liquid glucose
2 egg-whites	

Sift icing sugar into bowl. Remove about 1 cup icing sugar, put aside. Make well in centre of icing sugar in basin, add egg-whites, cover lightly with icing sugar from sides. Add heated glucose, mix well. Sprinkle reserved icing sugar on to board, turn fondant on to this, knead well, working in reserved icing sugar. Flavor and color as desired.



Suffering rheumatic or muscular pains? Time to take Mackenzie's Menthoids



Hampered by unhealthy overweight? Time to take Mackenzie's Menthoids



For energy and vitality Time to take Mackenzie's Menthoids



Regain your energy and vitality . . .

Aches, pains, headaches go as you reduce to your normal healthy weight with Mackenzies Menthoids & the "Way of Living" diet chart.

Mackenzies Menthoids act in three ways: ★ They help cleanse your system of poisonous wastes ★ They help your kidneys expel excess bulky fluids ★ Energise you with valuable trace elements — renew your body tissues.

Mackenzies Menthoids are without side effects — safe for everyone.

FREE: Send a stamped addressed envelope for your copy of Mackenzies Menthoids "Way of Living" diet chart to Mackenzies Menthoids, Dept. W3, P.O. Box 31 Arncliffe, N.S.W.

M.E.3



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 7, 1966

The World's
leading designers
choose
Zürner
FABRICS
from Switzerland

SWISS LACARCA

crease and spot resistant
a cool crisp fabric, ideal for suits,
dresses, coats, skirts, slacks and all
sports wear. Schappe quality

SWISS BANGKOK

delightful to wear; especially suitable
for dresses.

Wide range of fashion shades



See Zürner fabrics at all leading stores, for
nearest stockist please ask sole distributors

John Grinston & Co. Pty Ltd
143-5 York Street, Sydney

Tear out and send NOW—for special free offer



**YES, YOU CAN
FLATTER
YOUR FIGURE!**

"Reduce your waist and hips to beautify your figure —
and to keep it beautiful — wear a **FIGURE CONTROL
CORSET, FASHIONED TO YOUR OWN MEASUREMENTS**," says Miss Ruby M. Yates, Specialist Corsetiere.

See for yourself . . .
try this simple straightforward offer:

7 Days' Free Trial

Wear the **FIGURE CONTROL
CORSET** for 7 days, at my risk, to
prove it gives beneficial control and
support — slimming your hips, tummy,
and waist. Its gentle massage-like action
beautifies your figure with every move
you make. It is flexible, too, so you
can work, rest, or play in comfort.

The **FIGURE CONTROL CORSET**
is NOT made of rubber. It is sold
only direct, and is not expensive.
Yes, wear a **FIGURE CONTROL
CORSET**, fashioned to your own
measurements, and you will
certainly look slimmer, younger, and
smarter.

Call, for a free trial fitting, or
post the coupon, (send no
money) for your free copy of
"**FIGURE BEAUTY IN FIGURE
CONTROL**", with a self-measure-
ment form. No obligation.

Miss Ruby M. Yates
Figure Control Corset Company
5th Floor, P.A. Building,
243 Elizabeth Street, Sydney. Phone: 26-5606

Name _____
Address _____
12411 _____ FC19.62

**THE IDEAL GIFT
A SUBSCRIPTION TO
The Australian
WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

	RATES	1 YEAR	3 YEAR
Aust.	\$5.45 (£1.14 6)	\$6.90 (£3.9 0)	
New Guinea	\$4.35 (£2.3 6)	\$6.70 (£4.7 0)	
N.Z. and Fiji	\$5.20 (£2.12 0)	\$10.40 (£5.4 0)	
Brit. Dom.	\$5.25 (£2.12 6)	\$10.50 (£5.5 0)	
Foreign	\$6.55 (£3.5 6)	\$13.10 (£8.11 0)	

BACKACHE

If your back aches like sin and
Rheumatism kills your work and
fun, take New Improved CYB-
TEX to wash away the acids
and pain. Feel young and fit
again. Get Scientific, Labora-
tory-tested and Certified CYB-
TEX from your chemist for fast
help. Only 4/6.

**BODY ODOUR
kills friendship**

Do people shun your company? Your
problem may be body odour—then
take **AMPLEX** Deodorant Tablets.
They work from within to stop all
body odours. Get **AMPLEX** today. 7

DRESS SENSE



By
**BETTY
KEEP**

3741.—Shift in sizes 10T, 12T, 14T, and 16T
for 30, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick pattern
3741. Price 50c includes postage. Pattern is
available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O.,
Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

● This quick-and-easy-to-
make shift dress is my design
choice for a teenage reader.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my
reply to her pattern request:

"Could you suggest a pattern for an
easy-to-make shift to fit a 30in. bust size?
I want a style suitable for a lightweight
printed wool and want the dress to
have wrist-length sleeves."

The shift I have chosen for you is illustrated above.
A self-ruffle trim outlines the yoke seam; the long,
full sleeves are finished with a banded cuff. If you
wish to order the pattern, there are details under the
illustration.

"What color would look best for
an outfit to go with a leopard hat and
matching handbag?"

My choice would be red. Green or brown would
be a smart alternative.

"My legs are somewhat short from my knee
to my ankle. Is there any
way I can improve this fault?"

You can't change the shape and length of your
legs. However, the new short skirtline will, to a
certain degree, create a look of length.

"I am writing for help about my wedding
clothes. I am rather small, 5ft. 3in., and a
brunette. I want a proper wedding gown, but not
too elaborate, and I want a style to make
me look taller. The wedding is in November."

A dress in white organdie would be pretty for a
summer wedding. Either an empire waistline or prin-
cess silhouette would make you look taller. It is very
new to have the bridesmaids' dresses similar in design
to your own, but street-length and in a color. Pale
green would be an attractive choice for summer.



Enjoy this Wholemeal Date Loaf
Sweetened with Sucaryl Liquid

SAVE 160 CALORIES

Weight-watching? Then enjoy the sweet things in life again
with Sucaryl low-calorie recipes:

PRE-HEAT oven to moderate (gas 350°, electric 375°). SOAK
3 ozs. chopped dates in 2 tablespoons boiling water, with
½ teaspoon soda. CREAM 3 ozs. butter and add 1 dessert-
spoon Sucaryl Liquid. BEAT in 1 egg and add date mixture.
SIFT 4 oz. (1 cup) Wholemeal Self Raising
Flour and fold carefully into mixture.
Place in a 9" x 3" x 3" buttered loaf pan
and bake for 35-40 minutes. Makes 18
slices, 75 calories each.

No-Calorie
Sucaryl
BRAND



No-calorie Liquid and Tablet Sweeteners. From chemists only.

A WORD FROM AUSTRALIA'S LEADING
PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY

Let us mail you this
package, it tells you how

**Your money
earns more**

at
6%
NET P.A.
(CURRENT RATE)
with the



'N.S.W. PERMANENT'
and promptly available.

Contains an interesting selection of secured investment
and savings plans plus balance sheet—shows you how over
50,000 Australians have invested safely and profitably the
'N.S.W. Permanent' way.



- ★ Higher-than-average interest for first-class security.
- ★ Money not tied up—promptly available when required.
- ★ Starts earning from first day.
- ★ Secured safety—assets exceed \$30,000,000.
- ★ No costs or charges of any kind.
- ★ Earnings paid twice yearly, mid-June and mid-December.

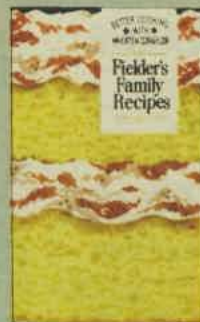
TO: N.S.W. PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY LTD.,
"Co-operation House," 125 Bathurst Street (between
Castlereagh and Pitt Streets), Sydney. Phone 61-9544.
Please mail me your new Investment Pack, without
obligation to me.

Name _____
Address _____

WW



Have you two brands of cornflour in the home? Any old brand for sauces, gravies—and Fielder's for the specials like sponge cakes? Well, you're not alone! That's why we've repackaged Fielder's famous cornflour—to let you into its secret. If it makes a better sponge cake—why wouldn't it make better sauces and gravies? It does! Fielder's cornflour is made from wheat—and naturally blends more smoothly with your cooking flour (also made from wheat). Fielder's is neutral in smell and taste and lets the flavour of your sauces and gravies (or sponge cakes) come through. It's a great mixer!



Just out—the new Fielder's Recipe Book. Packed with kitchen-tested recipes for main dishes, desserts, biscuits, cakes, pastries, and Chinese specialties. Free and post-free. For yours, write the Millford Company, P.O. Box 107, Waterloo, N.S.W.

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● I've thought of something I'd like to see invented as a companionpiece to the little black box which would do our shopping for us. If there are any electronics engineers about with some spare time on their hands, how about giving a thought to inventing an Instant Underwater Letter-writer?

ALL my best letters get written to a background of water sounds — when I'm doing the washing, the washing-up, watering the garden, or (best place of all for literary composition) under the shower.

Under the shower I write enormously long letters to friends and relatives, full of news and views and clues; I conduct lengthy correspondence with readers who have written asking for or offering information or sharing some experience that gave them pleasure; I write brusque letters to tradesmen who have promised but not performed; I derive answers to pompous correspondents to the letter columns of my morning newspaper.

Unfortunately (or perhaps fortunately in the last two cases!), the nature of water being what is, these letters never see the light of day.

The Instant Underwater Letter-Writer would be a great boon, because it would remove some of the burden of guilt that continually weighs down the bad correspondent.

Mental letter-writers—those of us who answer our correspondence immediately it comes, while we're engaged in some sort of household business that unfortunately makes it impossible for us to get the letter on paper—suffer from an odd psychological quirk.

This takes the form of a sort of half-conviction that we've actually answered letters, that having planned a letter and rephrased bits of it, and polished it up in our minds over the washing, the job is 99 percent done and there's nothing more to worry about.

So we don't worry. And three weeks or three months later we find the original letter which sparked off our mental letter-answering, and we're not absolutely certain whether we ever got the answer on to paper or not.

The young lady with a cough, a mough, and a blough nose . . . !

I REMEMBER reading somewhere the advice of some great man who said that all correspondence should be put aside for three months, because at the end of that time most letters would have answered themselves.

It's probably true of most letters (not true of bills, worse luck), but it certainly is a fine example of How To Lose Friends and Antagonise People.

Recently I had a letter from my brother which rudely begins, "I presume somebody would have let me know if you had died or left the country during the past five months."

Having (mentally) written him a newsy, ten-page answer to this while washing blankets which had sopped up a spilled cup of cocoa on Mike's bed, I have now put his letter in its rightful place—at the bottom of the pile of unanswered letters on my desk.

In disturbing the pile, I found things that are worth passing on. Lots of readers wrote suggesting titles that could be added to the booklist I compiled a few weeks ago.

The most popular of these seem to be Lynne Reid Banks' "The L-Shaped Room," E. R. Braithwaite's "To Sir, With Love," the three books that make up J. R. R. Tolkien's trilogy, "The Lord of the Rings," Ayn Rand's "We, the Living," T. S. Lawrence (of Arabia's) "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," Edna Ferber's "So Big," Mary Stewart's "Nine Coaches Waiting," and Alan Paton's short stories.

The first six of these I've read and can recommend. The last three I have added to my own library list.

Two letters about the difficulties of English spelling. One reader sends me this—

The wind was rough
And cold and blough,
She kept her hands
Within her mough.
It chilled her through,
Her nose grew blough,
And still the squall
The faster flough.

And yet although
There was no snough
The weather was a
Cruel fough.
It made her cough—
Pray, do not scough—
She coughed until
Her hat blough ough.

Another reader has written, in much more serious vein, to tell me of a new method of teaching spelling (both to children and to newcomers) by a pattern method.

This is being tried out in some classes in Victoria, and I hope to hear more about it later.

The problem of finding

Spanish whiting for whitewash

SEVERAL letters were about the White House method of making whitewash, a recipe which called for the use of Spanish whiting.

People have found Spanish whiting difficult or impossible to get, and want to know if it's noticeably different from English whiting. Sorry, I don't feel competent to advise on that. I think the advice of the man at your paint shop would be the best thing.


Another reader says that the two men of her family think this do-it-yourself whitewash wouldn't be any good on weatherboard. The book I took it from recommended it for all outside work, but again I think I'd get an experienced painter's opinion.

A Queensland reader says the correspondent who told me to take an axe to our non-bearing mango tree and slash the trunk was pulling my leg. "That's just what they would do to it here," she writes, "take an axe to it and cut it right down."

She tells me mangoes don't bear fruit if rain falls on them while they're flowering, but advises me to withhold the axe, be patient, and give it another chance.

Another reader tells me that she was advised to treat a lemon tree the same way and achieved spectacular results. So now what do I do? I dunno! Perhaps I'd better get another mango tree and double my chances.

**NEW!
NEW!
NEW!**



GAYE

Slim! Beautiful! Elegant! An exquisite floral garland carved with intricate beauty . . . in the gleaming radiance of silver

Complete 44-piece setting with silver handles \$48.00 (£24.0/0), with pearllex knives \$37.00 (£18.5/0), with xylonite knives \$36.00 (£18.0/0).

Grosvenor

TABLE SILVER

MANUFACTURED AND GUARANTEED BY WHITTON'S LIMITED, BOX NO. 1, P.O. STN. MELBOURNE
WRITE FOR FREE BROCHURE ILLUSTRATING PATTERNS



● 19th-century pottery

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries.

COULD you give me some information about some figures I bought recently? They have no marks, but seem to be a pair. There is also a single figure of a Turk, which is slightly smaller than the pair. — C. L. Sutters, Townsville, Qld.

The pair of figures representing the cobbler and his wife on square plinth bases are typical examples of English Staffordshire pottery. The originals were made by Wood and Caldwell during the first quarter of the 19th century. I have encountered many 20th-century imitations. These later copies are usually decorated in

somewhat opaque enamel colors, the yellow usually being translucent. Any sign of gilding betrays a copperish metallic appearance. I find it difficult (without personal inspection) to assess the age of your well-modelled examples.

If early 19th-century examples, they are rare collector's pieces. I must add that the early examples have recessed bases. I am wondering whether your examples have this characteristic?

The figure of the girl in Turkish costume is probably Staffordshire porcelain and dates about 1835 to 1840. The famous Rockingham works also made similar figures in porcelain.



● Staffordshire pottery



Food needs Butter's flavour You need Butter's goodness

Everyone knows that Butter tastes better than any other spread, but did you know that:— 1) Butter is concentrated energy... it gives you vitality; 2) Butter helps you slim... it satisfies hunger over a long time span; 3) Butter has less calories than margarine; 4) Butter is one of nature's best cosmetics; the Vitamin A in Butter helps your complexion; 5) Butter is good for your eyes; 6) The Vitamin A and D in Butter helps build healthy bones and teeth in children. Butter is better than substitutes in every important way! So don't be misled by old wives' tales and new food fads. Enjoy Butter. It's the only spread worth tasting. And it's good for you.

Inserted in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board



Butter
— a health food
only nature
can provide



Try these easy-to-make Chelsea Butter Buns

12 ozs. (3 cups) self-raising flour
½ teaspoon salt 1½ tablespoons butter
approx. 1 cup (8 ozs.) milk

Method: Prepare scone dough from above ingredients.

FILLING:
2 ozs. butter 2 ozs. brown sugar
2 ozs. sultanas 1 oz. currants, cinnamon
Method: Pre-heat oven — 425°. Roll dough into oblong shape ¼" in thickness. Spread with creamed butter and brown sugar, sprinkle with fruit and cinnamon. Brush dough edge with water and roll lengthwise. Cut roll into half inch slices and pack into a buttered 8" sandwich tin. Bake 15-20 minutes or until golden brown.

GLAZE:
1 tablespoon water 1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon gelatine
Method: Place ingredients into small bowl and heat over hot water until gelatine dissolves. Brush bun with glaze and serve buttered as a morning or afternoon tea idea.



● Japanese cabinet

COULD you tell me anything about my cupboard? It is 7ft. 6in. high and 4ft. 3in. wide. It is ornately carved and has panels with pearl and ivory figures recessed into them. On the back of each panel are oriental marks.— O. E. Davis, Charters Towers, Qld.

Your hand-carved cabinet is Japanese. The panels are lacquered and, I presume, embellished with carved ivory figures and floral motifs. It was made about 1885-1900.

I HAVE a water jug which has an iris flower design. The inscription on the bottom is "Grimwades 2, Stoke on Trent" and the numbers "5912."

I also have a mug which has a picture of men drinking at a table. Just near the handle is an inscription of 1/4L and on the bottom are the words "Made in Germany" with the number "2887." Can you tell me about these?—Miss K. Perry, Warwick, Qld.

The Grimwade Staffordshire potteries were established in 1886. I presume your example is also branded "England"—this indicates that it was made in 1891. Your drinking mug was made about 1910.



QUICK AND EASY WITH SUNWORTHY READY PASTED WALLPAPER

Just dip a strip, pull it up, apply and smooth! That's how simple it is with Sunworthy, even if you've never wallpapered before. All you need are scissors, sponge and water trough. Sunworthy Ready Pasted Wallpaper stays wet and workable for ten to fifteen minutes; it's plastic-coated to resist steam and staining, washable, and fully trimmed. Like to live with the fresh, new luxury look of wallpaper? Choose an inexpensive Sunworthy design from hundreds in the new Sunworthy books.

Test it for yourself! Send for a sample and free illustrated booklet showing the simple steps with Sunworthy Ready Pasted Wallpaper. Bathroom setting photographed by courtesy of Meisters Ltd. at the Sydney Building Information Centre.

DISTRIBUTED IN AUSTRALIA BY

WILSON
HARDWARE WALLPAPER

Arthur G. Wilson Pty. Ltd., Box 3513, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me a Sunworthy sample and your free guide to wallpapering. "You'll get the hang of it . . . fast."

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

WW2

● HOUSE OF THE WEEK

1

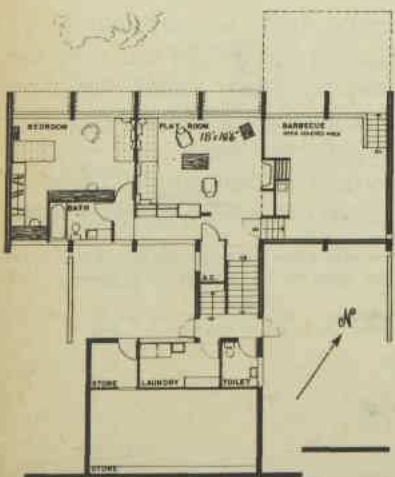
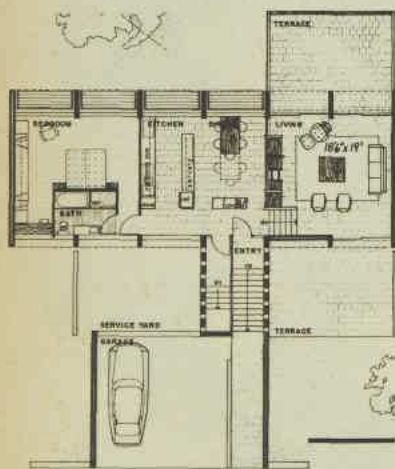


2

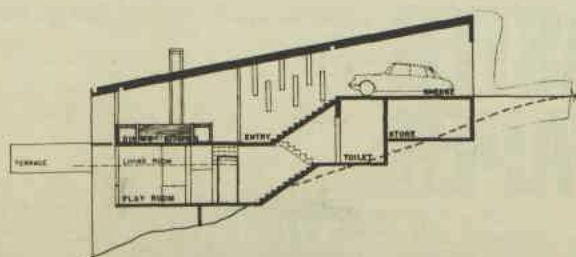


3

CLEAN LINES, MUTED COLORS



ARCHITECT Harry Seidler designed this stark, exciting home on a steep-sloping, water-fronting block of land at Port Hacking, N.S.W., for Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Muller a few years ago. Mr. Seidler also selected the furnishings, in co-operation with Mrs. Muller, and planned the natural garden. The house has been designed in two parts, with the upper level for the Mullers' own use and the lower for when either their children and grandchildren or guests come to stay. The walls of the house are of white concrete blocks, which form evenly spaced bays; the roof is of steel beams and timber covered with aluminium roofing. On the upper level of the northerly aspect of the house, an extended ceiling shelters windows from the sun, and wooden slats beneath the windows deflect it from the glass. In the interior of the house only three building materials are used: white concrete blocks; ash timber for ceilings, some walls below windowsill level, sun-protection slats, and all furniture units; dark grey quarry tiles on all main living-area floors. In the choice of furnishings any over-use of color was purposely avoided, because the building materials themselves provide a good deal of contrast. Curtains throughout the house are of pale yellow silk; chairs everywhere except the living-room are the same, which not only aids the feeling of continuity but is exceedingly practical when, for example, extra chairs are needed in the dining-room. The architect's intention was to build in harmony with the surroundings, and for this reason there is no formal garden and existing trees were left to flourish.



5



Pictures by Keith Barlow



4

1 Compact kitchen has extensive use of ash timber. Wider-than-average work benches are of white plastic laminate, which also lines cupboards, drawers. Slide-out racks house vegetables, tins, and stores.

2 View from the living-room out over the cantilevered terrace to the magnificent inlet beyond.

3 Dining area. Custom-built table, which is topped with plastic laminate, extends to seat ten.

4 Living-room. Steps at the left of picture lead up to the dining area, beyond which is the kitchen.

5 Exterior of house, showing terrace behind living-room. Note tall, narrow, unglazed windows.



Donna

OUT NOW! FREE!



Send today for the wonderful new **Kempthorne Book of Lighting**.
Thirty-two superb colour pages—over 300 ideas to create lighting magic.



As you turn the pages you will discover pendants and close-to-ceiling lights, wall-brackets and porch lights, lights recessed into the ceiling and a new way to dim or brighten your lights: Kempthorne Moodliter.

You read of Kempthorne's offer to design a lighting plan especially for your home.

Fill in this coupon and post it today.

Please send me a free copy of the
"Kempthorne Book of Lighting".

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

KEMPTHORNE

POST TO: Kempthorne Pty. Ltd., Post Office
Box 133, CLAYTON, VIC.

Main dish wins \$10

A recipe from Singapore for meat balls, served in a traditional Indian curry sauce, wins the main prize of \$10.

CONSOLATION prize of \$2 is awarded for an economical plum pudding with a rich flavor.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

INDIAN CURRIED MEAT BALLS

SAUCE

4 tablespoons desiccated coconut
1 pint boiling water
1/2 oz. butter or substitute
6 medium onions
1 tablespoon turmeric
1 tablespoon ground coriander
1 tablespoon curry powder
1 tablespoon ground cumin
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon chilli powder
1 teaspoon ground ginger
2 bayleaves
4 large tomatoes
1 pint stock or water

MEAT BALLS

1 lb. minced steak
1 egg
1/2 oz. shredded suet
1 chopped small onion
salt
pepper
seasoned flour
oil for frying

Pour boiling water over coconut. Cover, stand 30 minutes to make coconut milk. Strain off coconut before use. Peel and slice onions. Melt butter and saute onions until softened and colored slightly. Add measured spices to onions, stir well, fry gently 10 minutes. Skin and chop tomatoes. Add to mixture, increase heat, cook until liquid from tomatoes is evaporated. Stir in stock or water and coconut milk. Bring sauce to boil, cover, and simmer 30 minutes.

Meat Balls: Beat egg, work into the minced steak with suet, chopped onion, and seasoning. Form mixture into small balls, roll in seasoned flour. Heat the oil, fry meat balls until well browned; drain well. Add to curry sauce and simmer gently further 20 minutes. If sauce becomes too thick during last 20 minutes' cooking, add little extra stock.

Serve curry with meat balls on plain boiled rice, with side dishes of chutney, sultanas, sliced banana and apple, and extra coconut.

First prize of \$10 to D. K. and J. Robertson, 11 First Avenue, Singapore 10.

ECONOMICAL PLUM PUDDING

1 cup flour
1/2 lb. finely shredded suet
1 cup breadcrumbs
1/2 lb. raisins
1/2 lb. currants
1/2 lb. sultanas
1 tablespoon treacle
1 cup sugar
1 cup cold tea
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda

Mix bicarbonate of soda with tea, stir until dissolved. Mix all other ingredients together and stir in the tea. Dip pudding cloth in boiling water, sprinkle with flour, place mixture in centre. Tie securely, allowing room to swell. Boil 5 to 6 hours.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. J. Blatchford, 114 Lakeview Street, Speers Point 2N, N.S.W.

Household hints

• Useful household hints sent in by readers win a prize of \$2 each.

AFTER washing one of the little cloth books which are so popular with toddlers, spray the pages with instant spray starch, then iron, and the book will be as good as new.—Mrs. K. Minett, 102 Wharf St., Tuncurry, N.S.W.

For accuracy in cutting out net or other transparent material for curtains, cover the table with a travelling rug or checked blanket. Pin material on to a

long line in rug pattern and use the crossways lines as a cutting guide. The rug will also prevent flimsy material from slipping.—Mrs. C. Y. Gibsons, 395 Gympie Rd., Brisbane, N11.

A plastic stringbag hung on one of the bath taps is a good container for children's bath toys. The toys will drain dry in

the bag and can be moved easily when the bath is to be cleaned.—Mrs. Pat Tredinnick, 2 Valentine St., Bulleen, Vic.

An easy way to scrape carrots or potatoes is to use a metal sponge of the type sold as pot scourers.—Mrs. C. McHenry, 12 Edmonstone St., South Brisbane.

Have a supply of plum puddings on hand for unexpected visitors: Double your usual recipe then cook in cans with close-fitting lids, such as milk or syrup cans. These puddings will keep for months in the cans. Cut off bottom of can with can opener when required.—Mrs. R. Bowes, 28 Ann St., Malanda, Nth. Qld.

Save splashes when painting by gluing a cardboard picnic plate to the bottom of paint tin. It makes a handy rest for the brush, too.—Kathryn Schepisi, 32 Capon St., Chadstone, Vic.

The one
safe, sure way
to kill this
filthy fly,

spray
Mortein



Just one fly. Yet he could be loaded with five million disease germs to menace your family's health. Polio, hepatitis, typhoid, gastro-enteritis and more. These are the deadly killers he could be carrying into your home. There is only one safe, sure way to kill flies... spray Mortein. Flies and insects can never become immune to Mortein. Mortein kills all insects, even those resistant to DDT, dieldrin, lindane and other hazardous ingredients used in inferior insect sprays. Insects can never develop a

resistance to Mortein — powerful Mortein kills them all. Mortein is deadliest to flies, yet safest to use. Mortein Pressure Pak and Mortein Plus both contain costly African Pyrethrum, synergised with Piperonyl Butoxide. These are the most powerful insect killing ingredients known to science and the safest of all to use. Mortein is different from other insect sprays and can safely be sprayed near little children, food and pets. Spray Safe... Spray Only Mortein.



When you're on a good thing... stick to it!

Now! winters



Colour your shoes spring with Meltonian COLOUR CHANGE!

For only 75 cents you can colour change any shoes to compliment or match the latest Spring fashions.

Our model is wearing a new Spring dress from Tullo. It cost around \$19.00. Now she's being really with it and having shoes to match—for only 75 cents.

Why don't you do the same? Colour Change old shoes, new ones... fabric, mesh or leather. Paint on an even, waterproof gloss that lasts until you feel like another change.

Go gay for Spring. Wear shoes to compliment or match all your Spring clothes and let Meltonian Colour Change foot the bill—only 75 cents a bottle.

Now ... 24 fashion shades in clever COLOUR CHANGE



NP103



THE GIRLS at the "woman's cave," Ayers Rock. The cave is of great tribal significance to the aboriginal women.

The girls with Seven League Boots

● When tourists step from the air-conditioned coach at Ayers Rock and sit down to a good meal, they probably don't realise that the girls who cooked and served it are working their way round the world.

THEY'RE the girls with Seven League Boots. All three have nearly completed their ambition to get right round the world, working at whatever turns up to earn what it takes.

Just now they're all together in a chalet at Ayers Rock. Trixi is the cook and Rita and Colleen take turns as waitress and kitchen assistant on alternate days.

In their time off they take in the sights at the Rock to add a bit more to their ever-increasing storehouse of travel experiences.

Two of the girls, Trixi Slade and Rita Ball, are English, and Colleen Ward is from Auckland, N.Z.

They are all mates who have met at different times in their travels, and coincidence has now brought them together in the deserts of Central Australia, 283 miles from Alice Springs and 1072 miles from Adelaide.

Trixi Slade, now 30, has spent the last six years roaming around the world—mostly cooking for a living.

Leaving England in 1960, she went to Canada, where she worked at various jobs, the first being on a chicken farm.

A member of the Youth Hostel Association, she hitch-hiked across most of Canada and the U.S.

By MAL LEYLAND

Next she went to New Zealand, and continued her wanderings, working on tobacco plantations and cooking to pay her way.

Then to New Caledonia. But this time she didn't need to work. She had saved enough for a holiday.

About 16 months ago her Seven League Boots stepped on to Australian soil, and since then she has packed plenty of rucksacks and hitch-hiked across more of this country than most Australians have seen.

She was a chef in Sydney, a cook on a sheep station at Cunnamulla (Queensland), and soon was off to another property, where she stayed four months, cooking five meals a day.

Then to Tasmania. Bushwalking clubs made her welcome and she enjoyed trips, sometimes of four or five days, with them.

Once, on the west coast of Tasmania, she hitched a lift on a crayfish boat, but bad weather blew up and the boat took shelter in a bay.

Eight days the weather held the small boat in the bay.

"I abandoned ship then and walked," Trixi said. "I hitched rides all the way until I reached Hobart again."

Back on the mainland, she walked around Melbourne and most of Victoria and then to Adelaide, where she met Rita again.

"We don't really recommend you try this to see how light n' dreamy Tea-time wafers are . . ."

"Just take a packet home, and all the family will tell you".

Peek Frean's

Tea-time

WAFERS

8 OZ. NET



HISTORIC TREE engraved by Gosse, the first white man to see Ayers Rock, which he named. From left, Colleen, Trixi, and Rita.



SERVING GUESTS with a meal at Ayers Rock is Colleen Ward, 25. The guests are South Australians Mr. and Mrs. Pearce. Colleen comes from New Zealand.



WORK OVER for the day, the girls take the opportunity to visit the great monolith, Ayers Rock. They're seen walking away from the chalet.

"Rita had Colleen with her and it seems they both had thoughts of Alice Springs next," she said.

So, after some time spent around Port Augusta and other parts of South Australia, the three caught the Ghan train for the Alice.

Rita Ball is also 30. She has spent most of her life in the selling business or doing bookkeeping work.

Her holidays used to consist of three-week courses in things like sailing, gliding, skiing, and hiking. Finally she set off for New Zealand with high hopes of travel.

She was soon in a bushwalking club and off on many trips into the rugged mountains.

Rita knew everyone in the YHA in Auckland, and one day in walked Colleen Ward after 19 months working and travelling through Europe.

Colleen was 21 when she went to England from New Zealand.

She got an office job during the winter so that she could spend all the summer months travelling through Europe without having to work.

In Europe she saw 23 different countries and of course came in contact with the enormous YHA of the Continent. She was soon a member.

"I landed in Auckland and went straight to the Youth Hostel," Colleen said. "There I met Rita."

The pair decided to go to Australia.

Rita went first. She worked her way north as far as Cairns and then back to Sydney while she waited for Colleen.

Then they spent six weeks hiking together in N.S.W. and Victoria. In Melbourne, they heard of Trixi Slade again in the "grapevine" of the YHA.

"We traced her to Adelaide," Rita said, "and then joined forces."

So finally all three wanderers arrived at Alice Springs, not knowing where they would work next.

"The employment centre was first stop," Colleen said. "Then we waited."

"One morning Trixi barged in and announced that she had landed a job for all three of us at Ayers Rock."

So off they went.

They have to cater for an average of between 40 and 50 guests a sitting, and once for 96 at one meal. They say that they really enjoy it.

When the Ayers Rock job runs out, Rita and Colleen plan to head north to Darwin. Then across to the east coast again, and who knows what then?

Trixi has signed on for four months, then it will be on with the Seven League Boots once more for the next stop—Asia.

"Indonesia and Malaysia seem interesting enough," she said.



For the room that calls for soft candlelight reflecting the rich warmth of hand-polished wood (oak, walnut, maple, teak and more) FORMICA® decorative surfacing brings a beauty that never fades, forever locked beneath the diamond-hard melamine surface that glass rings, stains and spills can't harm. Gracious, easy living begins with FORMICA® surfacing.



Kira Buffet and Table setting by Chiswell

FORMICA QUALITY MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

Heat-resistant FORMICA decorative surfacing for all horizontal and vertical applications through your home. Send this coupon for your free Homemaker's Guide of trend-setting colours, patterns and Woodgrains.

Always insist on FORMICA surfacing

FORMICA DECORATIVE SURFACING IS MADE IN AUSTRALIA



® FORMICA is a registered trade mark.



decorative surfacing

Formica Plastics Pty. Limited,
54 Duffy Avenue, Thornleigh, N.S.W.
Please send without obligation a free copy of your
Homemaker's Colour Chart

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Fashion point: Meet the Arnel skivvy-that-grew.
Designer: Shetland.
Fabric: Boucle-knit Arnel/linen by Effect Yarns.
Performance: Simple. Arnel stays this shape, this shade.
Colours: Blue, off-white, pink.
Sizes: xssw to w.
Price: About \$18.

ARNEL* the contemporary fashion fibre



* Amcel—lessors of the trade name Arnel.

Sweet mystery of love

By PAUL RAFFERTY



Stanley stood discreetly aside while Arthur lovingly said goodbye to his fiancée, Ursula.

MATRIMONY floated shimmeringly ahead for Arthur and Ursula until a heartless corporation, Framisan Electronics, interfered. What actually happened was that Arthur's department head selected him for a six-month advance course in his specialty—computer maintenance.

This would take Arthur a couple of thousand miles from his beloved.

When he hesitantly mentioned the scheduled marriage, Mr. Mimsley slapped him on the back approvingly. "Splendid, my boy! Framisan believes in marriage and the home! But surely a brief postponement is no hardship. This training you'll be getting means promotion, more money! Tell that to your young lady."

Ursula grew tearful when Arthur broke the news. "It will only be for six months, sweetheart," he pleaded, "and it will mean so much to our future together." Finally Ursula agreed that a postponement wouldn't be too cruel.

Arthur had a friend, and he asked this friend for a favor. "Stanley, old buddy," he said, "as you know, I'll be leaving for Los Angeles soon, and I'll be gone six months. It will be very hard on Ursula and I can't bear to think of her completely alone."

Arthur wanted Stanley to see Ursula often, perhaps once a week.

Stanley, a true buddy, agreed at once. He and Arthur gripped hands and the pact of devoted friendship was sealed.

Stanley and Ursula accompanied Arthur to the airport when he was due to leave.

Arthur wrote Ursula regularly from the Coast, and Ursula answered regularly. After each paragraph in their letters they would make a line of Xs. Arthur said he missed Ursula dreadfully, but the electronics course was interesting. Ursula said she missed Arthur dreadfully, but Stanley kept the feeling from becoming unbearable.

Stanley and Ursula went out several times, and when Stanley took her to an expensive restaurant Ursula admired his man-of-the-world assurance in dealing with the waiter. She could not help but notice what beautiful eyes he had. She told him so.

Well, truth is truth, and not something you can sweep under the rug, and human chemistry doesn't take orders from anybody. At the end of two months, Ursula's feelings about both Arthur and Stanley had changed.

Arthur was wonderful, but then so was Stanley. She continued to write

Arthur regularly, but each letter seemed a little harder than the one before. Once she suddenly remembered, too late, that she'd written a letter without any Xs. And then she knew. She was falling in love with Stanley.

It was late spring, and Stanley took her to the beach. So far he hadn't given any indication of his private feelings, but Ursula knew that was only out of loyalty to Arthur. Now and then she had detected an expression in his eyes that was anything but impersonal.

At this point fate took a hand. Stanley was driving home when another driver cut in on him. He wound up against a tree, and an ambulance arrived promptly. Ursula read about it in the morning's paper and flew to his hospital.

She looked for a moment at the bandaged figure on the bed and then bent over and wrapped him in her arms. "Oh, Stanley!" she choked, moist-eyed.

"Ursula darling!" Stanley mumbled.

So now all pretence was stripped away—and what were they going to do about Arthur? Before Stanley left the hospital, they agreed there was only one course open—to be honest with Arthur and as gentle as possible. They would meet him on his return home and tell him the truth. It would be terribly difficult, but it would be honorable.

They stood hand in hand on the observation deck as Arthur's plane touched down. Then they went down to the waiting-room, holding hands. The passengers began appearing through a kind of tunnel, and, suddenly, there was Arthur.

Ursula knew she ought to rush forward and greet him as a fiancée, but instead she waited. Arthur embraced her awkwardly, looking at her with a baffled expression. Stanley moved in with false heartiness and began navigating them toward the nearest exit. "We can walk to the car, Stone's throw."

That was almost all anybody said until they were clear of the airport and headed for town. Then matters suddenly came to a head. On a common impulse, Ursula and Arthur turned and faced each other. They each took a deep breath, and said: "There's something I've got to tell you!" Simultaneously.

"Stanley and I—" Ursula faltered.

"I met this girl—" Arthur began.

So Stanley married Ursula, and Arthur married a Pomona Slade (named after her hometown), and at last reports both marriages were working out very well indeed. But love is like that. Crazy!

(Copyright)

It's a hand and body lotion—
that's why it makes you feel
a little lovelier all over!
Desert Flower
fragrantly moisturises

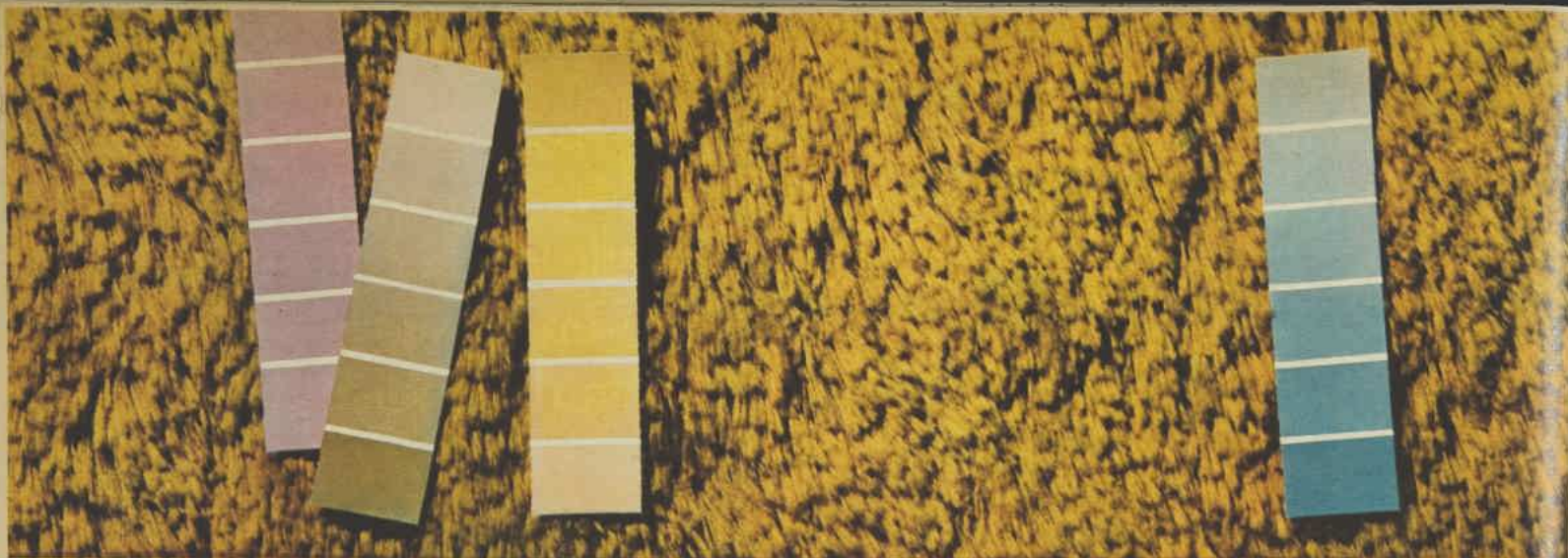


Hand and Body Lotion, 8oz. with dispenser, \$2.55; 3½oz. bottle, \$1.15.

SKIN LUXURIES BY SHULTON

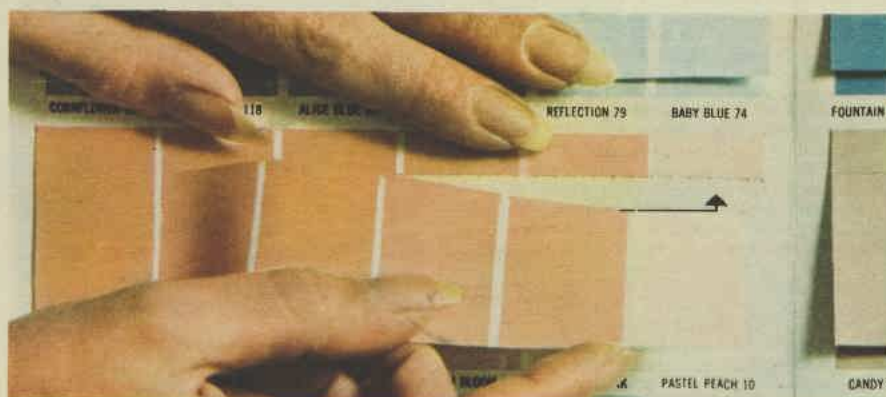
S 4183 HL

Page 75



Will the paint colour
flatter your carpet?

Or not?



You can tell by tearing strips off
the new Dulux Colour Card.

No more guessing how paint colours will look against carpets, curtains, bedspreads, shower screens, kitchen and bathroom tiles, and so on.

Now all you have to do is tear whole strips of colour off the new Dulux colour card. Try them against the other colours you want the paint to go with, until you're confident you have the most beautiful colour scheme of all.

Isn't it a great idea? Why on earth didn't we think of it sooner? And you can have any of the 120



The tear-off strips give you 120 colours for these 3 paints. Your Dulux dealer has another 180.

colours in three different Dulux paints. Flat plastic (Spring). Semi-gloss (Super-Satin). Full-gloss (Super-Enamel).

Also, the giant new Dulux colour card has lots of ideas to help you decorate. So all you have to do is call on a Dulux store, help yourself to that new Dulux interior colour card, and tear strips off it.

**There was something
about this proud
and intractable old
lady which evoked
reluctant admiration**

IT was one of Fate's most ironic little twists that I should ever have been made responsible for Mrs. Campbell's well-being. She'd loomed large in my youth and my feelings toward her had veered from mild dislike to positive hatred.

She lived in our street, which was composed of solid, semi-detached, red-brick Victorian houses, separated from the pavement by narrow strips of garden much given over to sooty laurels and monkey puzzle trees. They had side entrances for what in those days were called "tradesmen."

When I was young we lived at number eight and Mrs. Campbell lived a little farther along, opposite, at number seventeen. My mother, at the age of thirty, was left a widow with four children, of whom I, eight years old, was the eldest.

Mother eked out her pitiable income by taking in what are now called "paying guests." This euphemistic term was then unknown; it evolved when the practice became fashionable. Mother detested the word "lodger" and always insisted that she let rooms.

In those days, in that street, this was regarded as a somewhat dubious occupation—and that is where Mrs. Campbell came in. During our comparative affluence, before my father died, she had been a friend of the family and she did not, as so many did, gently and gradually disassociate herself from us. She remained loyal; but at what a price!

At that time districts in London retained their individuality and were almost like villages; people shopped in the local high street, attended the local church, knew their neighbors by sight and by reputation as well.

Our neighborhood was riddled with rabid class-consciousness. To be poor was to be suspect—and we were very poor, so therefore our behaviour must be absolutely beyond reproach. Taking in lodgers had perched us on the edge of a very slippery social slope and any one of us by a thoughtless act, even an ill-accented word, could topple the whole family headlong into perdition.

Mother was pathetically anxious that this should not happen, and she had a staunch ally in Mrs. Campbell. Mrs. Campbell, not trusting either of the two maids she employed at that time, did much of her shopping herself, so she was often in the High Street. She had friends in many of the surrounding streets, and when she was in her own home spent much time at her drawing-room window. People laugh nowadays about Big Brother watching. Mrs. Campbell did our watching.

Once the elastic which kept my school hat—a wide straw of the boater type—attached to my head broke. It was a windy day, so I carried the thing in my hand and walked home bareheaded. Mrs. Campbell saw me and duly reported to Mother, who gave me a lecture about unladylike behaviour in the street, a lecture so incoherent and involved that for some time I was at a loss to know exactly what I had done to offend.

I could list a hundred such small incidents, from my brother Jack, infamous fellow, kicking a ball along the pavement to the detriment of

To page 78



THE LADY AT NUMBER SEVENTEEN

BY NORAH LOFTS

the passers-by and of his shoes, to my sister Kitty being seen walking arm in arm with the confectioner's daughter. "A nice little girl I have no doubt, but . . ."

All this was bad enough, but there was something almost worse—the periodic invitations for us to take tea in her house, singly or in pairs. Mrs. Campbell never risked asking the four of us together.

Actually, to a child, Number Seventeen offered plenty of interest. Just inside the door, for instance, in place of the usual stand for sticks and umbrellas, there was an elephant's foot and about eighteen inches of leg, hollowed out, dried, hard as iron. It had been brought home by Mrs. Campbell's grandfather. "An East India merchant, my dear; I expect you have learned about the East India Company."

THE LADY AT NUMBER SEVENTEEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

There was a musical box which played six tinkling tunes in succession; only Mrs. Campbell ever wound it; there were Landseer pictures, then exactly to our taste; there were samplers worked by Mrs. Campbell in her youth, and windbells that would jangle out musically in a draught.

There were dozens of things that would have been entrancing if one could have been left with them, free of Mrs. Campbell's oversight and homilies. She was one who could find sermons in stones and bad in almost everything.

Her teas varied, sometimes good, sometimes disappointing. Once, I was singularly unlucky. There was

a ginger cake and Mrs. Campbell cut me a generous slice; as soon as I tasted it I thought there was something odd about it, and cautious investigation revealed that its underside was a mass of blue mould.

Believe it or not, I ate it all, pretending to myself I was suffering from some fatal disease and that this was the only cure available. I knew that to leave even the mouldy portion on my plate would be to hold myself open, after Mrs. Campbell's next meeting with Mother, to the charge of being mannerless and extravagant. At that period, to avoid such a charge, I would have consumed anything

not known to be certainly lethal.

None of this, of course, was ground enough for true hatred; nor did we hate her; we called her Catty Campbell, avoided her when possible, disliked her. When I was sixteen two things happened that took me years to forgive. One concerned a girl and one a boy.

Mrs. Campbell employed, as I have said, two maids. One was a faithful old steady who had been with her for years, the other was always a girl straight from school who was trained and bullied until she reached the age when insurance must be paid; then, beautifully trained, she was replaced.

Ladies in our district were always very glad to employ "one of Mrs. Campbell's girls," who knew how to comport themselves.

One day, bidden to tea at Number

Seventeen, I found that the latest young girl was one I had known at the school I had attended before I gained the scholarship that had qualified me for the straw boater.

She was younger than I—they left the elementary schools at fourteen, then—but I'd liked her; she painted well and had done a pretty painting of a wild rose for my autograph book. So when she entered, staggering slightly under the weight of the silver tray, I said: "Oh, hello, Alice."

This seemingly harmless, even natural, behaviour upon my part had quite disproportionate repercussions. Mrs. Campbell was not unwily; next time she and Mother got together my exact offence was not named but my general attitude was assailed.

APPARENTLY

Mother had also for some time been worried about my general attitude, which was faulty and included too much novel-reading, and cobbling, instead of properly darning, the holes in the brown stockings that were part of my school uniform.

Then, in less than a fortnight, something worse happened.

I was coming home from my music lesson and it was pouring with rain. About halfway along Alexandra Road I was overtaken by Claude Ames, a boy whom I knew but slightly—he was the cousin of a girlfriend of mine. He was a bit of an old woman, we all thought, and this opinion was confirmed in me at that moment by the fact that he was carrying an open umbrella.

But he was a very civil boy and had hurried after me, he said, in order to offer me the shelter of the umbrella; his breathlessness confirmed the statement.

The last thing I wanted was to be seen sharing an umbrella with Claude, but what could I do? I said not to bother, it was out of his way; I was all right; I didn't mind a little rain . . . But he was adamant and insistent.

I stalked along, fuming, hoping we would see nobody I knew, and he babbled about having just been made a prefect at his school, and about his stamp collection. I was taller than he was and the edge of the umbrella kept hitting my hat and drips ran down my neck.

I purposely didn't turn into our street at the end that would take us past Number Seventeen, for I knew what Catty Campbell would make of this, should she be watching. I said I had to call at the paper shop, went in, while Claude waited, bought a penny rubber which I didn't need, then went on to the other end of our street.

Mrs. Campbell had been taking tea at a house that end, and on her way home dropped in at ours and told mother that now Ennie had taken up with boys!

That, and the result of it, I never could quite forgive because of the way it affected my relationship with my mother. At sixteen I was beginning to see how marvellous

To page 81

OUR TRANSFER



RIBBON motifs in a variety of designs are from Embroidery Transfer No. 187. Order from Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 15c, plus 4c post.

NEW CLINICALLY BALANCED NESTLÉ'S FEEDING PROGRAMME



why a good baby food should do more than just feed.

1. Why it is important that Strained Baby Foods should be "taste matched" to Junior Baby Food.
2. The new Nestlé's balanced feeding programme and how it will help your baby.

When baby is born, his five senses—sight, smell, hearing, touch and taste, are quite undeveloped. Gradually he learns to use his separate senses and with them he carefully explores the world. Learning, with your help and guidance, to recognise what's nice, what's nasty, what's good or bad for him.

He tends to be suspicious of new things, especially new tastes. That's why your choice of baby food is so important. Nestlé's Strained and Junior foods are carefully "taste matched." They lead baby gently from Strained to Junior baby food when a change in taste might easily upset him.

At the age of six months it can be a big jump for baby from Strained to

Junior foods . . . strange new lumps and strange new flavours. But Nestlé's help you make the change as easy as possible by taking a great deal of extra care to "match" the flavours of Junior foods to all the Strained ones that baby has already learned to welcome.

Later, you'll find other, even more grown-up Junior foods that have no Strained equivalent. Add these to baby's menu gradually, to maintain his interest and broaden his "taste education."

A menu for growing—the clinically balanced feeding programme.

You know that baby's diet is important, and that his requirements change continually during the first year. His diet must be balanced for vitamins, protein and minerals; it must also be balanced for liquids and solids. A good diet will also help develop baby's digestive system and teach him to enjoy new tastes and textures.

To help you through baby's vital first year Nestlé's offer you a book

on baby care including a complete guide to educational feeding—month by month. These "menus" are clinically balanced to provide a safe, sure, easy programme for meeting baby's continually changing diet needs (a sample is reproduced at right).

Lactogen plus baby food

The clinically balanced feeding programme, compiled by Nestlé's food experts is based on Nestlé's Lactogen (the complete milk formula) and Nestlé's Strained and Junior Baby Foods. Because they are designed to work together, a balanced diet becomes quite simple.

Complete Manual, free.

The book is free to all mothers. It deals with every aspect of baby care from pre-natal, to the end of baby's first year in a truly practical and comprehensive manner. Please write or call the Nestlé's Infant Feeding Free Advisory Service, located in all State Capitals or write (Box 423, P.O., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.).

Suggested programme 9-12 months

NOTE: Your doctor, clinic sister or hospital may recommend special varieties for individual infants and that vitamin C intake and iron be further supplemented.

On Waking: Breast or Lactogen feed.*	
Breakfast:	Nestlé's Junior Food may be gradually introduced, e.g., Junior "Egg and Bacon Breakfast." A rusk or small piece of toast may be given additionally later on. Follow with breast feed or drink of Lactogen. (Encourage Baby to start drinking from a cup if weaning.)
Dinner:	Nestlé's Junior Food, e.g., "Chicken Dinner" or "Liver, Bacon and Vegetable Dinner" followed by a dessert. Breast or Lactogen feed.*
4 p.m.:	Drink of orange juice and rusk
Tea:	Junior "Egg Custard with Rice" or "Chocolate Custard," "Mixed Fruit Dessert," or a fruit variety mixed with cereal and milk. Drink of fruit juice. Breast or Lactogen feed.*
Before Bed:	Breast or Lactogen feed.
N.B.: At least 1 pint of Lactogen or milk should be given daily.	
* Details of Lactogen Feed on each Lactogen label.	

Nestlé's

BABY FOODS



PACKED
IN THE SAFETY OF
GLASS

Nestlé's are specialists in infant feeding

NIS/2086/66



THE ORIENTAL MOOD—The basics plus period. The durability of a well-built Thaisheen-covered lounge easily acquires an Oriental character—ricepaper lanterns and a bronze gold background, subtly enhanced by the Limelight Personality Venetian by Luxaflex.

This is the delightful LIMELIGHT Personality Venetian featured above. Its soothingly cool charm is a perfect foil for young moderns who can also choose tellingly from the other superb shades adjoining.

Three Young Moods of the Personality Venetians

by
Luxaflex®



A PRODUCT OF HUNTER DOUGLAS



THE "IN" MOOD—The artful knack of combining wedding presents with a flair for colour and sophisticated Bohemian living. Enhanced and given privacy by the slim White Personality Venetian.



THE NATIVE MOOD—For those with such tastes, a tour of New Zealand or distant Fiji provides the pieces to create this exotic atmosphere—positively inspired by the new Russet Linen Personality Venetian.



Jim Swartzman
A.I.A., N.S.D.
design
consultant to
Hunter
Douglas.

Three moods—three of a thousand excitingly youthful settings enhanced by the all-new Personality Venetians by Luxaflex. Thirteen elegant, chic colours, live but versatile, that encourage and applaud the fabrics and furnishings of today with new room-warming charm. New slender slats, new slim tapes and exclusive Sealonised finish for ease of cleaning. Ask to see the new beauty of Personality Venetians by Luxaflex—so ageless it's forever young!

Enjoy the Luxaflex radio programme, "The Personal Touch," broadcast every week on 63 stations throughout Australia, and watch "The Personal Touch" on TV, too—monthly, in all capital cities.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 7, 1966

Page 79

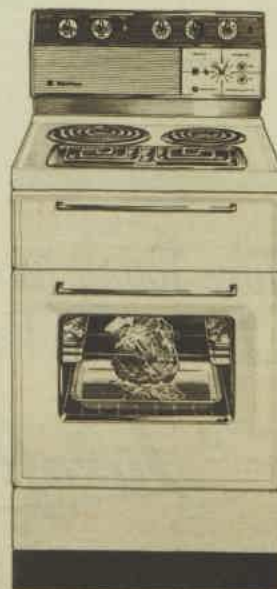
**Big cake tins and ovens
never seemed to fit. Dash!
So we give you
the widest (19") oven
in a normal size electric range**



**new Westinghouse —
It's the considerate cooker...**

... an electric range so considerate of your cooking problems that you'll think it was made personally for you. Having an oven wide enough to take two big 9" cake tins, side by side, is only one of its considerate features. Another one is that you can rotisserie-roast any meat (lamb, beef, veal, pork or poultry)—big joints of 10 lbs. or more—without getting a spot of grease on the oven walls. Your meat tastes better than any you've eaten before and there's never any need to clean out a "gooey" oven so long as you rotisserie-roast. What other considerate features? See alongside. All available in either elevated or upright (illustrated PAG 224) models.

Westinghouse
the Considerate Cooker



**"White Hankie" test
proves oven is
"spatter-free"**

After you've rotisserie-roasted a big family-sized meal of any meat, take your finest hankie and wipe over the oven walls. If it's a Westinghouse, your hankie will still be clean.



**"Lift off" oven door, easy
to get on and off**

You don't have to struggle with the Westinghouse oven door—it just slips back into place. This results from superior design, the door mechanism being in the door itself.



**Fittings that wipe clean
in a wink**

Dished hob prevents spilled food running down the sides, etc., of the range: all round corners (inside and outside) for easiest cleaning; spill trays that you clean with the "washing up"; self-cleaning hotplates; plus the miracle "spatter-free" rotisserie oven—in three models.



**Grills meat the way you
like it**

Grill elevator has three positions—"Rare," "Medium," "Well Done." Anti-flash tray reverses to give an extra three "in between" positions—e.g., "Medium/Rare." Big plate-warming area under grill.



**Real beauty that's
functional, too**

The beautiful new Westinghouse updates your kitchen by years and years. Yet the real beauty of it is that it's so functional—all controls easy to read and placed at finger-tip convenience.

A fine product from



she always was, how hard working, how resourceful, self-denying, and indomitable, how altogether admirable... but by the time she had finished denouncing me for "running round with boys" I was quite sickened.

She actually said that she herself had been 27 before she thought about men at all, my arithmetic was weak, but I could count well enough to see the absurdity of that. She said: "You can think about boys when you've passed your examinations and are earning your living."

There was, in truth, a boy — not Claude Ames — about whom I thought a very great deal; and I hated, with a quite unreasoning hatred, the idea that Mother or even Gatty Campbell should think that the dreams, the hopes, the romance, and poetry that occupied my adolescent mind could be connected with a walk under a wet umbrella with Claude Ames.

A lot of time passed; 40 measurable years. Our family scattered; both my sisters married in a fashion that Mother and Mrs. Campbell would have called "well," my brother qualified as a solicitor and eventually acquired a very good practice in a pleasant little market town. Mother went to live with him and had — I hope and trust — eight happy years of secure respectability before she died.

EVENTUALLY, after an entrancing but largely profitless existence, wandering on the face of the earth, I found myself back in London. I had a job and set myself to find a place to live within walking distance of it, if possible. I found it in the very Alexandra Road where Claude with his umbrella had overtaken me.

It was summer when I moved in. On several evenings I took walks about the district, indulging in that reasonless nostalgia which is one of the curses of middle age. To a superficial glance the area had changed little. There were a few more chainstores in the High Street, but the streets on either side were much as they had been; some of the laurels and monkey trees had survived.

Few, if any, of the houses were now occupied by one family; they had been divided into flats, like the one I now lived in, and there were several doctors' and dentists' brass plates about.

For some reason, not quite clear even to me, I did not walk along the street where we had lived until I had been in the neighborhood for a fortnight. Our house, like the rest, bore the nameplates of six separate occupants, but it looked well cared for; the first floor was gay with window-boxes. I looked at it and thought the inevitable thoughts and moved on.

I came to Number Seventeen. It was very different; there were no nameplates, no perambulators, no small tricycles, nor other signs of multiple occupancy, but there was evidence of neglect and decay: unvalued windows, unpainted woodwork, a sagging gutter, and the gate with a broken hinge stuck permanently half open.

It looked so different from any other house I had seen on any of my evening prowls that I paused, wondering who lived there and why this one house should have escaped the pressure of population. It did not occur to me that Mrs. Campbell might still be alive, might be there within a few feet of me.

Then the curtain of the window of the old drawing-room where I had gulped down that vile ginger cake was twitched aside, and there was Mrs. Campbell staring straight at me.

She had changed so little that I should have recognised her in any one of the distant places in which I had lived my misspent life; the only thing was that she seemed slightly smaller. That difference I attributed to the fact that I was no longer scared of her.

For what happened next I have only myself to blame. I could have walked smartly away and saved myself a lot of trouble, but I didn't. Seeing her there, so unchanged, a fragment of the past, unmanned me. I smiled. I waved.

THE LADY AT NUMBER SEVENTEEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

Just for a second she looked blank. Then an expression of lively interest transformed her face. She made an imperious beckoning gesture, let go of the curtain, and vanished. I could still have run, but I didn't. Instead I edged myself through the half-open gate and walked up the path and mounted the three steps which had once been so well-scrubbed and were now green with moss.

After what seemed a long time the door creaked open and there she was, saying:

"You're one of the Lister girls. I knew by the hair. Is it Kitty or Ennie?" Kitty and I both had

blonde hair and we had somehow known that Mrs. Campbell rather disapproved of it; she'd never said so, but she had often mentioned Mary's — "such lovely dark hair."

I said: "I'm Ennie," and knew she was momentarily disappointed.

My impression that she was smaller had been no illusion; she was now very lame and somewhat bent over. She told me why. Two winters before, bringing in her fuel, she had slipped on an icy path and broken her hip. "They didn't think that at my age I should ever walk again, but I did."

The house was just the same, even to the smell of it. There was the elephant's foot holding

umbrellas and parasols; there in the corner of the drawing-room was the desiccated pampas grass, dyed pink, in the blue lustre vase, and the dark green aspidistra on the jade-green jardiniere. Samplers, musical box, pictures, exactly as they always had been; and the whole place very neat and clean, though lacking the high polish of former days.

Domestic help was now a luxury far beyond Mrs. Campbell's means; and so were, alas, many things commonly regarded as necessities. What 40 years ago had been a comfortable income was now a pittance.

Naturally, I did not learn all this on my first visit. On that evening I learned only that she was alone, disabled, and pathetically glad to see

To page 82



me, Ennie, erstwhile the main target of her disapproval. And it would be quite wrong to say that passing time had softened or changed her. It was I who, now unmindful of her criticism and caustic comments, could take a tolerant view.

I began, when the summer ended and the weather worsened, to do her shopping for her.

When I'd done her shopping for a whole month, the whole of a cold, foggy November, I found myself carrying my own little joint of chicken along to Number Seventeen cooking it in her oven and sharing the meal with her and then saying that I was going to be out for meals for the next three days, so would she kindly eat what remained.

In December it snowed and, when the snow melted, the water that the faulty gutter couldn't carry away ran in and did a lot of damage.

THE LADY AT NUMBER SEVENTEEN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

It was then that I ventured upon some constructive action. I suggested that she should let off some rooms, or that she should sell the house and apply for one of the little flats the council were providing for old people.

The answer was always the same. Number Seventeen was her house, she'd lived in it all her married life, and she intended to die in it.

I suggested she should sell a few items—the silver tray under which Alice had staggered was Georgian, so were the candlesticks on the sideboard; and Victoriana was beginning to be in demand.

She said: "You know, I always felt that your attitude toward things was all wrong, Ennie." She

told me the history, the sentimental value, the preciousness of everything I had so callously suggested she dispose of.

She maddened me. Time after time I left her, fuming, thinking—"She's nothing to me, why should I fret?" But there was something about the intractable, intransigent old woman that compelled my unwilling admiration and, scorning my weakness, I always went back for more.

I was practically upon the point of giving up my little flat and moving in with her—if she'd have me—and making sure that she had a fire, lit by me, and at least one decent meal a day. And then I saw the advertisement.

I always read Personal Columns. I am a writer *manque* and derive some pleasurable satisfaction from imagining what lies behind and beyond these laconic printed statements. This one said: "Wanted, genuine Victorian parlor for photographic purposes. Hire by the day."

I thought of the pampas grass and the aspidistra and the wax. Surely in the whole of London no more genuinely Victorian parlor existed. So, on my own accord, I answered the advertisement.

It had been put in the paper by a television producer who, in a preliminary interview with me, said he was engaged on filming a series of stories, all Victorian, and that he wanted—in fact insisted upon—a background of complete authenticity. Studio sets, he said, might be complete to the last detail, but they lacked true atmosphere.

He was willing to put up with technical difficulties, though the room should, of course, be large.

I was elated, I felt that not only was I returning good for evil — always a sustaining thing to do — but I was shuffling off a responsibility that I should never have shouldered. Mrs. Campbell's big, high-ceilinged drawing-room, if hired for the series, would bring in enough ready cash to pay for the mending of the gutter and a few other necessary repairs and leave something over for groceries.

I offered her the suggestion with some trepidation, knowing how adept she was at finding excuses, but I also offered it as a private ultimatum — if she refused this offer of help I should regard myself as absolved from making any more.

To my surprise she was amenable, in fact as near enthusiastic as her nature would allow. It would do people good, she said, to see a well-furnished, well-kept room for a change. She adopted, from the first, the attitude of one who is conferring a great favor.

Then came the snag. She had not the very slightest intention of leaving a lot of strangers loose in her drawing-room; damage unimaginable — except to her — might be done. Would be done. My friend and his friends were very welcome to come and play charades and take photographs in her home, but she would be there, "Right in this chair," to supervise and control.

I explained, with what patience I could muster, that the series involved a family story; there could be eight players simultaneously engaged on screen; that television cameras were large and needed room to manoeuvre. It was useless. They could use the room with her in it or not at all . . .

Back I went to report failure. The young producer said that may-

FROM THE BIBLE

● To prove that you are sons, God has sent into our hearts the Spirit of His Son, crying "Abba! Father!"

—Galatians 4; 6.
(New English Bible)

be he should go to see the old girl, he could talk her round. I said I doubted it, but he was welcome to try. "She sounds quite a character," he said.

Two days later he rang me up and thanked me for all my help and co-operation; he'd seen the room and it was perfect; indeed the whole house was such a gem that he didn't intend to confine the scenes to the drawing-room, as was first proposed. As for "your Mrs. Campbell," she was fabulous.

I thought sourly that this was all in keeping; women of her generation were reared and trained to accept masculine domination, even to enjoy it. When Sunday came I almost didn't trudge round there with my little trusted fowl and all that went with it, but I succumbed to an unworthy desire to say to her: "So you gave in!"

I said it, quite maliciously. Mrs. Campbell said: "Gave in! Of course not. You should know me better than that by now, Ennie. I was quite firm and the young man entirely agreed with me. I'm going to sit, as I told you, right here in this chair. He's going to write me into the script, whatever that may be."

"You mean you're going to play a part?"

"At my age, now, wouldn't that be ridiculous? No, he explained very lucidly. All I have to do is to be myself, and sit in this chair and now and again look disapproving when one of these young people voices some outrageous sentiment or uses a coarse expression. I can do that quite easily."

I said: "I bet you . . . I mean, yes, I'm sure you can."

(c) Norah Lofts, 1965.



Don't blame him — blame the fragrance of Gemey

Gemey
talcum & skin perfume
(use them daily)



BUTTERICK PATTERNS



2198

2198.—Pretty knee-length nightgown with curved yoke, shallow neck, and lace trim. Pattern also includes brunch coat and shortie and long pyjamas. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Price 50 cents (5/-) includes postage.

3814.—Short-sleeved, scoop-necked dress with back-buttoned blouson bodice, slim skirt with back zipper. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Price 65 cents (6/6) includes postage.



3814

3654.—Blouse wardrobe: Sleeveless with tie collar, with or without lace trim; three-quarter sleeves, open collar, with or without self-ruffle; long sleeves, Peter Pan collar, with or without lace trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Price 50 cents (5/-) includes postage.

3652.—Semi-fitted, front-zippered dress with short, raglan detail sleeves, one button neckline closing. Pattern also includes lined, slim coat with long sleeves. Sizes 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43in. bust. Price 70 cents (7/-) includes postage.



3652

3111.—A-line, short-sleeved maternity dress, cowl-necked, diagonal seaming with pockets in seams. Sleeveless beach-dress also in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 60 cents (6/-) includes postage.



3111

3489.—Brother-and-sister outfits. Little girl's A-line dress buttons at shoulders, and blouse is front-buttoned with Peter Pan collar. Boy's suit has buttoned shoulders, elasticised back waist, and short-sleeved shirt. Sizes 1 to 3 (19, 20, 21, 22in. chest). Price 50 cents (5/-) includes postage.



3489

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W.
(N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.A.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME	DESIGN	SIZE
ADDRESS		

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

TWO thieves follow Mandrake from Xanadu — they hope he'll lead them to the Intel headquarters. Mandrake suspects something and stops their car. NOW READ ON...



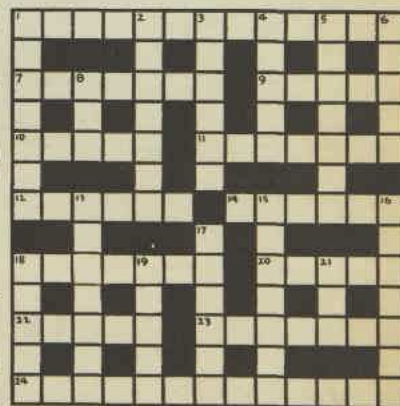
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Tried to ingratiate oneself in an Indian way. (7, 6)
7. Scot to err for clergymen. (7)
9. Perform with a broken cane at tea. (5)
10. Flavor in an ancient European capital. (5)
11. Holds back in tears. (7)
12. Mould again a crest. (6)
14. The winner is in gear. (6)
18. From these sailors the ancient is the best-known. (7)
20. Deep sorrow. (5)
22. One who makes sarcastic reproaches. (5)
23. A Greek who has a hen with a heart 1 1/2yd. long. (7)
24. His life and his opinions in Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus." (13)



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. A pirate sounds as a rude tune. (7)
2. Sobs air. (Anagr., 7)
3. Earnest longing. (6)
4. Prevent a power to cut green trees. (5)
5. Such enthusiastic reception you start with eggs. (7)
6. Reproofs with aster. (5)
8. Converse fondly. (5)
13. American reindeer. (7)
15. Bony and lean in figure. (7)
16. Take a drink. (7)
17. Structures of wedge-shaped stones he forms with cars. (6)
18. Mother obtained a Barbary ape. (5)
19. Dogfish who cares for the sick. (5)
21. Coldest part of anything priceless. (3)



Where do they all go to...?

Only a mother knows how fast a family can finish a packet of Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits. So she buys plenty. For her morning cup of tea. For school lunches (children love them with butter). For Dad's supper.

All over Australia, families enjoy nourishing Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits.

There is no Substitute for Quality

FASHIONS

FROM
THE

SHOPS

The Australian
WOMEN'S
WEEKLY
presents

SPRING 1966

● Here are some of the latest style trends in spring dresses, suits, ensembles, and casual wear that will add fresh snap and interest to the fashion picture this year. All the clothes shown are on sale at about the prices given in leading stores and shops throughout Australia.

● Sizzling designs from New York (right). Big brilliant spots cover the chiffon-cage-over-crepe shift dress with matching babushka, \$53. Twin-print smock has long, narrow-cuffed sleeves, \$69. (Both exclusive to Grace Bros. Showcase, Bondi Junction and Chatswood, Sydney.)





● New York-styled for eye-appeal (left), light-weight wool coat is slim checkerboard in navy-and-white. Navy braid trim matches double-breasted buttons. XXSSW to SW. \$35. (Foy's, Melbourne.)



● Dashing pale textured-look suit (left), made on long lines. Single-breasted jacket has back vent below narrow belt and button trim. The skirt is slim. \$29. (Horderns' Mid-City Store, Sydney.)

● Slim coat in ice-blue, heavy slub linen (right) is a French model copied with distinction by Dominex. Stitching accents stand-up collar, neckline, coat edges. XXSSW to W. \$39. (Exclusive to George's, Melbourne.)





STRAIGHT-CUT AND SMART

● *Crowning touch (left) — a high, Parisian profile beret in figured Swiss fabric that's wonderfully flattering and wearable. \$37.80. (Horderns' Mid-City Store, Sydney.)*



● *Pale costume (left) in textured, silk look fabric. Semi-fitted coat with shadow dress underneath is in three colors and range of sizes. \$44. (Horderns' Mid-City Store, Sydney.)*



● *Fashion as Paris likes it — a banded ensemble in linen-like fabric. Hipster coat and sleeveless, semi-fitted dress have inverted pockets in skirt seams, the back of coat is low-belted with simulated flying panel. XXSSW to SW. \$48. (Myers of Melbourne.)*



● Town-and-country suit in stone and cream Moy-gashel linen is French-model copy by Dominex. Fine rows of contrast stitching trim collar and wide front panel. Narrow tie belt is news. Other colors. Sizes XSSW to W. \$42. (Exclusive to George's, Melbourne.)



● Military treatment for cream twill skimmer by Ricki Reed. Slotted belt with flap pockets rides low at hip to offset high, buttoned collar — all welted. XSSW to SW. \$20. (Foy's, Melbourne.)



● Fresh young suit of white cotton/rayon with its own black-and-white check waistcoat. SSW to XW. \$15.99. (Rockmans, Melbourne, and Ashleys, Sydney.)



● Cool look of two-piece linen frock and coat, patterned in op-check, is timely addition to new season fashions. Available in white/navy, white/burgundy. XXSSW to W. Frock, \$17; fully lined coat, \$28. (Exclusive to Wilson's Fashions, Sydney.)



● In this broad-striped design with deep swinging frill in heavy taffeta, stripes are navy/oyster/white. A bias fold of fabric crosses neck in front; back plunges slightly. \$19. (From Young Kara, Martin Place, Sydney.)

THE SUIT CYCLE

● Imported off-white cotton twill suit (right) for race wear. The jacket is collarless, the skirt belted. The navy spot blouse is pure silk. \$199.95. (Exclusive to Mark Foy's, Sydney.)

● Muted color in soft silk-finish fabric (left) makes fashion news in this elegant Merinda suit with soft, lacy collar. Fully lined. \$85. (Horderns' Mid-City Store, Sydney.)

● Lightweight wool suit (left) with textured surface, self-color satin binding, and low half-belt at back slung between small side vents. Inverted pleats give skirt movement. In navy, aqua, XSSW to SW. \$52. (Buckley's, Melbourne.)

● Tailored heavy white linen dress and jacket (below), accented with black linen trim. Set-apart stripes at waist of sleeveless dress repeat on jacket, which is edged and buttoned to match. \$55. (Myers of Melbourne.)



Women's Weekly — September 7, 1966



● White crimplene, navy-striped and double-breasted buttoned, makes this young suit. Flap pockets are real, the skirt lined. Note pop-art accessories. \$21. (Horderns' Mid-City Store, Sydney.)

● Dress and jacket in milk-coffee and white fibranne (right) that looks like linen. Black color in the jacket also makes bodice of hipster dress. XSSW to SW. \$31.50. (Buckley's, Melbourne.)



FASHIONS FROM THE SHOPS — Page 7



CLASSIC —AND GO-GO

● Springlike yellow crimplene in two swinging designs (above) — one with a front panel of knife pleats, hipster belt, and black braid neck and sleeve trim, \$22. Turtleneck style is slightly cone-shaped, has black stitching, bull's-eye buttons, \$21. (Curzons Trend Shop, Sydney.) Right: Classic suit by Dominex fronts up to fashion with several new-season ideas, in color and size range, \$32. (Myers of Melbourne.)



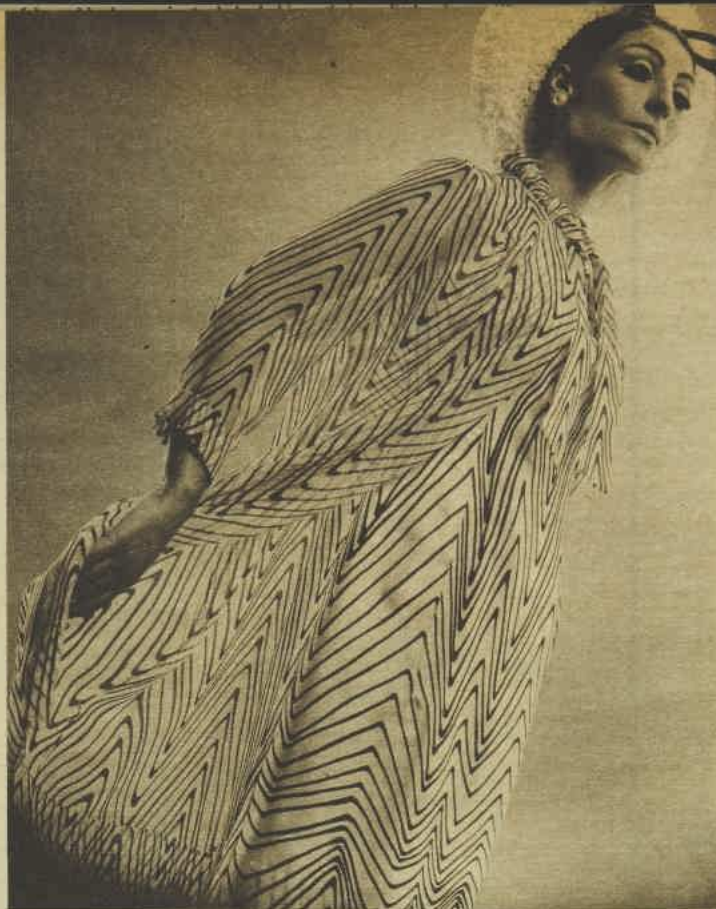
● This season, in-gear for the young is slick, casual, and full of unfussy fashion verve.

● Three smart girls in fashions by Sportscraft. Near right, Tiffany print rayon suit cut on classic lines to complement the fabric, \$31. (John Martin, Adelaide.) Centre, beautifully cut orange linen coat, \$36.50, with matching skirt, \$11. (Glamour Girl, Melbourne.) Far right, black-and-white check cotton suit, slightly A-line skirt, zip-front jacket, \$39. (Sportslane, Perth.)





Page 10 — FASHIONS FROM THE SHOPS



● Heavy black cotton lace (left), edged and banded with black velvet, gives a fashionable new "cage" look over fitted underdress of open spots. \$50. (From Kara, 65 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.)

● Sheer, feminine flattery (above) in a dress of white silk, pyramid-striped in black with matching full-length coat of chiffon. Dress is semi-fitted, fully lined. SSW to SW. \$56. (Myers of Melbourne.)



● Emerald cotton voile, mini-patterned in navy, skims into new skinny look. Fully-lined, it frills at neck, cutaway sleeves, and hem. XXSSW to SW, \$20. (Sportsgirl, Melbourne and Sydney.)



● Pretty feminine dress in primrose dacron chiffon, permanently pleated for drip-dry freshness. Semi-blouson bodice, finished with self rose, flutes to hemline. In range of fashion colors, XXSSW to SW, \$32. (Buckley's, Melbourne.)



● Pure silk race dress, confetti-spotted in two tones (by Elvie Hill), tells spring's newest color story in navy and pink. Slim-fitting line breaks into hem of rouleau bows. Other colors, sizes XXSSW to SW, \$70. (Georges, Melbourne.)



● Fashion pacesetter, this brilliant dress and coat is by Guy D. of New York. Dress is cotton, the voile coat has cotton trim, \$73. (Exclusive to Grace Bros. Showcase, Bondi and Chatswood.)



● Zebra stripes in black-on-white cotton chiffon add zing to these step-out or stay-at-home culottes. Armholes are deep, and cutaway Vs with narrow piping at front and back add interest. In white/navy, XXSSW to SW. \$26. (Sportsgirl, Melbourne and Sydney.)

● Swinging young casual of sleeveless persuasion (below) is a figure-flatterer in textured-surface rayon. Triple color-band at hip level repeats at the shapely V neckline. \$15. (Horderns' Mid-City Store, Sydney.)



● Halter-tie neckline is point of interest in these beautifully tailored hostess culottes. The rich paisley print is threaded with sparkling lurex. Available in sizes XXSSW to W. \$15.99. (Mark Foy's, Liverpool Street, Sydney.)

CASUALS WITH FASHION FLAIR

● Gaily printed, imported eyelash fabric fashions these colorful culottes for the home scene (right). Neckline and armholes are rounded into a halter back. Available in sizes XSSW-SSW. \$18.90. (Mark Foy's, Sydney.)



● Move up front in casual fashion with draught-board checks in drip-dry crepe (right). Blouson bodice tops plain-front skirt that has flaring side panels for extra freedom. In black/white, brown/white, navy/white. XSSW to XW. \$13. (Available at Rockmans, Melbourne; Ashleys, Sydney.)





● Neat-as-a-pin look in a new-season linen suit made in spring navy by Sportscraft. The jacket is finely piped with white for a crisp effect and lined with red silk. The skirt is slim and easy. Note the helmet hat. \$36. (Boans, Perth.)



● Raisin and white drip-dry Crimp Terylene link smartly in sleeveless hipster with slim, permanently pleated skirt. Contrast stripe trims shirtmaker collar and double-breaster buttons. In fashion colors, sizes XSSW to W. \$17.99. (Rockman's, Melbourne. Ashley's, Sydney.)



● A boon for cool spring days is this pale fling of a coat in crimplene with front-welt trim. A coat to see you through countless easy-care wearings, it's lined and completely washable. Available in four fashion colors and range of sizes. \$32. (Horder's Mid-City Store, Sydney.)



● Bold, broken checks print navy-on-white in casually elegant silk two-piece. Features are standaway collar, bow-trimmed, and easy slip of skirt. Also in copper/navy, pink/navy. Sizes XSSW to SW. \$77. (From George's, Melbourne.)



● Black-and-white cotton twill for spring-summer with grosgrain trim on bodice is a smart copy of an American shift. \$14.75. (Exclusive to Grace Bros. Showcase.)

● Silver lurex threads this swirly frock with shoestring straps (below). The short, short skirt is trimmed with silver rick-rack braid. \$21. (Curzons, Sydney.)



● Spotted cotton pique, so cool and comfortable for summer living, makes a fashion point with contrast pleats and trim. \$14. (Exclusive to Grace Bros. Showcase.)

SWITCHED-ON STYLES



● Western-styled slacks suits (above) feature straight-cut pants, are in color and size range. Sleeved, pink denim with gilt button trim, \$13.50. Killarney linen with sleeveless jacket, wooden buttons, \$16. (Curzons, Sydney). Right: Go-together suit and coat switch in a look-like-linen swap of hot stripes and block color. Hipster skirt gets in gear with blazer jacket. Coat features high waist, trapeze line. Suit about \$24, coat about \$30. Choice of colors. Matching shoulder bag, \$10.50. (Sportsgirl, Melbourne and Sydney.)

Page 16 — FASHIONS FROM THE SHOPS



The Australian Women's Weekly — September 7, 1966